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HOWELL'S
FAMILIAR LETTERS.

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

The
Familiar Letters

of

James Howell

Historiographer Royal to Charles II.

EDITED, ANNOTATED, AND INDEXED

BY

JOSEPH JACOBS

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF HISTORY, MADRID

INTRODUCTION, BOOK I.



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1892

v. 1

To Mr. (now Dr.) JAMES GOW, at Nottingham.

MY DEAR GOW,

IT is some years ago, you may remember, that you asked me to procure you a Howell, if I chanced upon another copy. Here then at last you have him, tricked out in braver apparel than he ever yet has known, and provided with such aids to the better understanding and enjoying of him as my poor skill could devise.

You were probably attracted to Howell, as I was, by our 'Thackeray's perhaps too enthusiastic praise; but, once the ceremony of introduction is over, he wins us to himself by his own merits. His wide range of experience and of interest, his vicissitudes of travel and of fortune, the many cities he visited, the many men he knew, his fund of gossip and anecdote, his quaint yet earnest reflections on life, all combine to make his Letters a more varied literary repast than almost any other collection of the kind in our literature; and with it all there goes his unabashed self-satisfaction in his own cleverness which gives an added piquancy to everything he says. In short, he is first in point of time of the order of men to which Pepys, Boswell, and Walpole belong. I am hoping that he will take his place by
their

their side as one of the perennial sources, instructive at once and amusing, of English Culturgeschichte.

Amid all his vanity and superficiality, there is one note of sentiment which rings true. He could make friends and keep them. I have therefore thought it not inappropriate to connect this attempt to win for him a secure place in English Letters with the name of one of my oldest and truest friends.

I am, my dear Gow,

Yours very sincerely,

JOSEPH JACOBS.

KILBURN, this 1st of October, 1890.

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P R E F A C E.



IT is strange that no new edition of Howell's *Letters* has appeared for the last 130 years. In the century after their first appearance, no less than a dozen editions testified to their continued vitality, and stray allusions prove that they have never passed beyond the ken of the true lovers of books. A work which Thackeray has praised so highly, and Scott, Browning, and Kingsley have used for some of their most popular effects, cannot be said to have ever lost its chances of revival. Perhaps the supply of the second-hand copies of twelve editions has hitherto been sufficient to satisfy the demand. But the avidity of our American cousins is fast causing this source to fail, and the
time

time seems opportune for Howell to make a fresh bid for the popularity he deserves.

In order not to diminish his chances, I have selected for this reprint the so-called tenth edition of 1737, which is regarded as the best "in the trade," or, in other words, has found most favour among readers hitherto. This is sufficiently archaic to give the old-world air which seems congenial to the book, and yet sufficiently free from the eccentricities of seventeenth century spelling, which repel so many readers. There is a special reason why we may more boldly depart from the spelling of the original copies in Howell's case than in that of most others. In his way, Howell was a spelling reformer, and attempted to carry out his reforms in his own books. But, then as now, authors had to reckon with compositors, and what with Howell's reforms and his printer's customs of the trade, a more confounded confusion could not well be imagined than the cacography of the early editions. And the punctuation—if punctuation it can be called—is in even a still worse state. It did not seem worth while to reproduce this. The history of English spelling is doubtless an instructive and exhilarating study, but the interests of English literature are paramount. In the Supplement, however, I have reproduced the previously inedited Letters of Howell with diplomatic accuracy, from which the reader will be able to judge what he has
lost,

lost, or gained, by my adoption of a middle course between entire modernisation and retention of the original spelling.

In one point it seemed worth while reverting to Howell's original spelling. The proper names, personal and geographical, had suffered somewhat severely at the hands of successive reprinters. I have therefore restored these, I believe in every case, to the form in which they appeared in the first editions of the several parts. While doing this, I have corrected the few misprints, and here and there have restored the original spelling, either because it was more quaint or more modern than the orthography of 1737.

In my annotations, I have endeavoured to identify the many persons mentioned by Howell, and have for the most part been successful. For the rest, I have tried to interpret Howell as much as possible from himself, by reference to similar passages or views in other parts of the *Letters*, or in his other works. The question of the authenticity of the letters has particularly engaged my attention, and I have been often obliged on this account to go into minutiae, biographical and historical, which would otherwise be superfluous. On the other hand, I have spared the reader the infliction of long parallel passages intended only to elucidate or illustrate rare words occurring in the *Letters*, contenting myself for the most part with

with the curtest definitions inserted in the Index. I am heretic enough to believe that English literature was not solely written to provide quotations for the Oxford English Dictionary, though I have done what I could for that noble undertaking by indexing Howell's phraseology.

In compiling my annotations I have consulted books with all the diligence I could, and where books failed, I have been equally diligent in consulting men. I have to mention in this connection Mr. Henry Bradley, Mr. G. T. Clark, F.S.A., Mr. Everard Green, F.S.A., Dr. James Gow, Mr. Octavius Johnson of the Cambridge University Library, Mr. S. L. Lee, Mr. C. Trice Martin, F.S.A., Mr. Alfred Morrison, and Professor Rhys, who has been invaluable for Welsh matters. Some of these gentlemen I have the happiness to call my friends, others I have only approached in connection with the present work. But each and all have taken great pains to answer my questions, and have taken even greater when they could not.

One name deserves to stand out from the list of those to whom I am indebted. The only person who, so far as I can find, has hitherto made serious collections for an edition of Howell was Mr. Henry King, whose name was known to the readers of *Notes and Queries* in the "fifties" and "sixties." His notes came recently into a bookseller's catalogue, where I heard of them, of course, a couple of
of

of days too late. Fortunately for me, they had come into the possession of Mr. C. H. Firth, who, on my application to him, willingly granted me the use of King's materials. These consisted chiefly of elaborate biographical notes on some eighty or ninety of the persons mentioned in the *Letters*. I have culled from these what I thought was pertinent to my researches, and when I make use of them I have added Mr. King's initials. Mr. Firth has added to this obligation by communicating to me his marginal notes on his own copy of Howell, and has crowned his kindness by going through my Notes in the proofs. I have made specific acknowledgment for each item of information by adding Mr. Firth's initials to the notes thus obtained. But no such acknowledgment could adequately express the advantage I have reaped by having ready access to the vast and minute knowledge of the period possessed by Mr. Firth, almost alone among contemporary Englishmen. I have no terms sufficient to express my gratitude for the ready generosity shown by Mr. Firth towards one, whose only claim upon him was a common interest in Howell and in the truth. At the same time it is only fair to Mr. Firth and to myself to relieve him from any responsibility for any of the views expressed in the Notes or the Introduction.

One last acknowledgment and my debts are paid

so far as words can repay kindness. This time it is one who was dead and buried before I thought of Howell. Yet he has laid me and all other students of English history and letters in the seventeenth century under every kind of obligation. He wrote good books himself, and, what is more to the present purpose, collected the materials out of which good books could be written. I am surprised that more use is not made of the Forster Library at South Kensington Museum by students of the Stuart period, who will find there almost everything they can desire for their work, very accessible and most comfortably arranged. I have done most of my work for this edition of Howell in the snug room devoted to the Dyce and Forster collections. My only regret has been that I could not personally thank John Forster for the conveniences thus laid at my disposal. As that is impossible, let my thanks be given to his representative in this connection, Mr. R. F. Sketchley, the courteous and obliging Librarian of the Dyce and Forster collections, who has aided my researches in every possible way.

JOSEPH JACOBS.



TESTIMONIA.

NOT to know the Author of these Poems, were an ignorance beyond *Barbarism*. . . . He may be called the prodigie of his Age, for the variety of his Volumes ; for from his *Δενδρολογία* or *Parly of Trees* [1640], to his *Θηρολογία* or *Parly of Beasts* [1660] (not inferior to the other), there hath pass'd the Press above forty of his Works on various subjects ; useful not only to the present times, but to all posterity. And 'tis observed that in all his Writings there is something still *New*, either in the *Matter*, *Method* or *Fancy*, and in an untrodden Tract. Moreover, one may discover a kinde of Vein of *Poesie* to run through the body of his *Prose*, in the Continuity and succinctness thereof all along. He teacheth a new way of Epistolizing ; and that *Familiar Letters* may not only consist of Words and a bombast of Compliments, but that they are capable of the highest Speculations and solidest kind of Knowledge.

PAYNE FISHER, Preface to *Mr. Howel's Poems*, 1664.

AND now I think on it, I cannot a little wonder that whilst there are extant so many volumes of letters, and familiar epistles in the politer modern languages, Italian, Spanish, and French, we should have so few tolerable ones of our own country now extant, who have adorned the part of elegancy, so proper and so becoming persons of the nobility, quality, and men of business, and education, as well as lovers and courtiers of the fair sex. Sir Francis Bacon, Dr. Donne, and I hardly remember any else who have published anything considerable, and these but gleanings : or Cabal men, who have put many things in a heap, without much choice

choice or fruits, especially as to the culture of the style or language, the genius of the nation being almost another thing than it was at that time. James Howell published his "Ho-Eliañæ" for which he indeed was laughed at (not for his letters which acquainted us with a number of passages worthy to be known and had never else been preserved) but which, were the language enlightened with that sort of exercise and conversation, I should not question its being equal to any of the most celebrated abroad.

JOHN EVELYN to Lord Spencer (1688).

HE had a singular command of his pen whether in verse or in prose, and was well read in modern Histories, especially in those of the Countries wherein he had travelled, had a parabolical and allusive fancy, according to his motto *Senesco non segnesco*. But the Reader is to know that his writings, having been only to gain a livelihood, and by their dedications to flatter great and noble persons, are very trite and empty, stolen from other authors without acknowledgment, and fitted only to please the humours of novices. . . . Many of the said Letters were never written before the Author of them was in the Fleet, as he pretends they were, only feigned (no time being kept with their dates) and purposely published to gain money to relieve his necessities, yet give a tolerable history of these times.

ANTHONY À WOOD, *Athenæ Oxon.* (1691), iii. 744 (ed. 1817).

HE was master of more modern languages and author of more books than any other Englishman of his time.

J. GRANGER, *Biogr. Hist. of Engl.* (1769).

I BELIEVE the second published correspondence of this kind and in our own language, at least of any importance after Hall, will be found to be *EPISTOLÆ HOELIANÆ*, or the letters of James Howell, a great traveller, an intimate friend of Jonson, and the first who bore the office of historiographer, which discover a variety of literature, and abound with much entertaining and useful information.

T. WARTON, *Hist. of English Poetry* (1781), § lxiv. *ad fin.*

HOWELL, the author of *Familiar Letters*, &c., wrote the chief
part

part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet Prison; some say for debts which his irregular living had occasioned, and others for political reasons. This is certain, that he used his pen for subsistence in that imprisonment, and there produced one of the most agreeable works in the English language.

I. D'ISRAELI, *Curiosities of Literature* (1791).

A WORK containing numberless anecdotes and historical narratives, and forming one of the most amusing and instructive volumes of the seventeenth century.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, *Censura Literaria* (1808), vi. 232.

THE *Epist. Ho-Eliaæ* is one of the most amusing volumes extant. And I purpose, God willing, at some future time to give a new and corrected impression of this excellent book, with notes and an appendix, for which work I have for a long time past been making the necessary collections.

PH. BLISS, notes on *Athen. Oxon.* (1817), iii. 747.

HOWELL has no wit, but he has abundance of conceits, flat and commonplace enough. With all this he was a man of some sense and observation. His letters are entertaining.

H. HALLAM, *Literature of Europe* (1839), iii. 393 (ed. 1872).

WHAT old English work, it might be asked, is there which gives so vivid a picture of the period to which it relates, in so amusing a style, and which so pleasantly varies its subjects, passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as Howell's *Letters*? If Anthony Wood's statement is true that many of the letters were composed in prison for the press, and were never actually sent to the correspondents whose names are prefixed to them, the volume is entitled to a still higher place in a critical review of the literature of the time. None but a "master of the craft" could have given to a series prepared for such a purpose, so much of "the form and pressure" of the ordinary letters which pass in the social intercourse of life, without a view to any ulterior destination, between man and man.

J. CROSSLEY, *Diary of Worthington* (1847), p. 349.

MONTAIGNE

MONTAIGNE and "Howell's *Letters*" are my bedside books. If I wake at night, I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves for ever and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again. I read them in the dozy hours and only half remember them. I am informed that both of them tell coarse stories. I don't heed them. It was the custom of their time, as it is of Highlanders and Hottentots, to dispense with a part of dress which we all wear in cities. . . . I love, I say, and scarcely ever tire of hearing, the artless prattle of those two dear old friends, the Perigourdin gentleman and the priggish little Clerk of King Charles's Council.

W. M. THACKERAY, *Roundabout Papers : On Two Children in Black*.

A THOROUGH Welshman, Howell became a celebrated English author in his day. He was past forty years of age before his first book was published. Then for the remaining twenty odd years of his life, with an incessant and unwearying industry, he wrote, compiled, or translated book after book, each varying greatly in subject. Lastly, he is one of the earliest instances of a literary man successfully maintaining himself with the fruits of his pen.

E. ARBER, Pref. to Howell's *Instructions* (1869).

To the list of writers whom it is impossible to use with confidence must, I am afraid, be added that agreeable letter-writer Howell. But there can be no doubt that many of his letters are mere products of the bookmaker's skill, drawn up from memory long afterwards [*E.g.* I. ii. 12]. On the other hand, some of the letters have all the look of being what they purport to be, actually written at the time, but even then, the dates at the end are frequently incorrectly given.

S. R. GARDINER, *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, Pref. p. xiv. (1869).

HOWELL had something of the versatile activity of Defoe ; like Defoe, he travelled on the Continent for commercial purposes, and like Defoe, he was often employed on political missions. Only Howell had less power than the later adventurer, and was
less

less intensely political, observing men good-humouredly, and recording his observations with sparkling liveliness.

W. MINTO, *Engl. Prose Lit.* (1872), p. 351.

HE may be called the Father of Epistolary Literature, the first writer, that is to say, of letters which, addressed to individuals, were intended for publication. A style animated, racy, and picturesque; keen powers of observation; great literary skill; an eager, restless, curious spirit; some humour and much wit, and a catholicity of sympathy very unusual with the writers of his age—are his chief claims to distinction.

W. B. SCOONES, *English Letters* (1880), p. 71.

MY BOOKS.

For the row that I prize is yonder,
 Away on the unglazed shelves,
 The bulged and the bruised *octavos*,
 The dear and the dumpy twelves.

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
 And Howell the worse for wear,
 And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
 And the little old cropped Molière,

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
 And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd.
 For the others I never have opened,
 But those are the books I read.

AUSTIN DOBSON, *At the Sign of the Lyre* (1885), p. 82.

HE wrote all manner of things, but has chiefly survived as the author of a large collection of *Familiar Letters*, which have been great favourites with some excellent judges. They have something of the agreeable garrulousness of Walton. But Howell was not only much more of a gossip than Izaak; he was also a good deal of a coxcomb, while Walton was destitute of even a trace of coxcombry. In one, however, as in the other, the attraction of matter completely outdoes the purely literary attraction. The reader is glad to hear at first hand what men thought of Raleigh's execution;

execution; how Ben Jonson behaved in his cups; how foreign parts looked to a genuine English traveller early in the seventeenth century, and so forth. Moreover, the book was long a very popular one, and an unusual number of anecdotes and scraps passed from it into the general literary stock of English writers. But Howell's manner of telling his stories is not extraordinarily attractive, and has something self-conscious and artificial about it which detracts from its interest.

G. SAINTSBURY, *Elizabethan Literature* (1887), p. 441.





INTRODUCTION.



WHEN Wales conquered England in 1485, one consequence of the conquest was that Welshmen found a *carrière ouverte* in the civil and military services of England. The finest spirits of the Principality looked henceforth to England as a fit field for the exercise of their talents. It soon came about that Wales contributed her quota to the spiritual, as well as the practical, life of England. In the Jacobean period especially, a circle of remarkable men make a distinct Welsh group in the band of English writers. The brothers Herbert, the poet and the autobiographer, the brothers Vaughan, and James Howell, have something special about them—a mystic grace in the poet, an overweening vanity in the autobiographer, and a vivacity in the letter writer—which may fairly be set down to their Welsh origin. Of these writers Howell is personally as interesting as any, and it would not be too bold to claim for his chief work, the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*,¹ that it is the most important contribution Wales has made to English literature.

¹ It may be desirable, even at this early stage, to remind the reader that our hero's name is to be pronounced *Ho-el*.

It cannot be said that either Wales or England has recognised adequately Howell's claims as writer or as man. Wales in particular is not so rich in great contributions to English letters that she can afford to neglect perhaps the most important of all. In order to justify both this claim and the implied reproach, a somewhat fuller account of the man and his writings must be afforded than would be necessary merely to introduce the *Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ*.





I. HOWELL'S LIFE.¹

Quæ Regio in terris nostro non nota Jacobo.—P. FISHER.



JAMES HOWELL was born at Abernant,² co. Carmarthen, in July 1593.³ "At my nativity," says he (*infra*, p. 372), "my ascendant was that hot constellation of *Cancer* about the Dog-days, as my *Ephe-merides* tells me; *Mars* was then predominant: Of all the elements *Fire* sways most in me; I have many aspiring and airy odd thoughts swell often in me; according to the quality of the ground

¹ The chief authority for Howell's life has hitherto been Anthony à Wood, *Athenæ Oxon.* (ed. Bliss, iii. 744, *seq.*): it has not hitherto been noticed that this biography is merely a cento of Howell's own statements in the *Letters*. The admirable life in the *Biographia Britannica* goes still further in the same direction. The Latin poem prefixed by Payne Fisher to Howell's *Poems* has some new points. A few additional facts from the State Papers were given by Mr. J. E. Bailey, 5 *Notes and Queries*, xi. 450, and these were incorporated in the anonymous life in the last edition of the *Ency. Brit.* Mr. Lee's succinct account in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.* has several new suggestions. Where no authority is given in the following account, a reference will easily be found, s. v. *Howell, James*, in the Index.

² Theophilus Jones claims him for Brecknockshire in his *History* of the county, ii. 270, and has been followed by Nicholas, *Annals of Wales*, p. 102; P. C. Jones, *Cymru* (in Welsh, 1875), s. v. *Howel, James*, and Mr. Bailey. But on T. Jones' own showing (l.c. 279) Howell's father vacated the cure of Cefn-Bryn in 1583. Howell is, besides, attributed to Carmarthen in the matriculation lists of his University, where such attribution was of importance in the grant of fellowships. See notes on pp. 218, 238, 688.

³ When he entered Jesus Coll., Oxon., in June 1610, he was 16, *ergo*, he should have been born in 1593.

whereon

whereon I was born, which was the belly of a huge Hill situated South-East; so that the House I came from (besides my Father's and Mother's Coat) must needs be *Illustrious*, being more obvious to the Sun-beams than ordinary. I have, upon occasion of a sudden distemper, sometimes a mad-man, sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholy odd fellow to deal withal; I mean myself, for I have the humours within me that belong to all three, therefore I came tumbling out into the World a pure *Cadet*, a true *Cosmopolite*; not born to Land, Lease, House, or Office."

His father was one Thomas Howell, of whom all that is known is that he was curate of Cefn-Bryn, in Llangammarch, co. Brecon, 1576-83, and rector of Cynwil and Abernant, co. Carmarthen, 1583-1631 (Th. Jones, *Hist. of Brecknockshire*, ii. 270); his mother is declared by the same authority to have been the daughter of one Chantor Huet, and was possibly sister-in-law to Sir Sackville Trevor, whom Howell addresses as "uncle." He claims Gwynns, Vaughans, Prices, St Johns as his "cousins," a somewhat elastic term in the seventeenth century, and in his letter to Philip, Earl of Pembroke (*Bibl. List*, No. 20), he boasts of kinship with the Herberts.¹ Welsh genealogies are proverbially intricate, and are rendered so by the fact that surnames were only adopted in the Principality under Roland Lee's ordinance of 1536.

But, though difficult, Welsh genealogies are more than usually trustworthy; for, owing to the clan tenure of Wales, a man's genealogy represented his title-deeds. The genealogy of the Howells can be traced (in a Harleian MS. at the British Museum) back to Tudwal Gloff, son of Rhodri the Great, who flourished in the ninth century. More interest perhaps attaches to the descending than to the ascending

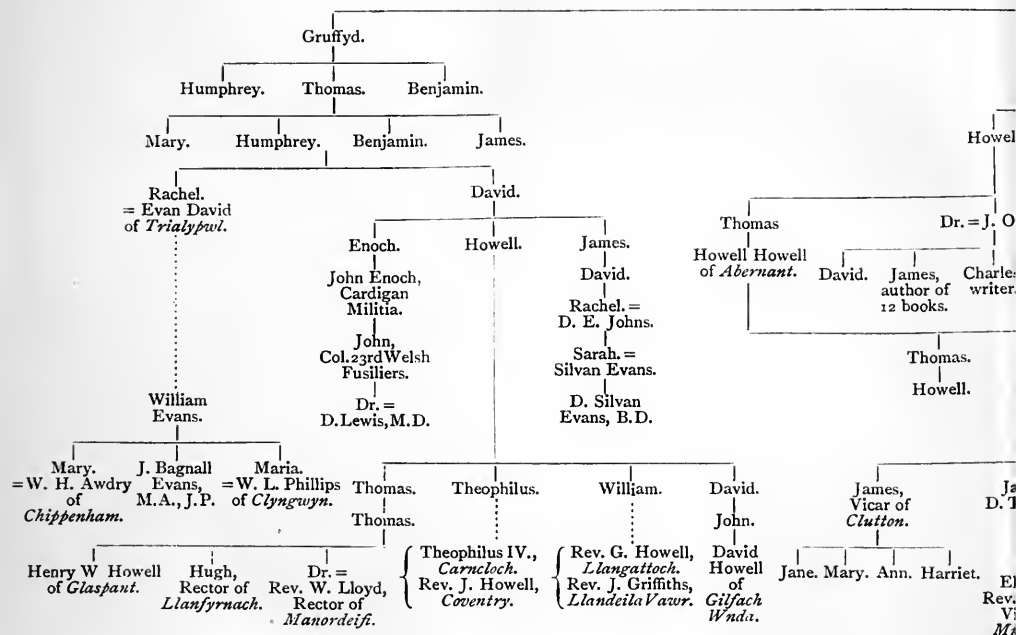
¹ Portraits of the Howells, including one of James probably taken from the Melan plate, were still preserved, in 1801 at Landeilo House (at Llandeilo Cresseny, on the road between Abergaveny and Carmarthen), the seat of the cadet branch of the Powells (ap. Howell), descended from the Herberts (W. Coxe, *Tour in Monmouth*, ii. 284). This appears now to be in the possession of Rev. H. Howell of Blaina (D.N.B. s.v.).

HOWELLS O

TUDWAL G

Authorities.
Harl. MS., 4181.
Howell's *Letters* and Will.
MS. Pedigree lent by J. Bagnall Evans, Esq.
Jones, *Brecon*, I. i. 672.
Biog. Brit., s.v.

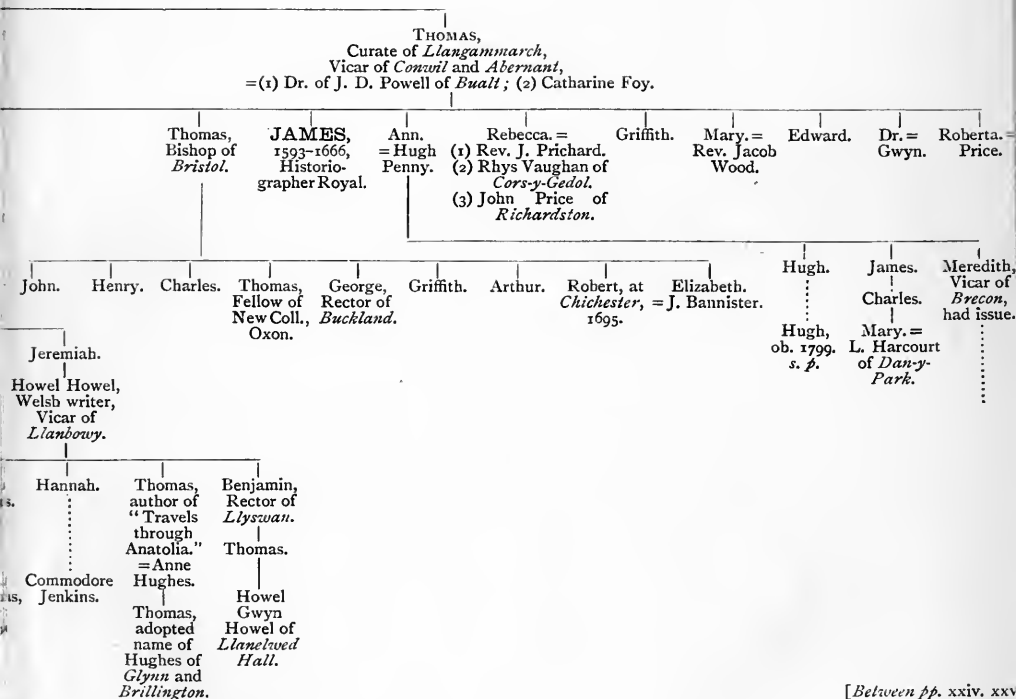
Howel ab David ab Einion :
ab Howell ab Mad
ab Tudwal ab G
ab Tu



PENCAERAU.

FF, A. 878 A.D.

Howel ab John Fychau ab John
Howel ab Gruffyd
ab Aulau ab Alser
Gloff.



[Between pp. xxiv. xxv]

lines of the pedigree of a man of repute. James Howell himself never married, but cousins, brothers, and sisters of his have wed and multiplied considerably since the seventeenth century. Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. J. Bagnall Evans, a descendant of Howell's uncle Griffith, I have been able to draw up the accompanying pedigree of the Howells of Pencaerau, which indicates James Howell's immediate relationships, and at the same time indicates the families now living, who have a personal interest in his name and fame.¹

I have managed to be equally successful with his "Father's and Mother's Coat" of arms referred to in the above extract. Howell destroyed the artistic value of the second state of the plate attached to many of his works by inserting his shield and crest: I have had this engraved for the title-page of the present edition. This has been adopted by a descendant of the Howells, who blazons it (*cf.* T. Nicholas, *Annals and Families of Wales*, i. 116) as follows:—

1. Azure, a wolf salient, ppr [should be, arg. *cf.* Berry, s. v. Howell]; 2. Arg. a chev. gu. between three cocks; 3. Erm. charged with a chev. gu. in chief, a lioncil, ppr; 4. Sable, a lion rampant or [should be, regardant]; 5. Or, a lion rampant gules; 6. Sable, a bend or between two daggers ppr, hilted or [should be, the one in chief pointing upwards, the one in base downwards, hilts and pomels of the second]. *Crest*, a wolf, ppr.²

It is worth while lingering on these particulars, as a man's

¹ I have added something from the sources indicated in the margin, while I have expunged from Mr. Evans' MS. pedigree the names of the spouses in most instances, as well as those persons who are mentioned as having died *sine prole*. I should be glad to receive corrections and additions. The descendants of Bishop Howell and of Hugh Penry ought to be more traceable.

² With the aid of Mr. Everard Green, F.S.A., I have identified the following quarterings:—1. Howell. 2. Owen. 3. Jenkyn, ap. David. 6. Gwynne of Trecastle. It is, perhaps, worth while adding that Howell's brother, Bishop of Bristol, had for arms—Gu., a falcon rising, wings expanded, arg. (Bedford, *Blazon of Episcopacy*, p. 23). I fancy, however, that this is a mistake. Both Howells use this on their seal.

career before the French Revolution depended in no small degree on his genealogy. "In this world," says Goethe, "a man must be either hammer or anvil," and, in the England of the Stuarts, it depended on a man's family to which of these classes he belonged. The hard knocks of fortune which Howell suffered would indicate that he belonged to the latter and less fortunate class, and found little aid from the influential families of whose relationship he characteristically boasts. But they undoubtedly determined the circle of friends with which he began life, and to some degree the employment in which he started. It is sufficient for our purpose to recollect that James Howell belonged by birth and kindred to the set of Welsh families introduced into English public life by the Tudors.

Of his early years little is to be gathered. In the opening Letter (of the first edition) he thanks his father for "that most indulgent and costly care you have been pleased to have had of my Breeding (tho' but one Child of *fifteen*), by placing me in a choice methodical School (so far distant from your Dwelling) under a learned (tho' *lashing*) Master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford to be graduated." The school was Hereford grammar school, the Master one Harley.¹ He appears to have received a sound classical training there. Mention is made of Virgil,² Lucan, Terence, and Plautus as forming the subject of his studies.

On the 16th of June 1610, "Howell, James, Carmath., cler[ici] fil[ius], 16," of Jesus College, matriculated at Oxford (A. Clark, *Registers Matric.*, ii. 312), and on 17th Dec. 1613, he was admitted Bachelor of Arts (*ibid.*, *Degrees*, iii. 324). Of his college chums we can trace in the *Registers* T. Pritchard (ii. 317, iii. 315): Christopher Jones (ii. 298, iii. 306); James Crofts (ii. 329); Edw. Rumsey (ii. 329); and Tom Bowyer (iii. 319), all of Jesus College. The only

¹ Payne Fisher in the Latin poem prefixed to Howell's *Poems*. Suppt. No. xxxviii.

² Under the curious form "Flacci Epos," see note on p. 689.

recollection given of his school or 'Varsity days in the *Letters* is where he doubts (*infra*, p. 71) "whether I had the same identical individually numerical Body when I carried a Calfeather Sachel to School in *Hereford*, as when I wore a Lamb-skin Hood in *Oxford*." We should remember, however, that his mother-tongue was Welsh; the need of a special College at Oxford for Welshmen was due to the fact that English had to be learned as a foreign tongue by the young Welsh students who came up to the University.¹ Howell is among the not small class of English writers, like the brothers Vaughan, David Hume, Hugh Miller and Prof. Bain, to whom English was originally a foreign tongue that had to be acquired consciously. His other studies at the University were of the ordinary course then pursued at the seats of learning—logic, rhetoric and mathematics—or as he puts it, "the briars of logic, the fields of philosophy and the mathematics" (p. 433).

One of the most influential men at Jesus during Howell's undergraduate days was Dr. Francis Mansel, soon to be Principal² of the College. He was a Carmarthenshire man, and probably Howell had known him "at home." His brother, Sir Robert Mansel, was perhaps the most prominent of the sea-dogs that succeeded the school of Drake. During the peace with Spain, Sir Robert amused his leisure with an attempt to introduce the Italian methods of making glass.³ He had acquired rights in a patent for "making glass with pit-coal" (instead of wood), which became in 1615 one of the monopolies for which James I.'s reign was notorious. Sir Robert was destined to spend some £30,000 on this business, an enormous sum in those days. He had just started a factory at Broad Street, with Italian workmen

¹ The poets Vaughan only spoke Welsh in their youth (*Works*, ed. Grosart, vol. ii. pp. 298-9).

² See notes on I. i. 3, p. 21.

³ Mansel fills a considerable space in Hondoy, *Les Verreries*, cxxxviii.-xl.

trying

trying the new methods, and Howell's first employment¹ in life was as steward, to this glass-house in Broad Street. Curiously enough, some of the glass made at the factory was unearthed some years ago during some excavations in Broad Street, and specimens were exhibited before the Archæological Institute, and described in the *Journal*.²

Howell did not find his post as Steward of the Glass-house very congenial to him, though he began his career as a practical philologist by picking up the rudiments of Italian from the Venetian workmen. He also laid the foundation of a lasting friendship with the Altham family in Bishopsgate. He seems, too, to have sown his wild oats in company with a college chum, Dan. Caldwell, his brother-in-law Jack Toldervy, and another Jesus man, Tom Bowyer, afterwards to be Captain Bowyer. Casual references to merry times at the Fleece in Cornhill indicate Howell's capacity for enjoyment and vivid interest in the new life that was opening out before him.

Still wider was the opening that presented itself to Howell after a few months of his stewardship. The enterprise on which Mansel was engaged needed a regular supply of workmen from Venice, and of the alkali known as "baryllia" from Alicant in Spain.³ Howell was selected by him as a travelling agent to make arrangements for these two needs, and the first section of the *Letters* deal with his grand tour in search of them.

In the spring of 1617, so far as can be ascertained,⁴

¹ There is some indication of his having studied at the Temple, in a letter to Caldwell (I. i. 6, p. 27, last line).

² *Journ. Arch. Instit.*, xxx. 204, xxxi. 108. The pieces seem to bear a resemblance in shape to those reintroduced to London of recent years by Dr. Salviati.

³ See note on p. 60, and the elaborate note D of the *Biog. Brit.*, s. v. *Howell, James*.

⁴ The dates in the *Letters* themselves are perfectly untrustworthy, as we shall see, *infra*, p. lxxiii.-vi. I have therefore been obliged to make my own chronological scheme, which is, roughly : Section I. 1617-20, Holland, France, Spain, Italy ; II. 1620-22, St. Osyth, and Tour with Altham ; III. 1622-24, Spanish Match ; IV. 1624-27, London and York ; V. 1627-32, York and London ; VI. 1632-45, Embassy to Denmark ; Intelligencer and Fleet Prison.

Howell started from Gravesend for Amsterdam. He was "pitifully sick all the voyage, for the weather was rough and the wind untowards," but soon recovered, and began his peregrination through Holland, with a view to learning, not Dutch, as might be thought, but French (p. 27). He was struck by the cleanliness of the Dutch, a virtue which, it is said, they invented, and took note of their learning; but otherwise does not seem to have been much impressed by the Low Countries, even though they were then at the acme of their culture and influence. So on to Paris, then, according to Howell, the filthiest city in Christendom, *viâ* Leyden, The Hague, Middleborough, Antwerp, and Rouen—a curious route. There is extremely little in the letters from Paris¹ about the town itself or its inhabitants, and it is somewhat difficult to guess what Howell was at in his travels through the Low Countries to Paris. From a reference at the beginning of Letter XVI., it would seem that his expenses were paid for by the Glass-house authorities,² yet it is difficult to see what purpose of that establishment he could serve by his travels.³ It would seem as if Sir Robert Mansel, finding him too young for the stewardship at Broad Street, had determined to give him the general education and fitness for the position which extended travel would produce.⁴

After a couple of months' stay in Paris he started for Spain by the somewhat roundabout route of going to St. Malo. Here he hoped to find a vessel to carry him round by water. A touch of local patriotism peeps out in his visit to Brittany, when he discovers the resemblance of the

¹ I. i. 16-19, pp. 42-53.

² Captain F. Bacon, who sends the Bills of Exchange (p. 42), had succeeded Howell as Steward of the Glass-house (p. 27).

³ Possibly he may have been sent to Holland to secure the services of one of the Miotti family, the chief glass-workers of the time. He meets with one at Middleborough, p. 37.

⁴ Howell says expressly (p. 103); "I shall ever acknowledge a good part of my education from him."

local *patois* to Welsh. Failing to take ship at St. Malo, he proceeds leisurely, *viâ* Bordeaux and Toulouse, over the Pyrenées to Barcelona, where he arrived in the autumn of 1617. In Spain he remains for nearly a year, visiting in succession Barcelona, Valencia, and Alicant. At the last-named place we find him at last doing business for the Glass-house, making arrangement for a consignment of £2000 worth of baryllia, one of the chief ingredients used by the Venetians in making their glass.

After spending a whole year in Spain, Howell took sail in a Dutchman for Italy, and seems to have coasted along the north shore of the Mediterranean, passing through Scylla and Charybdis, and, if we may judge by casual references,¹ landing in Sicily. After a toilsome voyage, he arrives before Venice in the autumn of 1618, but had to undergo a month's quarantine before landing. Here at Venice he "apply'd himself to dispatch your [Sir R. Mansel's] business according to instructions" (p. 65), by forwarding him two skilled Italian workmen, one of them a member of the Miotti family, the chief repositories of the trade secrets of glass manufacture. Venice made upon Howell the deepest impression of all the towns he visited on the Continent.

Having executed the main object of his travels by arranging for the Barillia at Alicant and for the workmen at Venice, Howell seems to have thrown off his connection with Sir Robert Mansel, and for a time travelled aimlessly through Italy, visiting, as he says (p. 93), "Venice the Rich, Padua the Learned, Bologna the Fat, Rome the Holy,"² Naples the Gentle, Genoa the Proud, Florence the Fair, and Milan the Great," whence he came to Turin and prepared to scale the Alps, those "uncouth, huge, monstrous excrescences of Nature," as he calls them. Howell seems

¹ See notes on p. 66, 344.

² This was against the direct prohibition of his warrant to travel, which forbade any visit to Rome or St. Omers, the chief centres of Romanist travel. See note on p. 22.

to have tramped all the way from Turin across the Alps to Lyons, returning with a band of French pilgrims to Rome. At Lyons, however, he fell in with a countryman of his (*i.e.* a Welshman), one Lewis, whom he had known at Alicant, and by whom he was provided with cash. He started for home, making a detour to see Geneva, the head centre of Calvinism, and sailing down the Loire and Seine, reached Gravesend in the winter of 1620.¹ His privations had told upon him, and he arrived in London insensible, and had to be tended by his brother Thomas, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, who was at that time Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

When he recovered under the care of the great Harvey, Howell had to look about him for employment. Sir Robert Mansel was at sea, and it was doubtful how far the costly experiment of glass-making would be carried on. Howell applied for the post of Secretary to Sir John Eyre, the Ambassador at Constantinople, but he had been anticipated.

From this dilemma Howell was released by the action of Sir James Croft, his father's firm friend and a man of much influence. He recommended the young Welshman as travelling tutor to the two sons of Sir Thomas Savage, son-in-law of Lord Darcy of Chiche (St. Osyth) in Essex. He accordingly spent the summer of 1621 in Essex, either at Long Melford near Sudbury, the seat of Sir Thomas Savage, or at St. Osyth, that of Lord Darcy, who that summer became Viscount Colchester, and later on blossomed into Earl Rivers. Howell gives an interesting and pleasing picture of a well-appointed country house in Jacobean England (I. ii. 8, p. 106). He remained with his young pupils (one of whom, John, was to succeed to the titles of his grandfather) till the end of 1621, but declined to escort them on

¹ I take the forty months of *Foreign Travell*, p. 80, to represent Howell's own experience of the grand tour. The reference to Cadenet's having arrived in I. ii. 1, fixes the *terminus ad quem* of the first tour of Howell.

the grand tour as they were Roman Catholics, and a difference of creed between "governor" and pupils would be more embarrassing abroad. Nor did he care to spend another three years on the Continent.¹

Howell accepted, however, a proposal to go abroad for a trip with young Richard Altham, one of the Althams of Bishopsgate, whom he had learned to know during his stewardship in Broad Street. They seem to have started in the winter of 1621, and were away till the beginning of the following year. The route seems to have been Trevere, The Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, Poissy, Orleans, and home again *via* Paris. While at Poissy Howell overworked himself by setting himself too great a number of books to read through, and brought on a recurrence of the imposthume that had caused him so much inconvenience on his return from his first tour. The resulting illness was serious, lasting six weeks, a length due, perhaps, to the remedy employed, if it is true, as he states, that he "parted with above fifty ounces [of blood] in less than a fortnight" (p. 136).

Thus at the beginning of 1622 we find Howell once more in England and once more without employment. Here again fortune favoured him. He found waiting for him an enterprise which ultimately brought him in contact with public life, and, what is more important for us, caused him to be the spectator and historian of one of the most romantic episodes in English history, the journey of Prince Charles and Buckingham to Madrid, and the final breaking off of the Spanish Match. It came about in this way. An English merchantman in the Levant trade, named the *Vineyard*, and belonging to some London merchants, was forced by stress of weather into a port of Sardinia, which at that time belonged to Spain. The Sardinian authorities found the cargo very valuable—worth £30,000, says Howell—and on the pretext that she was carrying war material to

¹ See I. iii. 2, p. 145.

the Grand Turk, against the maritime regulations of the time, seized her and her goods as contraband. The Turkey merchants of London to whom the *Vineyard* belonged determined to appeal to the Spanish Court against this high-handed proceeding, and for some time the affair of the *Vineyard* was a standing order in every Spanish Ambassador's instructions who left London for Madrid. On his appointment in the early part of 1622, Lord John Digby (soon to be Earl of Bristol) suggested to the merchants who were interested in the *Vineyard*, among them Sir R. Napier and Captain Leat, that they should send an agent who should solely devote himself to so important a matter, and, he did not add, relieve himself of a very troublesome business. Howell seemed specially suited for this position, owing to his previous long residence in Spain, as likewise that he would be content to undertake the affair on the speculation of only getting his expenses if he failed, and the moderate fee of ten per cent. if he succeeded.¹

Howell did not start, as he had intended, with Lord Digby. It appears that his friend Altham and he had an altercation with some serjeants in Lombard Street, which detained him—he is not very explicit how—for three weeks after the Ambassador. Young blood will out, and a parting dinner at the Fleece or the Ship would not have an appropriate ending unless after an interview with the serjeants of Lombard Street and their superiors.

Arrived in Spain, Howell is able to present himself at Court at the first interview of Lord Digby and Philip IV. Howell himself is somewhat of an accredited representative, since James I. took up the case of the *Vineyard*, and Howell had kissed hands on appointment (p. 152). At first all goes well, so well indeed that the sanguine Welshman reckons up the quarter of a million crowns which the award in favour of his patrons will come to, counting principal and interest

¹ I deduce this from H.'s expression "it is like to be out of my way £3000" (p. 193).

and processal charges (p. 154). The chief delinquent, Conde del Real, the former Sardinian Viceroy, who had seized the ship, was at Madrid and attachable, being Major Domo to the Infante, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo. Matters got so far, thanks to Howell's introduction with Olivares, the all-powerful minister of Philip IV., that referees were nominated (p. 156), a warrant was granted against Conde del Real (p. 163), who began to make overtures for a compromise, and Howell made preparations to go over to Sardinia (pp. 161, 162), where he had obtained a concession for shipping corn duty free (p. 167).

Suddenly a new complexion was put upon the negotiations about the *Vineyard* affair, as well as all others, by the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and Buckingham at the Earl of Bristol's house in Madrid on Friday, March 7, 1623. In reality the relations of the two Courts were made more difficult by the romantic yet foolhardy journey, as Howell was soon to find out. Having so much to ask from the Spanish king, Charles and his advisers did not wish to be under an obligation to him in the *Vineyard* affair; at least that is how I interpret Cottington's intervention in the affair (p. 167), with directions not to proceed further till after Charles's departure. Howell had accordingly nothing to do but look on at the Court merrymakings, the ups and downs of the negotiations for the match, and make acquaintance with the Prince's retinue, some of whom, *e.g.*, Sir Kenelm Digby, became his fast friends. The delays of the Junta and of the Pope, the dispensation and the proxy, the bull-fights and the visits to notable sights, all pass before us in the Letters, and form their most important portion as historical documents.

The match was broken off, and all hope of recovering the £30,000 of the *Vineyard* was gone; so Howell determined to come home with the convoy that took charge of the jewels (valued at 400,000 crowns) which Charles had intended to present to the Infanta. In company with Mr. (afterwards Sir Peter) Wych he made a five days' journey from

from Madrid to Bilboa, and thence by sea to Plymouth in October 1624.

For the third time in his short life of thirty years our wandering stone had been dislodged from his resting-place. Here he was again in London as a sturdy rogue and vagabond, without visible means of subsistence. It is true that during his absence in Spain his old College at Oxford had elected him fellow (see Doc. xl.), but the foundation was not rich, and the glorious institution of non-resident fellowships was not then in existence. He had gained some friends and patrons, but the chief of them, Bristol, was out of favour at Court from the time of his return from Spain, and was soon to be banished to his place at Sherburne. Howell seems to have hung about the Court in the spirit and probably with the spirits of Mr. Micawber.

Any hopes of advancement from King James died away with his death in the following spring of 1625. Buckingham practically succeeded to the throne, and seems to have taken a dislike to Howell, as of the party of his chief rival, Bristol. To the application of some of his friends to make Howell a fourth secretary (p. 223), Buckingham replied, with some wit and more force, that he was "too much Digbyfied," and Howell was left with nothing better to do than teach Spanish to the Marchioness of Winchester, sister of his old pupils the Savages. Meanwhile he took occasion to visit his father in Wales, and his mother, as he calls his University of Oxford, where Charles's first Parliament was sitting, August 1626, to avoid the plague, then raging in London.

It was also doubtless during this period that the only incident in Howell's life recorded by another took place, if it did ever take place.¹ Sir Kenelm Digby in his description of his powder of sympathy, which cures wounds telepathetically

¹ Mr. Lee, D.N.B. s.v. Howell, places the incident in Spain, but the reference to "the court" negatives the possibility of this.

(it was published as late as 1658), claims Howell as his first "subject," and reports that he had been wounded in trying to interfere in a duel between two of his friends, and that he had been cured by the garter which had dressed his wound being placed during Howell's absence in Sir Kenelm's magic powder.¹ Howell indeed mentions the prevalence of duels among his friends (see p. 284), but says nothing of his presence or interference, still less of his being wounded in one of them. Yet Sir Kenelm's account was published during Howell's lifetime, and was, according to Aubrey, even put into English by him from the original French.

For these two years (1624-26) we have nothing very definite about Howell's doings; indeed, after his second return from Spain there is a marked reticence in Howell's references to his doings in the Letters. From a document I have printed from the Record Office (Doc. i.), it would appear that it was part of Howell's work in life to keep an eye on suspicious characters. In 1627, it would seem² negotiations were entered into with Howell on behalf of what may be called the Foreign Office of the period, with regard to a post of "travelling agent" in Italy. This was, in fact, nothing more or less than a post as political spy, one of some difficulty, delicacy, and danger, which would not have been too highly paid at the rate of £400 a year, which Howell demanded for it. The negotiations broke off on this issue, which makes one suspect they were only entered into to escape the importunities of our not over-modest hero, who, according to his own account, even dared to suggest to Buckingham that he would do well to organise his establishment at York House better, the suggestion evidently being that he, Howell, might be of use in the said organisation.

Everything comes to him who waits and asks. So after

¹ See Suppt. II. No. xxii. and notes.

² Conway only became Lord Conway in that year; see note on p. 239.

more than two years' weary waiting, Howell's importunities at Court were rewarded with the post of Secretary to Lord Scrope (afterwards Earl of Sunderland), who had been appointed Lord President of the North.¹ This turned out to be a snug thing, "a fee from the King, diet for myself and two servants, livery for a horse, and a part of the King's house for a lodging." He seems to have made himself popular in Yorkshire, for at the election of 1627 he was elected M.P. for Richmond in that county, even against the candidature of a man of considerable influence, Christopher Wandsford, who was supported by the powerful Wentworth. Howell does not seem to have made any figure in Parliament, no record existing of his having ever spoken. He promised his constituents to follow faithfully the lead of the senior member of the borough, Sir Talbot Bows, in anything relating to its interests: "this," he adds, "I take to be the true duty of a Parliamentary Burgess, without roving at random to generals" (p. 250).

For the next few years our notices of him are very scanty, though judging from the Letters which may be ascribed to that time he must have been much up in London. During some of these visits he made acquaintance with Ben Jonson, whom he calls father. He seems to have enrolled himself of the Tribe of Ben, who gathered round the chief of their clan at the Old Devil, and formed the first of those literary courts that have had so much influence on our literature. He again resumed, on these visits to London, his intercourse with Dan Caldwell and Jack Toldervy, though the latter's bacchanalian indulgence shocked the now staid M.P. and Secretary to the President of the North.

He was not destined, however, to retain his Secretaryship long. He had the ill-luck or the bad judgment to choose unlucky patrons. Bristol was in disgrace, and now the Earl

¹ He had possibly been recommended by his friend Dr. Prichard, as he was summoned to Worcester House (p. 242, *cf.* p. 131).

of Sunderland fell ill, and Lord Wentworth, now reconciled to the King and preparing for a thorough policy, succeeded him as Lord President of the North in the autumn of 1628. Some compensation was made to Howell by Sunderland, who gave him the advowson of Hambledon, which, with characteristic generosity, he offered to his brother (p. 266). Wentworth also dismissed him civilly with the presentation to the next Attorney's place at York (pp. 275 and 649), which brought Howell in £100 or so.

Though his official connection with the Earl of Sunderland was thus at an end, he seems to have continued to act for him as a kind of private secretary and "odd man." Sunderland had given up the Presidency of the North as much from ill-health as anything,¹ and he remained under the doctor's care till his death in 1630, during which time Howell appears to have acted for him in various matters of business, and even saw to the burial of the Earl's mother, the Dowager Lady Scrope (p. 274).

Again a two years' blank occurs in our knowledge of Howell's doings after the death of Sunderland in 1630. Then we have full details of an episode which evidently shone out in our hero's recollection as the height of his achievements. In 1632 the Queen-Dowager of Denmark, James I.'s mother-in-law and Charles I.'s grandmother, had died with very great savings, "so that she was reputed the richest Queen in Christendom" (p. 288). The Earl of Leicester was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to condole with the King of Denmark and put in a claim for a share in the late Queen's dollars. The condolence, being the ostensible object, had to be expressed in suitable language—in other words, the mission would not be complete without an orator to do the official grief in Latin. To his evident delight, Howell was selected as orator and secretary to the embassy.

¹ So I judge from the expressions on p. 274; but the letter is evidently "cooked." See Notes.

The embassy occupied some two and a half months, and is fully described in the Letters as in a Latin account by Howell which I discovered in the Bodleian and have printed in the Supplement to the Letters (pp. 651-3). Howell had also the necessary arrangements to make for the voyage, and letters are still extant (Suppt. II. Nos. xxiii-xxvi.) exchanged between him and Sir John Pennington, the captain entrusted with the transport of the ambassador's train. Starting from Margate on September 12, on the 18th Pennington landed Howell at Brusbüttel, who secured lodgings for his lordship at Gluckstadt. From here Howell journeyed to Hamburg to cash some bills of exchange, and returned to Rensburgh, where the King now was. Here he had the honour to deliver no less than three consolatory speeches in Latin to the King and his two sons. Then to business, which lasted about a month, during which a considerable quantity of liquor must have been consumed, as at one banquet of the King's, lasting from eleven till evening, no less than thirty-five healths were drunk.

"A custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance."¹

The Earl of Leicester showed his superiority by drinking the toasts and yet managing to reach his lodgings without the help of the King's guard, two of whom offered him their arms (p. 295). The King, according to Howell, had to be carried off in his chair. One suspects a certain amount of prejudice against a king of whom Howell reports that he did not "part with presents" (p. 295).

From Rensburgh to Gothorp, to give Howell another opportunity for a Latin speech to the Duke of Holstein, a grandson of Queen Sophia: "our entertainment there was brave, tho' a little fulsome." Thence to Husem, where Howell succeeded in drawing tears from the Duchess of

¹ It is likely enough that Shakespeare was pointing at such Danish customs in the carousal scene, *Hamlet*, i. 3.

Holstein. So back to Rensburgh, Hamburg, and Brusbüttel, where Pennington re-shipped them on November 22, 1632, and safely landed them on the 30th. They brought with them the news of Gustavus Adolphus's death, and Howell found on his arrival that his father had died during his absence. The letter his son writes at the news (I. vi. 7, p. 306) is a pleasing exhibition of a good father appreciated by a good son.

Some time after his return from Denmark, Howell was on the look-out for a fixed employment in some office of State, but in vain. His importunities seem to have set the permanent officials against him. In a letter I have unearthed from the Record Office, his brother Thomas, afterwards the Bishop of Bristol, desires Secretary Windebank not to be prejudiced against him, Thomas, because of his brother's urgencies. In this, as subsequently in the escape of Dr. Howell from the clutches of the Commons (Doc. No. xxix.), we have an interesting contrast of the successful sneak and the ill luck of the more open nature. Howell probably never knew of this unkind intervention of his brother, and we find him kind to the Bishop's children up to the day of his death.

This embassy to Denmark is almost the last glimpse we get of any visible means of subsistence for James Howell, who gives us little or no information as to his sources of income or actual work for the next ten years. It is not difficult, I fancy, to fill up the gap, and by so doing explain Howell's reticence in speaking of this part of his life, especially under the circumstances under which his book was first published. As early as 1625 we find a letter of his in the Record Office giving information to the Government of a dangerous "pragmatical" fellow. In the *Stafford Letters* for 1635 there is a whole series from Howell giving the news of the day to Wentworth while in Ireland and carrying the policy of thorough in its full vigour. We hear of sudden missions to Orleans (p. 321), and later on to Ruelle to see Richelieu (p. 352); and when Wentworth is

is preparing the final *coup* of the Army of the North, we have Howell summoned to him at Dublin and dispatched to Edinburgh at the meeting of the Scots Parliament (I. vi. 34-38) in 1639. Hopes were held out to him by Wentworth of a clerkship to the Irish Council, and by Charles himself of the succession to Sir Edward Nicholas's place as Clerk of the Privy Council. But meanwhile Howell's work as "travelling agent" or as "intelligencer," or whatever other name he chose to disguise his calling, was too well done for his masters to exchange the fidelity of expectation for the sluggishness of gratitude. There can be little doubt that during the ten years 1632-42 Howell was nothing more or less than a Royalist spy, not to put too fine a point on it. Hence the rancour with which he was ultimately dealt with by the Parliamentarians; hence the reticence with which he speaks of the period; hence the paucity of letters dealing with it, which had either been destroyed by Howell or seized by the Parliamentarians.

When the Civil War broke out, Howell's functions became at once more important and more dangerous. He appears to have been sent on a secret mission to Richelieu, and speaks vaguely of the promises held out to him by the great minister. But his prospects at home were at last brightening. Charles at last gave way to his importunity, and on August 30, 1642, two days after the Royal Standard had been planted as a sign of war, James Howell was sworn in as an extra Clerk of the Council at Nottingham,¹ and the King promised him the very next post that should become vacant. Thus, to all appearance, was James Howell safely landed in a harbour of safety. At the mature age of forty-nine he had at last some prospects of a permanent position in life in a congenial employment for which his talents and experience exactly suited him.

¹ Howell himself says at York (*infra*, p. 667), but I give the entry from the Privy Council Minutes (*infra*, p. 657), which shows that he is mistaken. I have to thank Sir Chas. Lenox Peel, the present Clerk to the Council, for permission to search the Minute Books.

Alas for the fleeting hopes of man! Howell, though he knew it not, was going to be settled for life in quite a different position to that which he contemplated. A couple of months after his appointment his active career as a man of affairs¹ was suddenly put an end to. As he tells the story himself (p. 355), he had "lately come up to London; . . . but one morning betimes there rushed into my chamber five Armed Men, with Swords, Pistols, and Bills, and told me they had a Warrant from the Parliament for me. . . . So they rush'd presently into my Closet and seiz'd on all my Papers and Letters, and anything that was Manuscript, . . . and hurl'd all into a great hair Trunk, which they carry'd away with them. . . . They suffer'd me to stay in my Chamber with two Guards upon me till the evening, at which time they brought me before the Committee for Examination, where I confess I found good respect; And being brought up to the Close Committee, I was order'd to be forthcoming, till some Papers of mine were perus'd, and *Mr. Corbet* was appointed to do it. Some days after I came to *Mr. Corbet*, and he told me he had perused them, and could find nothing that might give offence. Hereupon I desir'd him to make a report to the House, according to which (as I was told) he did very fairly; yet such was my hard hap, that I was committed to the *Fleet*, where I am now under close restraint." This passage is of crucial importance, both as giving the crisis of Howell's life and as throwing light on the question of the authenticity of his Letters, which will later concern us. Meanwhile let us remark that it is fully confirmed by the entry in the Commons Journals under date 14th Nov. 1642, "that Mr. James Howell be forthwith committed to the Fleet, there to remain during the Pleasure of the House." The displeasure of the House lasted eight years,² and can have been

¹ Prynné, *infra*, p. 682, reports that he was engaged in the battle of Edgehill. H. says nothing of this himself, and was scarcely likely to do so while he was in the power of the Parliamentarians.

² See Howell's own statement, p. 667.

earned by no trivial cause.¹ At any rate, the entry in the Commons Journal is sufficient by itself to disprove Anthony à Wood's malicious assertion that he was cast into the Fleet for debt. It is perhaps worth while remarking that the order of the House was issued just two days after "the assault was intended to the City," and Charles, though he knew it not, had his last chance. The irritation against the King's adherents and instruments would be at its strongest just at that time.

When once the gates of the Fleet had closed upon James Howell in his fiftieth year, his life as a man practically ends. Henceforth it is as an author that he interests us. Leaving for a later division of this Introduction the multitudinous literary productions of Howell during his confinement in the Fleet and afterwards, we may rapidly and roughly run through the few remaining external events of his life, including the few occasions when his literary work attracted attention to himself personally.

Just as Howell was being cast into the Fleet a book of his on foreign travel had been published by Humphrey Moseley, the chief publisher of the period,² who was to be the means of providing employment for our hero during his incarceration, and for years afterwards. After a long life as a travelling agent Howell was destined, at the age of fifty, to learn new paces as a publisher's hack. Almost all his works were published by Moseley, and were suggested by that general purveyor of literature. In after-years Sir Roger L'Estrange had the laugh of Howell by pointing out the number of coats he turned in the trying and troublesome times between the Long Parliament and the Restoration. But the probability is that his tone was dictated by Moseley, though Howell, of course, is equally responsible for opinions published under his name (or with his initials). At an early

¹ It is just possible that the letter of a Royalist spy signed J. H., and dated June 11, 1642, may be by Howell. See *Parl. Hist.*, vol. xxiii. pp. 87-9.

² On him see Masson, *Life of Milton*, iii. 448-59; vi. 400-403.

stage we find Howell put to defence by the redoubtable William Prynne, who published a couple of tracts on the matter in 1644.¹ It says something for Howell's general character that even the rancorous Prynne speaks in respectful terms of the imprisoned Cavalier.

Of his life in the Fleet we get a few glimpses in the *Letters*. He walked at times the long galleries; he was visited by his friends, or even made new ones among his fellow-prisoners. At first he was brought low by a severe attack of prison-fever (p. 421), but his buoyant nature bore up against this, and it only gave him occasion to indite a mock will, leaving all he had to leave—his intellect and heart—to various of his friends. He had the annoyance of seeing other prisoners released from the remaining prisons (p. 424). Yet all these and other disappointments from treacherous friends, like T. P. (p. 503), were unable to depress his spirits, and if he broods on his imprisonment, it is only in order to turn out such a mock epitaph as this (p. 431):—

*"Here lies entomb'd a walking thing
Whom Fortune (with the States)² did fling
Between these walls. Why? Ask not that;
That blind Whore does she knows not what."*

At last his patience was rewarded, and in the general amnesty of 1650 Howell was included and released from the Fleet. Yet even then his case was regarded as so serious that bail was demanded for his good behaviour, and his recognisances were not released from their responsibility till the last year of Cromwell's life, seven years later.³

How, where, and from what he lived during the succeeding ten years (1650–60) is by no means clear, either from his own statement or from any contemporary record. Con-

¹ See *Bibl. Hist.*, vol. viii.

² A reference to the Commons and the State reasons for his incarceration.

³ I deduce this from Howell's own statement of his case to Charles II. (Suppt. No. xvii. p. 667).

sidering the large amount of printed matter he poured forth during this time, there is some probability in Wood's statement, that "tho' several of them are meer scribbles, yet they brought him in a comfortable subsistence." The last letter of the Fourth Part of the *Epistolæ*, published in 1655, is dated from Holborn, in which district he died eleven years later, so it is probable that he lived at the house of the lawyer Leigh and afterwards of his widow for the remainder of his life.¹

As regards his attitude towards public affairs during all this time there are somewhat conflicting accounts. After the Restoration disappointed Cavaliers like Sir Roger L'Estrange taunted Howell with having "ratted" to the other side during the eclipse of the Cavaliers.² And, indeed, we do find a curious vacillation in Howell's attitude towards the chief power in the State during the memorable twenty years 1640-60. He had the courage to dedicate the first collection of his Letters in 1645 to Charles I., yet in the Second Book there is a letter (No. lxiii.) apologising for the lukewarm tone of his *Parables*, published in 1647. He speaks cynically enough of the martyrdom of Charles I. as curing the country of the "King's evil" (Contents, ed. 1650), yet it is probable that the verses signed J. H. and attached to *Εἰκὼν βασιλίκη* were by Howell.³ He writes of the Preheminence of Parliament, and yet approves of Cromwell's dictatorship, dedicating to him his *Sober Inspections* as a sort of Charles Martel and a Hercules. His Dedications vary between the Duke of York (vol. ii. of *Letters*), Charles Prince of Wales (*Foreign Travel, Lustra*), The Parliament (*S.P.Q.V.*), and Cromwell (*Sober Inspections*). He peti-

¹ Cf. end of Doc. xv., and Howell's Will. Earlier in life he had lived in St. Martin's Lane (Docs. ii. and iii.).

² L'Estrange's *Modest Plea*, 1661, pp. 31 to the end, has some interesting extracts, entitled "Notes upon Mr. James Howell, &c."

³ And not by John Hewitt, the Royalist martyr, executed for conspiring against Cromwell in 1658. So Mr. Lee at end of his article on Howell in D. N. B.

tions the Council of State for literary employment (Suppt. No. xiii.), and applies to Selden, the storehouse of Republican learning, for permission to present him with his works (*Ibid.* No. xii.).¹ Yet it was probably no conversion to Republican views that led him to seek acquaintance with Selden. The industrious Howell was hoping to adapt Selden's *Mare Clausum* to the new circumstances of the war with Holland, and approached the great scholar to get his permission and help. But the great scholar was man of the world as well as student of books, and the result was the issue of an English translation of the *Mare Clausum*, but not by James Howell.²

There is thus abundant evidence of a certain amount of *rapprochement* on the part of Howell with the Parliamentary part, yet not so much more than any unprejudiced Englishman of even Royalist sympathies might have made as the need of a settled government became apparent. Howell's fault as a practical politician was not going far enough. He eulogised Cromwell, yet he had the hardihood to suggest that the best solution of the situation just before his death would be to arrange for the succession of Charles II.³ Altogether, it is clear that we have not to deal in Howell's case with any Athanasian rigidity of conviction on the politics of his day. Nor need we apply any lofty ethic norm to adjudge of his vacillations. He belonged to the class, so numerous in our days, only just coming into existence in his, whose function in political matters is to express, excite, and simulate conviction, not necessarily to feel it. If we do not too harshly condemn the journalist who votes Radical and writes Tory, we need not waste our denuncia-

¹ One of the books thus given to Selden is in the Bodleian: it is dated 1652, which enables us to date the two documents in the Supplement.

² He did not lose his interest in the book, however. After the Restoration he made the necessary alterations in the Dedication, which was to Parliament in the "fifties," to Charles II. in the "sixties" (Lowndes).

³ That is, if my attribution of *An Admonition*, by J. H. (B. L. No. 47), be correct.

tions on James Howell for changing his published opinion on politics according to his personal needs or the changes of public opinion around him.

After Cromwell's death Howell turned more definitely towards the direction from which, after all, his views had only occasionally wandered, a moderate Monarchy. He also, probably, reverted to his old trade of Royalist Intelligencer or spy. For just on the eve of the Restoration we find him reporting on the condition of things in London to Sir Edward Walker at the English Court in Brussels (Suppt. No. xv.). And after the Restoration we find him greeting Monk as "the temporal Redeemer of this land."¹

Almost as soon as Charles II. had landed there was a rush for the spoils on behalf of all the dispossessed Cavaliers. Those martyrs for the royal cause sought for earthly crowns to console them for their past afflictions. Among the most assiduous applicants was James Howell, now an old man of nearly sixty-six years. Within a year of Charles' return we find him applying to be restored as Clerk of the Council, or to be appointed Secretary to the Royal Commission on Trade, or to be appointed English tutor to the Portuguese Princess whom Charles had chosen for Queen.² He was successful in none of these applications, probably on account of his age. But he did not desist from applications, and the result proved the wisdom of his persistence. In a further petition, still preserved in the University library at Cambridge,³ he pointed out that "among the prudentst and best policed nations there is a Minister of State appointed and qualified with the title of Historiographer Generall," the obvious inference being that the author of histories of France, of Naples, and of Venice would be a most appropriate holder of such an office. At last he got the King and his advisers to share his own views as to his capabilities.

He was appointed Historiographer Royal "primus in

¹ B. L. No. 56.

² See Suppt. Nos. xvii. to xix.

³ See Suppt. II. No.

Anglia," his monument proudly declares with the usual amount of monumental veracity,¹ and a grant of £200 was docketed at the Exchequer "as of his mat^{ies} free gift" in Feb. 1661². For the remaining five years of his life he held the even tenor of his way, producing book after book and being tended in all comfort by Mrs. Leigh and her daughter Edith at his lodgings against the Pye Inn in Fetter Lane, Holborn.³

Only one incident in his career needs a further reference. No sooner was Howell comfortably settled himself than he turned round rather unreasonably on the remaining crowd of esurient and expectant Cavaliers and advised them to wait in his *Cordial for the Cavaliers*. Sir Roger L'Estrange, not unjustly incensed at this piece of gratuitous impudence brought forth his own *Cordial for the Cavaliers*, in which he answered Howell with some spirit and force, and on Howell's rejoinder with *Some Sober Inspections*, returned to the charge with his *Modest Plea* and pointed out in an Appendix Howell's own failings with regard to political patience and constancy. Howell was undoubtedly in the wrong, and practically admitted it by retiring from the conflict.

He lived through the Great Plague and the Great Fire, and died in Nov. 1666, ætat. seventy-three, after having executed his will on the 14th Oct. 1666. In this he shows that he was living in comfort, leaving some £63 in legacies, not to mention the "Thirty pounds in a white Bagg" which were to be set aside for a tomb. His will is perfectly regular and conventional in its disposition of this little property. His brother, his sisters, and some favoured nephews and nieces get legacies, his landlady and her daughter are remembered, and those who were to bury him are also named and considered.

¹ According to Thom's *Book of the Court*, the first Historiographer Royal was appointed by Henry VII.; the last was G. P. R. James, of "two horsemen" memory.

² Suppt. Doc. xx.

³ See the address given at the end of Doc. xv. of the Suppt., and compare with the references in the Will No. xxi.

The only point in which his will differs from the stereotyped form is the evident solicitude with which Howell regarded the monument which was to be set up over his remains in the Temple church. Not only did he reserve so large a sum as £30 for this, but he "directed Mr. Marshall to sett up a large Black Marble with a Brasse Picture of mine in the Middle, with my Armes and a Latin Epitaph." Henry Howell, his nephew and executor, saw his instructions carried out, and the monument remained over Howell's remains till 1683, when it was removed to the triforium of the church, where it remains to the present day in excellent preservation. It would be a pious work to restore it to the body of the church, "Att the foote of next great Piller this side the little Quier," where Howell directed it to be placed. Meanwhile in this place a counterfeit presentment may serve, both to record his epitaph and to give an appropriate end-piece to this account of Howell's life-history.



What kind of man was he whose varied fortunes we have thus followed from cradle to grave? Externally we have unusual opportunities of knowing him. To the French translation of his *Dendrologia* a fine plate was prefixed, executed by Claude Melan and Bosc, and exhibiting Howell in a romantic situation, leaning in meditative fashion against an oak.¹ A second state of this plate was added to many of Howell's later works. Besides this, in the engraved title-page of the *Letters* there is a portrait of Howell (by Marshall), in one of the compartments, which confirms the other portrait in all essential particulars. The total impression given is that of strongly marked features, with a nose too prominent² and the bushy eyebrows of a determined character. This somewhat harsh expression is relieved by large, brilliant, yet meditative eyes. But why attempt description when the reader has before him all the materials that are accessible? In portraiture more than anything, *Definitio optima Demonstratio*. Let me add, however, that his hair was dark brown,³ his height below the medium,⁴ and the pose of the Melan figure admirably suggests the self-consciousness of the author.

Of Howell as a man his *Letters* give us plenty of opportunity for judging. If as a poet he was of the Tribe of Ben, as a man he was decidedly of the Tribe of Reuben. He never stuck long enough to one master or to one employment to win a firm position in life. He was choleric⁵ and impulsive, too ready to offer advice to his

¹ The frontispiece of this volume is a reproduction. There is a second state of the plate with shorter collar and Howell's arms inserted in the place where the attendant squire and horse stand in the first state.

² The French engraver has ingeniously disguised this by turning the face upwards.

³ We learn this from p. 72.

⁴ This I conjecture from Howell's energy, his acquiescence in Bacon's dictum that Nature never put her jewels in garrets, and the evident attempt of the French artist to give an impression of height.

⁵ Cf. the *Letters* I. v. 18; II. 75.

superiors, yet often too independent to obey their commands.¹ He has not the courtier's eye to guess the rising star, nor even the servant's, to know a good master when he has one. He almost invariably pays court at the wrong time or to the wrong person. In the day of patrons such a fault was fatal. Unstable as water, he could not excel.

Yet, if he was ineffective as a man of action, he was certainly successful in one of the chief branches of worldly wisdom. He could make friends and keep them. Wherever he went he seems to have added to the increasing number of those who liked him. We can trace an ever-widening circle from the old Oxford days with the Mansels, Prichard, and Caldwell, then up to Broad Street with the Althams and Savages, until at Madrid he adds the Herberts and Digbys to his list, and the time of seeking friends is almost over. Yet one more episode brings him into a new circle the centre of which is Father Ben. As years go on it is Howell's turn to be sought in friendship, and even in the Fleet young men like the Blois and Brownriggs seek him; while later Forde and Loveday approach him in their letters as the master of their craft. There must have been something eminently likeable in a nature that could attract so many men of such various types.

Both in his qualities and in his defects James Howell is thus characteristically Celtic. The brightness and vivacity, the touches of imaginative sentiment and of mild melancholy, are part of the Celt's attractiveness; his instability and want of practical discernment share the general ineffectiveness of the Celt. He was himself always conscious of his Welsh descent and proud of it. It is perhaps time that Wales, better late than never, should reciprocate that pride.

And indeed he is likeable, with all his vanity or garrulousness; or, rather, because of them the Cavalier of literary tastes finds one of its best specimens in James Howell. He

¹ With both Sir Robert Mansel and Sir Thos. Savage he declines to follow orders.

was a ne'er-do-well, maybe; but he was also a ne'er-do-ill; and we are beginning to appreciate more highly those natures who do not well because they are not scheming or subservient, the men who preserve some of the ingenuousness of youth till the end. Knights of the Order of the Sun, they bring the light with them. Howell was such a knight; his bright, frank, joyous nature shines out unmistakably in his *Letters*, and is equally shown in his friendships. If the *Letters* are good literature, it is mainly because the nature they reveal is an eminently likeable one.





II.—HOWELL'S WORKS.

“*Hoelianas vanus comprehendere chartas*
Molior, Herculeos quum tot recitare labores
Herculeus labor alter erit.”—P. FISHER.



WHEN the gates of the Fleet closed upon Howell in 1642, his life as a man of action came to an end. Yet the remaining quarter of a century that he passed upon earth was filled with an amount of work and activity that would have sufficed to fill out a whole lifetime of a less industrious person. Howell the adventurer died in 1642, but Howell the writer practically begins his literary life in that year.¹ And before it closes some sixty works, ranging from mere broadsheets to bulky folios, were to leave the press with his name or initials. In an Appendix I have drawn up as complete a Bibliographical list of his productions as I could make,² and this runs to no less than seventy numbers, some of them including several works; others, however, being new editions. It would be obviously impossible to deal at any length or in detail with such a mass of printed matter, nor can I claim to have read it all with reverent attention. Yet no account of Howell or his Letters can be considered complete that did not consider his other works and their general value

¹ Only *Dodona's Grove* precedes 1642.

² Anthony à Wood has a very full list; Watt and Lowndes less extensive. Mr. Lee gives a classified list (mainly from Wood) in the D. N. B.

and significance. For this purpose all that will be necessary is to arrange them into convenient classes, referring to them by the short titles I have prefixed to the Bibliographical list, and placing within brackets the numbers in that list which contain in each case full bibliographical details. The *Familiar Letters* stand apart from the rest, and should be treated apart, above all in an edition of them.

The largest space in the list is filled with the POLITICAL pamphlets. Indeed, in one way or another, the majority of Howell's works are political. This is only another way of saying that Howell was a journalist of the period. The pamphlet in Stuart England took the place of the "leader" and the magazine article of to-day.¹ We have already discussed the variations of political opinion expressed in them.² Here we are more concerned with their literary merits or demerits, such as they are. In writings intended to impress public opinion at the time, the way in which public opinion was impressed is at least a practical test of their literary effectiveness. Some of them went through several editions. The most notable were collected twice during his lifetime—once during the Commonwealth in 1654, and again after the Restoration in 1653. They have at least the merit of clearness. Howell knew, perhaps, better than any man living in his day, how to put clearly and brightly, in readable English prose, what he had to say. And to this clearness of form there was at times boldness, if not originality, of matter. His *Patricius* (7), according to Wood, a most diligent reader of the pamphlets of the time, was the first vindication of Charles that appeared after Edgehill. Similarly with his *Sober Inspections into the late Long Parliament* (44). Sir W. Dugdale declares that he had "taken the boldness to speak more truth barefaced than any man that hath wrote since they sate." Howell

¹ The magnificent Thomason collection of Stuart pamphlets in the King's Library at the British Museum are a sufficient evidence of this.

² See *supra*, p. xlv.

comes off fairly in a difficult position when dealing with the *Preheminence of Parliament* (8). One of the ablest of his tracts is his *Instruments of a King* (23), when arguing soberly enough for the Royalist contention that the King should keep the sword or supreme military command. Again, the boldness of *An Inquisition after Blood* (31) is matched by the clearness of the style, but is too short and without practical bearing. The two *Admonitions* (47 and 55) are, again, bold but short.

Closely allied to the Political come the CONTROVERSIAL Pamphlets. We have already referred to the spirit with which he met the atrabilious Prynne in his *Vindication* (8), and L'Estrange in his *Sober Inspections into the Cordial* (62). It cannot be said that he comes out to much advantage in either case. He does not seem at his best in personal controversy. Besides, it is difficult to defend the sport of running with the hare and chasing with the hounds. He appears to better advantage in the *Letter to Pembroke* (20), in which he very effectively expresses the abhorrence with which the Royalist viewed the tergiversation of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Considering Howell's position, it is characteristic of the man that controversy fills so small a space in his literary baggage.

Of considerable interest, though not of any great literary value, are Howell's POLITICAL ALLEGORIES. It was with one of these, *Dodona's Grove* (1), that he began his literary career. Here, under the disguise of trees, he displays his historical and political knowledge in a somewhat heavy fable, which has the Biblical example of Jotham, but does not contain the same clearness, simplicity, and directness. The *genre* is, however, of some interest, as it was imitated by Harrington in his *Oceana*, and it is even possible that *Gulliver's Travels* may own in the Vocal Forest a remote progenitor.¹ Howell's allegory was translated into French, and had some success in that language. In England the

¹ Swift probably knew the *Letters*. See note on p. 359.

Dodona's Grove was by far the most taking of Howell's productions with the public of the time. The first part ran through some five editions, the author kindly supplying a key to his allusions in the third. He was also encouraged to bring forth a second part, not so successful, though it was translated into French, and followed it up with a *Therologia* (58), with which this somewhat mechanical play of fancy came to an end. A whole set of *Parables* (6) was somewhat of the same type, while *A Winter Dreame* (28), *A Trance* (29), and the *Nocturnal Progress* (15) combined with the allegory the common form of a fictitious dream. The weariness produced by the whole method is indescribable. "Why can't you say your say straight out, man?" one feels tempted to say at each turn. But perhaps with contemporaries that was not so easy as it looks, and they would have the pleasure of catching the allusions without much racking of the brains. Another production of Howell's that falls into no very definite category, yet was too successful to be overlooked in even the shortest survey of his writings, was his *England's Tears* (9), a plea for peace, which was translated into Latin and Dutch.

Some of Howell's tracts, though dealing with matters of interest to the politicians of the day, were more HISTORICAL than political. Thus his *Mercurius Hibernicus* (12) is more expository than polemical on the Land of Ire, as he calls Ireland. His *Bella Scot-Anglica* (25), again, is simply an enumeration of the conflicts between England and Scotland. The *Royal Matches* (63) was merely a catchpenny foisted together in readiness for the marriage of Charles II. His short, witty, but malicious description of the *People of Scotland* was neither political nor historical, yet was probably intended to serve both ends. It became historical by being reprinted by Wilkes in No. 13 of the *North Briton* during the outcry against Bute.¹

¹ Its last fate was, strange to say, to be praised, or at least only faintly damned, in the last volume of the *Scots Observer*, a paper written by Scots to Scots, for Scots—O Scots!

Howell executed a whole series of HISTORICAL DESCRIPTIONS of the countries of Europe, which would be invaluable if they had been accurate or trustworthy. But they are mostly patchwork of a gossipy kind. They deal with Venice in the *S.P.Q.V.* (38), Naples in the *Parthenopæia* (48), Hungary in the *Florus Hungaricus* (67), and the Empire in the *Discourse* (53). France was only dealt with historically in *Lustra Ludovici* (16), a somewhat elaborate history of Louis XIII.'s reign, arranged absurdly in seven "lustres," but showing some research and care. The whole series was summed up in a book of somewhat higher value, entitled *The German Diet* (43). This takes each of the great States of Europe, and gives a trial of its merits in the shape of imaginary speeches in favour of and against each country in turn. The characterisations show some knowledge and skill of delineation, and the whole gives a fair estimate of the chief nations of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century.¹

Still higher rank is taken by Howell, *Precedency* of the Kings of England (68) over those of France and Germany. This contains among other things a list of the royal forests (pp. 72-3), and a very full account of all the officers of King James' court, with their respective salaries. Here for once Howell condescends to give the names—not to quote his authorities—a list of whom, very miscellaneous in character, is appended to the book. He excuses himself from quoting exactly, as only schoolmen are so "punctual"; "but, under favour, free Historians are not tied to such a strictness": one would like to hear Prof. Gardiner on such views. Attached to the *Precedency* is a collection of gossipy anecdotes about ambassadors, many of which appear also in the *Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ*.

Most of Howell's TRANSLATIONS were of historical pieces, and fall to be treated here. The account of *Christina of*

¹ I have the impression that the whole is a translation or adaptation, but I have failed to find an original. Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617, Bk. III., must have given the hint.

Sweden (51) was from the French, that of the rebellion of *Massaniello* (37, 42), from the Italian, which he seems to have got in MS. from his friend Mr. Samuel Bonnel, in Jewry St. (see note on p. 638). *St. Paul's Progress* (13), from the Italian, was more in line with his political allegories; and so was the *Venice Looking-Glass* (24), also from the same language. Both these are referred to in the *Letters* (see Index), and the introductory letters to the former are included among them. The translations of the King's *Declaration* (27) into Latin and French, as well as the version from the Spanish of the *Process* (26) of A. Ascham, the English Resident at Madrid, who had been murdered, were both bits of hack-work, unworthy of serious mention.

The skill in languages shown in these translations produced other and more important fruit in Howell's PHILOLOGICAL works. He was certainly gifted with practical skill in tongues. He boasts that he can pray to his Maker in a different language in each day of the week (Welsh, English, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, are probably the list). He produced a *French Grammar* (70), which gave a useful list of idioms or Gallicisms. The *English Grammar* (64) which he produced for the Portuguese Infanta has a Spanish grammar as well. There is nothing particularly striking in any, so far as I could observe. Servile imitation of the current Latin grammars, with a few rules of thumb thrown in, form the staple. Howell's chief work in this direction was his *Lexicon Tetraglotton*, or English-French-Italian-Spanish Dictionary, a work of considerable value for obsolete words in all four languages.

Attached to the *Lexicon Tetraglotton* was a series of collections of proverbs in each of the above languages that give the book considerable value. At the end of these he gives a list of Welsh proverbs, the earliest, and till quite recently the only one in that language. And as a final supplement he had the temerity to add 500 sayings of his own, "which in tract of Time may serve as Proverbs for Posterity."

Posterity." Some of these have caught the true proverbial ring, as, *e.g.*:—*He may knock loudly who beareth good news. A rich fool is good for nothing but to borrow money of. The worst people have most laws. Rather than burn try a fall from the window. 'Tis further from London to Highgate than from Highgate to London.*¹ But they serve merely as a flagrant example of the folk-lore principle that no individual can consciously spread among the folk a new word, a new proverb, or a new custom. We may conclude this review of Howell's philological productions by the bare mention that he edited Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary (34), his edition of which is recognised to be the best. He pre-faced it by a history of the French language, taken chiefly from Pasquiere's *Reserches*, and reprinted in the *Letters* (iv. 19, p. 587 *seq.*).

This was not the only occasion on which Howell touched up the work of others. His *Josippon* (40), or later history of the Jews, is merely a redressing of Moroyng's adaptation of Gagnier's Latin translation of the Late Hebrew abridgement of Josephus, though Howell makes no reference to his predecessor. His introductory essay has some historic interest, and is represented in the *Letters* by two essays on the contemporary Jews (I. vi. 14; II. 8). Similarly his *Londinopolis* (53) is merely an adaptation of Stow.

It remains only to add that Howell edited the posthumous remains of Sir R. Cotton (39),² and of Sir John Finett, Elizabeth's Master of the Ceremonies (50); and there is only left one more of Howell's prose works to be dealt with. His *Instructions for Foreign Travel* (4) comes next to the *Letters* in value, both in point of style and of matter. Here Howell's large experience stood him in good stead, and in the first edition (which did not deal with the Levant) he was mainly giving advice which his own travels had

¹ Imitated from *Il y a plus de Monmartre à Paris que de Paris à Monmartre*, which Howell must have come across in Moryson's *Itinerary*, iii. 53.

² Forster points out that he includes by mistake a speech of Sir John Elliot's. *Eliot*, vol. i. p. 284.

taught himself.¹ The book may still be read with interest, and has been reprinted by Professor Arber. The bulk of it occurs in one way or another in the *Letters*.

Of Howell's POETRY it is almost sufficient to say that it proves he was no poet. His lines are at best those of a practised versifier. There is something of the conceits of Donne's school, with an aping of the more varied versification of Waller's. He was of the band who surrounded Ben Jonson at the Devil's Inn, but except for the personal contact, he has but little claim to be enrolled in the Tribe of Ben. The prefatory epistle on letter-writing is, perhaps, more noteworthy for the subject-matter than the poetry, yet they are his best-sustained lines. *England's Alarm* (54) and *Joy* (56) are merely catchpenny broadsheets. His *Poems* (66) contain the *Vote* (3), *Ah! ha!* (45), a curious association of elegy and epithalamium, all the verses contained in the *Letters*, as well as the commendatory poems sent by Howell, according to the custom of the time, to preface his friends' productions. It professes to be collected and edited by Payne Fisher, who had been laureate to Cromwell. Yet I suspect that Howell himself had the main hand in bringing the poems together, and even wrote or touched up the compliments on himself which were prefixed to the volume. There are points in the Latin verses which could not well have come from any but Howell himself, and the phrase "Ignorance beyond Barbarisme," which Fisher is supposed to employ to designate those unacquainted with Howell, had been used by Howell himself in a letter to Selden (see p. 660). The possessor of the *Letters* has got the main contents of the *Poems* contained in them, and is fully in a position to judge of their want of merit.

Howell, it may be here mentioned, was one of the earliest who became conscious of the divorce between English sounds and English spelling, and ventured to become an innovator in ORTHOGRAPHY. At the end of Book II. of the *Letters*

¹ He used Moryson's *Itinerary* for it.

he explains his principal alterations: very sensible ones they are, and have been mostly adopted—*Physic* for *Physique*, *star* for *starre*, *pity* for *pitie*. He went so far in his war against the mute final *e* that he proposed to read *don* (for *done*), *som*, *com*. But here the printers would not go with him, and a strange variety occurs in the early editions of his books. In his MS. he always writes “wilbe,” “shalbe,” as one word, regarding them as parts of the verb “to be.” It was natural that the deficiencies of English spelling should appeal to one who approached English as a foreign tongue.

Voluminous as are the writings that have thus been briefly characterised, none of them, except perhaps the *Foreign Travell*, deserved a longer life than they enjoyed. Written in almost every case for the day, their work was over with their day. Neither the arguments of the political pamphlets nor the influences of their writer stand out conspicuously amid the crowd of pamphlets and pamphleteers that distinguish the age. The allegories are frigid and mechanical; the histories are nothing less than historical; the philology of the philological works is sadly to seek; the poetry is but verse. Yet with all this there is one quality which gives these pamphlets and allegories and histories a certain amount of vitality even now, and certainly give a marked place in English literature for their author. In the development of English style the decisive and critical moment is the introduction of the easy short sentence.¹ Everything written after that sounds familiar and native to modern Englishmen; everything written before that, in prose, sounds archaic and extraneous. Now it is usual to trace the introduction of the natural sentence (as distinguished from the period after the model of Latin prose) to Dryden, or at earliest to Cowley. Yet if we open Howell anywhere we come across sentences as short and as natural as any in Dryden, or even in Addison. Opening the *Twelve Treatises* at random, one is struck with sentences like this

¹ Bacon, in the *Essays*, is often short enough. But it is a lapidarian brevity.
at

at the beginning of *Mercurius Hibernicus* (12, 60^c), "There is a mongrell race of *Mercuries* lately sprung up, but I claim no *acquaintance* with them, much less any *kindred*." Or take the beginning of *Preheminence of Parliament*, "I am a free-born *subject* of the Realm of *England*; whereby I claim as my native Inheritance an undoubted right, propriety and portion in the Laws of the Land." There is a ring and rhythm in that which is eminently modern. Replace the "whereby" by a "therefore," and the sentence might have been written any time during the past or the present century. They may seem quite commonplace to us now, but the hitting upon the exact lilt and run of them was no slight thing. And such sentences are so frequent in Howell as to be characteristic of his style. True, he indulges at times in the more periodic or euphuistic sentence.¹ Yet the point is the first frequent appearance of the more natural sentence, and that, so far as I know, is to be found in Howell, even in his most hack-work performances. It is not too much to say that in the development of English prose true case in writing comes from Howell, not Dryden.²

¹ Howell's English is also strikingly correct for his epoch; it almost always construes. Contrast the slipshod style of Evelyn in the passage in the *Testimonia*, *supra*, p. xv.

² This does not preclude the probability that it was Dryden who made the easy style more popular.





III.—THE “FAMILIAR LETTERS,” AND THEIR AUTHENTICITY.

“*Cultius Illud opus quo splendit Epistola crebra
Flexanimo concinna stylo.*”—P. FISHER.



NOTWITHSTANDING their qualities of style, Howell's other works might well be forgotten but for his *Letters*. These have the style of the other works at its best, and in a sphere of literary art where the natural sentence is most appropriate, indeed indispensable. Apart from this, the *Letters* contain specimens of all his various kinds of literary production. The “Survey of the Low Countries” (I. i. 15, pp. 115–29) recalls his historical studies.¹ The verse scattered through the book constitutes the major part of his volume of *Poems* (44 out of 97). His philological treatises may be paralleled by his survey of the languages of the world (II. 55–60, pp. 459–78). The foreign part of his experience in the first section of the first book are a running parallel to the *Foreign Travell*. If there is little to correspond to the political and polemical pamphlets, we are requited by others of a religious or philosophical vein, not too religious or too philosophical to be well written and interesting. Only the allegories are missing, and they never need be missed.

Not only have we example of Howell's various works, we

¹ *Supra*, p. lvi.

even have portions incorporated in the *Letters*. Thus the dedicatory Epistles to his translation of *St. Paul's Progress* appear in the letters to Sir P. Pindar and Sir P. Neale (pp. 543, 544). The Preface to his edition of Cotgrave becomes Letter IV. 19 (pp. 557-79); "The Vote" was calmly annexed to the *Epistolæ*, and, as before mentioned, nearly half of the *Poems* appeared first in the *Epistolæ*, which contains, appropriately enough, his best piece of verse on "Familiar Letters." The two letters on the Jews (I. vi. 14; II. 8) represent all that was original in his edition of *Josippon* (B. L. No. 40). Altogether it is scarcely necessary to go beyond the *Letters* to know Howell in all his aspects as an English writer.

But besides giving the quintessence of Howell's activity as an author, the *Letters* display the qualities of his style at the highest pitch. Lucidity and vivacity are good things to have in almost any kind of literary production; for familiar letters they are the first essential. Certainly no other Letters of the seventeenth century display these qualities to such an extent as the *Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ*. Indeed it is not till we reach what may be called the *Epistolæ Eliaæ* of Charles Lamb that we find Howell surpassed in ease and brightness. Horace Walpole, indeed, puts in a fair claim to take the second place in the triumvirate of the brightest letter-writers in English. Yet Horace always seems to write with ruffles on his wrists, and the vast bulk of his nine volumes must always stand in the way of his general popularity.

Howell's style has the additional charm of flexibility. He can alternate grave and gay, argument and "chaff," expostulation and narrative, consolatory or merely occasional. He himself, following the example of the standard Letter-writer of his early years, Angel Day's *English Secretary*, which ran through eight editions between 1586 and 1635,¹ classifies Letters as "Narratory, Objurgatory, Con-

¹ I have given the Table of Contents of Day's Model Letter-Writer in the Introduction to my edition of his translation of *Daphnis and Chloe*, p. xxviii.
solatory,

solatory, Monitory, or Congratulatory" (I. i. 1, p. 18), and he can adapt his style to each and all of these various classes. Nothing can be more vivid than his description of Buckingham's assassination (I. v. 7, pp. 252-4), or of the announcement of Charles I.'s accession (I. iv. 7, p. 217), or of Charles' surreptitious interview with the Infanta (I. iii. 18, p. 169). Yet he is equally at home with a vastly different kind of epistle, the reflective or philosophical, such as that on the Unity of Nature (II. 50, p. 443), or on a Lunary World (III. 9, p. 528), or on Studies (I. v. 9, p. 256). One cannot help thinking that we have here the model of similar essays or papers in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*: but of this more anon. Howell is, however, at his best in the light, sportive vein, as when he recommends a cook to Lady Cornwallis (I. v. 36, p. 286), or a footman to Sir J. S. (I. v. 13, p. 264): good examples of this vein are the three letters on p. 216. Still, he can be dignified in rebuke, as to R. S. (I. iv. 16, p. 230), and pathetic in consolation, as to Dan Caldwell's widow, or on the death of a true friend, Dr. Prichard (II. 44, p. 438). His letter on his father's death (I. vi. 7) is manly and full of feeling. He can tell an anecdote with point, and his pages are crowded with examples of such pithy narratives.¹ And yet he can command his reader's interest for longer narration or exposition, as is shown by his letters on the Inquisition (I. v. 42, p. 290), or the series of disquisitions on the creeds and tongues of the world. A style that can adapt itself to such varied requirements must be as flexible as a Toledo blade, and among English writers is unique in the seventeenth century.

This wide range of interest may give a somewhat exaggerated notion of the extent of Howell's specialist knowledge. But most of his learning was second-hand. His account of the various religions and languages of the world was taken from Brerewood, his knowledge of the East from Sandys, his essay on French from Pasquiere, his Welsh lore from

¹ See Index s. v. Anecdotes.

Herbert and Rice, his discourse on the moon from Wilkins, his characterisation of the Sybils from Sandys. Browne and Bacon give him hints in the more reflective passages. Even when he professes to tell a story from hearsay he is not unfrequently quoting from book, as in the case of De Coucy (p. 322, see note). His whole plan was probably influenced by Angel Day's *Letter Writer* and Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*. Altogether Howell has not any oppressive amount of original learning about him, and for that reason represents better the ordinary cultivated intelligence of his time.

His contemporaries felt the attraction as much as, perhaps more than, we can who come to it already influenced to it indirectly through Dryden and Addison. It is only by the painful process of taking large doses of contemporary pamphlets and treatises that we can appreciate what a contrast and relief Howell's style must have been to his contemporaries. No wonder that they welcomed three further instalments of the *Epistolæ* during their author's lifetime, and called for two further issues of the whole during the same period. And the interest survived his death. For a century afterwards not a decade passed without a fresh edition of Howell's *Letters* being called for. Except Bacon's *Essays*, Browne's *Religio Medici*, and Burton's *Anatomy*, I can scarcely recall any seventeenth century work of pure literature in prose that showed such continued popularity.

As was natural, such success had its imitators, and Howell bade fair to found a school of Epistolisers. During his lifetime two young writers,¹ Thomas Forde and Loveday, produced volumes of *Familiar Letters* which contained in a disguised form letters addressed to Howell himself.² After his death the Duchess of Newcastle produced a volume of *Familiar Letters* which were probably inspired by the desire to be in fashion with a current literary vogue. Nor was it probably without reference to the success of the *Epistolæ*

¹ I owe my knowledge of these imitators of Howell to Mr. Firth.

² Specimens are reprinted in Suppt. II.

Ho-Eliañce that Donne's letters were collected by his son and published in 1651. While these serve to show the influence of Howell's *Letters*, they also act as an excellent foil to them. Nothing more lifeless can be conceived than these performances, which smell of the oil used during their composition.

It is difficult to ascertain what influence Howell's style and method had upon the writers who succeeded him. Defoe knew him (Wilson, *Life*, iii. 484), as was natural in one whose own career was so much like his. It is probably to his influence on Defoe that we can trace the striking resemblance to Howell's style shown in the *Essayists*. Every one must be struck with the *Tatler* tone of the *Letters*. Often we seem to be reading a number of the *Spectator*. Take, for example, the essay—it is scarce a letter—on the Unity of the Universe (II. l., p. 443 *seq.*). The beginning, "I was upon point of going abroad to start a solitary walk," is exactly in the *Essayists'* style, while the reflections that succeed might be thought to ape their tone. One of the *Spectators*, indeed (No. 237), is directly taken from Howell (pp. 559–562), and formed in turn the source of Parnell's poem of *The Hermit and the Angel*. Altogether, if one knew nothing of Howell's age one would guess him to be an eighteenth century writer, formed on the model of Steele and Addison. The inference is obvious that they must have come to a certain extent under his. Editions of the *Letters* appeared in 1705, 1713, 1726, and 1737, which shows how they chimed in with the taste of the time. It is probable, indeed, that the very resemblance to the *Essayists* accounts for the decline in popularity of the *Letters* towards the end of the century.¹ The *Essays* had ousted the *Letters*. Not, indeed, that they ever escaped altogether from the sight of book-lovers. The catena of praises I have prefixed to this edition show a continuity of affectionate memory that is

¹ So far as I know, neither Walpole nor Johnson ever refer to them. Goldsmith would have enjoyed them, one likes to think.

rare indeed in the case of a book of such a miscellaneous character. Few books of the seventeenth century can claim to have been read and liked by such men as Defoe, Swift, Addison, Scott, Browning, Thackeray, and Kingsley. There is only one thing that could have kept such a book alive through such vicissitudes of taste. It is style, and style alone, that can grant eternal or even prolonged life to a book.

Mr. Saintsbury does not think so. Amid the chorus of praise that the book has received, his is the sole dissentient voice. That Mr. Saintsbury does not express any enthusiasm about Howell (or any one else) is not to be wondered at; one who has to "do" so many books cannot afford to take any vivid interest in any particular one. Indeed Mr. Saintsbury has arrived at such a stage that, to use a convenient Hibernicism, he seems never to have read a book for the first time. But what strikes one in a critic with a reputation is, that he should commit himself to the statement that with Howell (as with Walton!) "the attraction of matter completely outdoes the purely literary attraction." It seems, then, that we are to read Walton for information about flies and bait, and Howell for an account of Ben Jonson in his cups or Buckingham's assassination. There is such a complete failure of critical vision in such a statement that one can only wonder and pass on.¹

Thackeray was no critic. Yet he recognised the charm of the *Letters*, and penetrated to the secret of that charm. Mr. Saintsbury complains of the coxcombrity of Howell: Thackeray rightly sees in his priggishness the source of his attraction. It is a curious law of literary production that any foible of a writer unconsciously revealed adds a charm to his writing. What would Pepys be without his vanity and his amorousness? Boswell's egotism is the crown of his work. And so with Howell, it is the perpetual revela-

¹ Mr. Saintsbury, I may add, seems entirely ignorant of the doubtful authenticity of the matter of Howell's *olla podrida*.

tion of his self-satisfaction in all that he does and says that gives the final touch to his style and makes his remarks individual and artistic.

Howell has nothing to fear from the self-revelation in the *Letters*. If he is vain, that is, after all, the most amusing of sins in life and letters. His vivacity, his wide interests, his friendly feeling to those who befriended him, his "tiffs" and his impertinences to men in high place, his rare toleration and wide sympathies, his genuine reverence and somewhat lukewarm patriotism—to England, that is; he is ever loyal to Wales—are all displayed without reserve in the *Letters*. References in them, too, show that he was not altogether free from the frailties which are usually associated with the name of Cavalier. The freedom of contemporary talk crops up at times in the *Letters*, but not frequently enough to indicate any morbid taste in this direction. Not more than half a dozen passages offend against even the most squeamish taste. Howell liked his cup, too, but he was no Roger Wildrake, and he is altogether a favourable specimen of the Cavalier.

When a nature like his tells frankly his experiences and development, the result cannot well fail to be charming. The *Letters* contain a "Legend of the Author's Life," as the table of the first edition puts it: whether legendary or not will later concern us. But the *Letters* to Howell's father and brother contain a tolerably full autobiography of our hero, so that we have the charm of that species of composition added to the more varied attractions of the less personal letters.

Not only does Howell describe himself in his own pages: he paints his age. He bids us be present at many an exciting or interesting event of his time. He depicts at least the feelings which all the great movements of his time produced in an exceptionally competent observer. We hear of Somerset's fall and Villiers' rise; of Raleigh's return and Bacon's disgrace; of the various fortunes of the French King's favourites; of Olivares, Lerma, and Ossuna; of

Charles'

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Charles' journey to Madrid, and of his welcome to Henrietta Maria. We see Buckingham fall beneath Fenton's knife, or are present as Charles I. was declared King before 'Change in the dismal drizzling rain. Ben Jonson rolls before us in his easy-chair at the Devil's Inn. Howell himself hobnobs with his chums at the Ship, behind the Exchange. Nor is it without a grim interest to find Milton regarded as a "triobolary Pasquiller," a "sterquilinous rascal" (p. 442), or a "poor shallow-brained puppy" (p. 569); or catch a glimpse of the way in which the *Religio Medici* was first received (p. 373).

All this is history as Thackeray would have it, the panorama that passes before men's eyes, excites their curiosity, and rouses their enthusiasm. The professed historian desires to go behind the canvas and trace the motives at work, the hidden springs of national action. For the latter Howell has little instruction to bring. He is in a position to know much more than Howell of the secrets of Cabinets or the true motives of rulers. In fact, thanks to the methods of Ranke and the free access given now-a-days to national archives, the modern historian is often in a position to know more about the real causes of events than even those most deeply concerned in them at the time. Mr. Gardiner, for example, knows more about the Spanish Match than even Olivares or King James, because he can read the most secret and deliberate plans of both at Simancas and Fetter Lane. Howell can have little instruction to offer to him. While Howell thinks the Infanta in love with Charles, the modern historian knows that she hates the heretic. Howell sees only the curtain of history; the historian has the privilege of going behind the scenes.

Yet, from a certain point of view, the curtain is the picture in history as in life. What appears on the curtain is that which moves men in the present, and is certainly that which leaves the most vivid impression on men in their thoughts of the past. And for the history of men's thoughts, habits, and customs this external diorama is all that we have to deal

deal with, and it is often more interesting than the relations of Governments with which history proper deals. Now, Howell is the first who gives us anything like a vivid account of English *Culturgeschichte*, and is therefore to be welcomed by the historian as artist, if not by the historian as scientific student of causes. One can imagine the use Macaulay would have made of him. One cannot help thinking that even Professor Gardiner might have enlivened some of his all too leaden pages by a few purple patches from Howell.

But Professor Gardiner will reply, indeed he has already replied in the preface to his fourth volume, that Howell's letters are not authentic, and cannot, therefore, be used by a historian, whose first concern is with the authenticity of his sources. This leads at once to the final and perplexing question of the AUTHENTICITY of Howell's letters. On the face of them they seem authentic enough. They bear dates at the foot of each; they are addressed to well-known names, mainly of the Cavalier circles that Howell would just be likely to know. They are full, detailed, and explicit about events which would be of common knowledge to the public whom they addressed. Above all, they were published during the lifetime of the author, and of many of the men whose actions are mentioned or criticised in the *Letters*.

But a closer scrutiny causes doubts to attach to many, if not most, of these assurances of authenticity. While some of the letters are addressed to definite and well-known names, others, and those the more intimate and detailed, have only initials at their head. Many of the letters, especially in the later books, are rather essays than letters—essays on the Sibyls (IV. 43), on the Inquisition (I. v. 42), on Roman Catholicism (IV. 36), on Witches (III. 23). The letters, again, must be copies. How is it that, amid all the masses of correspondence of this period that has been unearthed during the past two centuries, not a single letter of Howell's identical with the supposed transcript in the published

lished *Letters* has ever come to light? Above all, the dates that seem so methodical are of the wildest description when examined with a little scrutiny.

The pendulum turns again, however, on examining more closely some of these objections. It is true that the a large number of the letters have only the initials of the addressees. But this circumstance, which looks at first so suspicious, becomes rather a matter of confirmation when we find that we can identify almost every one of the 67 initials. With the exception of some half a dozen, I have been able to identify all the supposed recipients of Howell's letters, and to his contemporaries even the unknown ones would probably have presented no difficulty. In several cases one can guess a reason for the initials. Thus, when it is suggested that J. T. is drinking himself to death (p. 275), one can easily understand that Howell would wish to spare his whilom friend, John Toldervy, who had become a Quaker, a reminder of his wild ways in his youth. Only in one case is there reason to suspect the initials to be a cover for fiction. The Doctor B. to whom are addressed the four letters on the religions of the world (II. 8-11) was probably an ancestor of Mrs. Harris.¹

As regards the non-existence of originals of these numerous letters, it must be remembered that the Royalists were particularly careful to destroy their papers as likely to lead to confiscation or heavy fines. Howell's, as those of a Royalist spy detained in the Fleet, would be especially likely to suffer. And, as a matter of fact, some of Howell's letters written in Madrid in 1623 were actually in the late Earl of Westmoreland's collection (*Hist. MSS. Com.*, X. iv. 55)² till a few years ago, when they were sold at Messrs. Sotheby,

¹ Mr. Firth suggests that Howell was trying to leave the impression that the letters, really taken from Brerewood, were sent to instruct Dr. (not yet Sir) Thomas Browne.

² I owe this piece of information to Mr. J. C. Doble of the Clarendon Press.

Wilkinson, & Co.'s (in July 1887).¹ Besides, many, in fact most, of the letters were addressed to persons still living at the time of the first edition, and these would have had the right to protest against the use of their names unless it had been justified. Among these may be mentioned Bishop Duppa, Dr. Prichard, Principal Mansel, the Earl of Bristol, Sir F. Cottington, Sir K. Digby, Sir J. Croft, Sir P. Wych, Sir P. Warwick, Sir E. Savage, and Sir A. Hopton. If the letters addressed to these gentlemen in the *Epistolæ Howelianæ* had been fictitious, we should have had a protest from one of them, or the rumour would have reached Anthony à Wood, and have been immortalised by his malicious pen. As regards the existence of essays among the letters, that mainly applies to the books published later, when they might easily have been thrown in as a makeweight, and are thus indirectly a proof that Howell did not make up letters as required.

But there remains that matter of the dates, which cannot so easily be got over. One needs to go through a considerable number of examples before one can get an adequate idea of their untrustworthiness. Thus the second letter dated 1619 deals with events of 1616, Somerset's fall. Letter I. iii. 4 deals with the return of Dr. Balcanquell from the Synod of Dort, which finished 29th May 1619, under the date 16th April 1622—which is absurd, as the geometricians observe. Letter I. ii. 22 describes the Duke of Luynes as having been recently made Constable of France, which happened 2nd April 1621, under the date 15th Dec. 1622, over eighteen months later. The letter containing Howell's tribute to the memory of Jonson (I. vi. 31), who died 6th August 1637, is dated 1st May 1636. And so it goes on

¹ Notwithstanding every assistance afforded me by Messrs. Sotheby I have been unable to trace the letters. It is just possible, however, that they may be merely copies from the printed copies. Two of this kind occur in the British Museum (Add. MS. 5947).

throughout the chapter.¹ The most obvious dates are forgotten: Howell does not know when Queen Anne (of Denmark) died (I. ii. 7). The letter on Buckingham's death (I. v. 7) is dated three weeks before the event. Nay, he puts his own imprisonment in the Fleet a year later than it actually was, in the letter describing his arrest (I. vi. 47). Indeed a careful scrutiny of the succession of dates in the letters reveals that Howell accounts twice over (in Parts II. and III.) for the year 1622, and sails so near the wind that in Part III. (I. iii. 6) we find him in London on Sept. 8, 1622; whereas, according to the preceding part (I. ii. 20), he was at Poissy on the preceding day, Sept. 7, 1622. After such glaring blunders it seems useless to trust a single date of Howell's or to regard his letters as authentic.

Damning as these discrepancies appear, there is a simple explanation which removes the difficulty of accepting the letters as authentic, even though the dates be grossly inaccurate. For—important fact, which no one has hitherto noticed or reckoned at its just value²—the dates were not added till the second edition in 1650. There are no dates at all in the first issue of 1645.³ Howell must have added them from memory and at haphazard in the reissue of 1650. We have, therefore, simply to regard the Howell of 1650 as an editor of the Howell of 1645, and all that the gross inaccuracy of dates implies is what a bad editor of himself Howell could be. He could not have read the letters he was dating, and even when dates were mentioned in the body of a letter, he had no scruple in adding an utterly incongruous one at the end. Thus, to give only one example,

¹ I may mention that I confine my attention here mainly to Book I. of the *Letters*. If that is proved unauthentic, the rest follow; and the contrary conclusion follows in the opposite case.

² I pointed out its significance in a lecture on Howell, reported in *Academy*, 25th Jan. 1890.

³ Except in one case (I. vi.), where the date happened to form part of the superscription. Howell actually added a different date at the end of the letter.

Letter I. v. 11 has the 1st March mentioned in the body of the letter, which is dated at the end 1st August (*cf.* also I. iii. 12, 13). He blundered over his own imprisonment; he did not know when Queen Anne died; he did not even take the trouble to refer to his own *Lustra Ludovici*, which has often enabled me to check and correct his dates.

Every one has hitherto taken this carelessness about dates as proof of the want of authenticity of the letters. Ever since malicious old Anthony suggested that "many of the said Letters were never written before the Author of them was in the Fleet . . . only feigned (no time being kept with their dates)," this latter fact has been held to be decisive proof. Yet, as a matter of fact, the contention is rather the other way. A forger would have taken some reasonable care to get something like appropriate dates. Howell's carelessness shows, so far as it goes, a certain amount of confidence in the genuineness of the letters, which did not need the external marks of authentic dating.

Yet not all doubts are solved by this simple explanation of the discrepancies in date. Even if no dates existed at the bottom of the letters, as in the first edition—and this is a suspicious circumstance in itself—there are several phenomena in the letters that tend to raise suspicion. Especially is this the case with letters that refer, as if contemporaneously, to events that occurred with a considerable lapse of time between them. Thus, Professor Gardiner has shown that Letter I. ii. 12 relates to events which occurred respectively in 1619, in 1620, and in 1622. Letter I. iv. 10, as my Notes show, contains a wretched jumble of events that occurred at the beginning and at the end of 1625 and in 1629! Two other letters of the same Part (I. iv. 20, 23) confuse Charles' first and second Parliaments, and combine events of 1625 and 1626 in the same letter. Again, the letter I. vi. 46 contains references to events which occurred in 1637 and 1641, as if they were contemporaneous. A still more glaring instance is afforded by the letter I. iv. 3, professing to give an account of Mansfield's reception in
London

London in April 1624, when, on any chronological scheme, Howell was still in Madrid, and could not have tried to give any correspondent an account of what was going on in London. Again, in the eighth letter of the same Part (I. iv. 8) Howell quotes *verbatim* from Bacon's well-known letter to the King, and so far this seems only a confirmation of his being "up to date." But though the letter became well known later, yet, according to Spedding, the letter was never delivered, and so could not have become known to Howell till much later than the date at which he professes to write it. This, too, casts suspicion on another quotation of Howell's from a letter of James I. (I. iii. 12), which would otherwise be a striking confirmation of Howell's accuracy, since the letter was not published (in *Cabala*) till after the appearance of the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*. The letter relating to Raleigh's return (I. i. 3) could not have been written when Howell was in London or England, on any chronological scheme of his travels. We know indeed that it was merely taken from the King's own *Declaration*: Howell lets this out in a subsequent and authentic letter defending the statements of the former (see notes on p. 279). And, finally, with regard to the chief date inside a letter which we can check, and refers to the embassy to Denmark, with which Howell was so intimately connected (I. v. 41). In this Howell states that the Earl's pay began from 25th July, yet we know from the Latin account of the embassy which I have unearthed from the Bodleian that it really began on 8th December of the preceding year. If we cannot trust Howell on events with which he was himself intimately connected, when can we trust him?

After such internal evidence of the doubtful authenticity of many of the letters, no stress need be laid on the inaccuracy of the dates attached to them, which may be neglected as a piece of bad editing. Scarcely more importance need be attached to various other arguments that have been adduced. Thus, Mr. Lee, following Mr. Firth, points out signs of imitation of the *Religio Medici* in some
of

of the later letters. This might well have happened naturally, even if the letter had been actually composed and despatched to a friend of Howell's. The well-known unauthorised edition of the *Religio* appeared in 1642, three years before the first edition of the First Book of the *Letters*. Similarly, it is urged that the really authentic letters of Howell published in the Strafford Letters differ in tone and style from the *Epistolæ* (3 *N. and Q.*, ix. 449). Yet such of the letters as are news-letters, like the Strafford ones, are exactly of the same kind (*cf.* I. vi. 12, 25, with Suppt. Nos. v., vii.). Mr. Frith, again, doubts whether Howell would have had the impertinence to address Buckingham in such terms as those in the letter to him (I. iv. 18). But his brother's letter (Suppt. No. vi.) is sufficient to show that Howell was just the man to rush in where wise courtiers fear to tread.

And yet, with all this seemingly crushing evidence of the inauthenticity of Howell's *Epistolæ*, I am not prepared to admit that they were all written in the Fleet, and were never addressed to the persons whose names they bear. They give that indefinite sense of reality which arises when an inquirer is dealing with a long series of statements like those of Howell, a general sense of correspondence with facts. One becomes confident that confirmatory evidence of Howell's statements will be found, and one's confidence is rarely misplaced. Considering the large amount of material in the Letters, the errors are comparatively few in number, though when he does go wrong, Howell makes no compliments but lies like a trooper. Thus while there are so many discrepancies, there are equally remarkable agreements with the actual events of the time. Now, the majority of the letters deal with the decade 1617-1627, from twenty-eight to eighteen years before the appearance of the *Letters*. It is scarcely likely, nay, almost impossible, that Howell twenty years after the event should remember that Charles came to Madrid on a Friday, or that Buckingham was murdered on a Saturday. A subtle point

point in his favour is the frequency with which he changes titles as time goes on, in a most natural manner, Lord Darcy changing to Viscount Colchester, and he to Earl Rivers, at appropriate stages of the events.¹ These "undesigned coincidences," as Paley used to call them, give a strong impression of reality and authenticity. Then, again, I have throughout noted natural touches in the letters, references to quite secondary persons (like Vacandary the the carrier), minute points that are verifiable from contemporary records, that all tell for the mass of Howell's correspondence. The very *lacunæ* in the narrative give a Defoe-like sense of reality to it: persons disappear in it like the boy Xury in *Robinson Crusoe*, and as they do in real life. I certainly hesitate to credit Howell with such powers of memory or of imagination as would have enabled him to write such a mass of correspondence teeming with details often of minute accuracy. The very insignificance of some of the letters seems, too, to vouch for their authenticity. No man would think of inventing such letters as the three I. iv. 4-6, if he did not happen to have copies by him.

We seem to have arrived at a critical *cul de sac*. Arguments of great weight prove that some of the letters at least were not written at the time they profess to be. Other arguments equally strong render it impossible that Howell could have absolutely invented the bulk of the correspondence printed in the *Epistolæ Ho-Eliañæ*. Is there any solution of the difficulty, any *tertium quid* which reconciles the two sets of statements? I believe there is, and proceed briefly to state it, and thus release the reader from the critical see-saw of which he must now be getting rather tired.

It is, I think, certain that the chief object of the Parliamentarians in seizing Howell in 1642 was to obtain possession of his papers, so as to obtain incriminating evidence against the King. His description of his seizure (quoted

¹ On the other hand, a mistake occurs, I. iv. 25.

above, p. xlii.) shows that it was his "Papers and Letters, and anything that was Manuscript," that formed the main object of the search. He was ordered into custody "till some Papers of mine were perus'd, and Mr. *Corbet*¹ [Chairman of the Committee for Examination] was appointed to do it." These "Letters and Papers" were sufficient to fill a "great hair Trunk," which the guards carried away with them. These Papers, I believe, included the bulk of what was afterwards to be the *Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ*.

For the special purposes of the Parliamentarians, such of Howell's papers and MSS. as related to his earlier life (say before 1630) would be of absolutely no use. They were doubtless returned to him after a time, when Howell had become a regular literary man of all work. No one accustomed to hack-work in literature could have failed to take advantage of such an amount of "copy" thus thrown unexpectedly into his hands, and Howell saw that much of his materials, especially his letters from Spain, were of considerable public interest. He was vain of his letter-writing, and with justice. It was not unusual at the time to take copies of one's letters: Ferrar did so and so did Evelyn). An intelligencer would especially be in the habit of taking notes of his correspondence so as not to repeat news, and to keep separate and continuous the threads of communication. It is, therefore, quite probable that much of the material thus unexpectedly thrown upon Howell's hands consisted of copies and notes of letters. This probability is turned into a certainty by the Stationer's Advertisement to the Reader in Part II. (see Suppt. No. xxx.), which expressly declares that some of the letters published in Book II. could not be inserted in Book I., because Howell's papers "were under sequestration." Humphrey Moseley, who signed this Advertisement, was the John Murray of his day, and could not have lent himself to any imposture or mystification.

¹ The usual agent in such matters. See Masson, *Life*, and *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, s.v. Corbet, Miles.

The difficulty of dealing with such a miscellaneous mass of materials as would be thus afforded Howell would chiefly consist in their chronological arrangement. Some of the letters would be dated, others not. Howell naturally shrank from the difficult task of settling their dates from internal evidence—how difficult, even with all the aids of modern historical research, the present writer can bear unwilling but abundant testimony. The only resort was to remove all dates, fill out notes, dovetail fragments, and arrange by guess-work. It can be shown that Howell put his pen through all the dates attached to the letters, for by a singular chance he failed to do so thoroughly enough in one instance (I. i. 3), when the ED. PR. has the truncated date, “London *this*.” That the arrangement of even probably authentic letters was by guess-work may be shown by the instance of the letter addressed to Howell’s brother-in-law, Hugh Penry (I. iii. 4). This would suit tolerably well with the circumstances and date of Howell’s return from his first trip to the Continent, but is placed by himself after his second trip two years later.

It is only by some such hypothesis as that sketched above that we can explain the curious mixture in the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* of minute accuracy in details with gross mistakes in arrangement and dating. A considerable proportion of the latter occur in letters addressed to the members of his family, his father (who was dead), and his brother, the Bishop. It is not unlikely that the framework of these were made up in 1642–5, and fragments inserted from Howell’s MSS. The letters to his father, in particular, bear the signs of having been written as an autobiographical series, and give the “Legend of the Author’s Life” promised in the Table of the ED. PR.

Howell’s *Letters* are thus authentic in a measure, being in the majority of cases, especially in Part III., founded on copies or notes made at the time they are supposed to be written. On the other hand, many of them are “cooked”
by

by the insertion of incongruous fragments;¹ and others, especially the series addressed to his father and containing Howell's autobiography,² were probably either entirely fabricated or had the biographical paragraphs inserted, since they read too continuously. This large admixture of spurious matter renders them of little value for historical purposes; but, as already pointed out, they would be, under any circumstances, of little value in the face of the mass of authentic and diplomatic evidence contained in the archives. On the other hand, their use as "documents" of the period, in the literary and sociological sense of the word, is only slightly affected by the nebulous character of the dating and authenticity, and it is, of course, as literary or sociological "documents" that we are chiefly interested in them. To sum up, the authenticity of Howell's *Letters* can be fairly assumed until reason is shown to the contrary in any particular case.

In coming to this somewhat drab and trimming conclusion, an editor of Howell's *Letters* resists a strong temptation to declare for the complete and thorough-going fabrication of the whole book. From the literary point of view this would greatly enhance their value. Next to a great truth, a big thumping lie has the greatest attraction for the literary taste. If Howell had done his *Letters*, with their air of *vraisemblance* and *à propos*, all "out of his own head," it would be one of the greatest literary feats on record. To leave such an impression of reality and eye-witness as many of his letters produce would require powers of imagination equal to those of Defoe. Highly as I rate Howell's literary powers, I know too much of his failures of imagination in his imaginative works to credit him with such success. We must content ourselves with the more humdrum truth that Howell's *Letters* were printed for the most part from

¹ A list of these may be useful: I. i. 2, 3, 34; ii. 6, 12, 17; iii. 7; iv. 3, 8, 10, 20, 23; v. 11, 41; vi. 16, 37.

² I. i. 2, 7, 15; ii. 1, 7, 12, 21; iii. 1, 6, 12; iv. 1, 7, 24; v. 14, 32, 38.

materials thrown upon his hands by the Parliamentarians in 1642, and "cooked" for the press between that date and 1645. The very carelessness with which they were edited argues that the amount of "cooking" was proportionately slight, and leaves the bulk of the letters unaffected. Meanwhile, the whole question of their authenticity is still left half in shadow, and my utmost pains have not been able to remove from them altogether the attraction of the mysterious and problematical.

And so, James Howell, you and I must part. For four years we have lived together in the only communion of souls of which mortals have certain assurance. Much have I laboured in that time at other work, but I have always returned to you as the pièce de resistance of my workaday life. A solid piece you have indeed proved: to speak candidly, friend, you have hung round my neck like a millstone any time these two years. And yet with it all I have never lost the affection and respect with which you have known how to inspire your readers. Ay, respect; for which of us poor slaves of the pen can hope to deserve, by our wisdom or our folly, a commentator's care and toil after the lapse of two hundred and fifty years? For that care and toil I claim from you and yours,—the men and women whom in each generation of English-speaking folk you will win for yourself—that shadow of the shade of your fame which is the commentator's meed. I have deserved it, I know, but men get not always their deserts in letters or in life, as you well knew. I have done my part. The rest is yours and theirs. Farewell.

APPENDIX.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF HOWELL'S WORKS.

[THE fullest account hitherto has been that given in Bliss' edition of *Athenæ Oxonienses*, iii. 745 *seq.* Watt' *Bibl. Brit.* is also tolerably full, and Chalmer's *Biographical Dictionary* repeats Wood. In the following account all the items are from personal inspection except those in which the lineation of the title-page is not given by the sloping lines. These have been taken from Watt, Wood, Halkett-Laing's *Dict. of Anon. Lit.*, or W. C. Hazlitt's *Bibliographical Collections*.]

SHORT TITLES ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

Admonition, 47; Advice from Florence, 60^l; Ah! ha! 4^b, 45ⁱ; Bella Scot-Anglica, 25, 45^f; Brief Admonition, 55; Christina of Sweden, 51; Cordial for Cavaliers, 61; Cotgrave, 34; Cottoni Posthuma, 39; Deplorable Condition, 19, 60^h; Dialogue, 44^a; Discourse of the Empire, 53; Dodona's Grove, 1, 2, 11, 35, 41; England's Alarm, 54; England's Joy, 56; England's Teares, 9, 10, 17, 30; English Grammar, 64; Familiar Letters, 14, 21, 33, 49; Finetti Philoxenis, 50; Florus Hungaricus, 67; Forreine Travel, 4, 36; French Grammar, 70; German Diet, 43; Glance upon Isle of Wight, 60^k; Inquisition after Blood, 31, 45^h; Instruments, 23, 45^a, 60^g; Josippon, 40; King's Declaration, 27, 60^d; Letter to Pembroke, 20, 45^d, 60^e; Lexicon Tetraglotton, 57; Londinopolis, 52; Lustra Ludovici, 16; Massaniello, 37, 42; Mercurius Hibernicus, 12, 60^f; Minor Works, 44^b; Nocturnal Progress, 15, 60ⁱ; Parables, 6, 60^e; Parley of Beasts, 58; Parthenopœia, 48; Patricius, 7, 60^a, 60^b; Peleus and Thetis, 46; People of Scotland, 32; Poems, 66; Precedency of Kings, 68, 69; Preheminence of Parlement, 8, 10, 60^j; Process of Anthony Ascham, 26; Royal Matches, 63; St. Paul's Progress, 13; S. P. Q. V., 38; Sober Inspections into the Cordial, 62; Sober Inspections into Long Parliament, 44, 59; Some Minor Works, 45, 45^b; Strange

Strange News, 22; Surrender of Dunkirk, 65; Sway of Sword, 60^g; Trance, 29, 45^e; Trve Informer, 5; Twelve Treatises, 60; Venice Looking-glass, 24; Vision, 37^a; Vote, 3, 21, 45^g; Winter Dream, 28, 45^c.

- (1) ΔΕΝΔΡΟΛΟΓΙΑ./ Dodona's Grove / or / The Vocall / Forreft / By J. H. Esq^r. [Plate]. By T. B. for H. Mofeley at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1640, sm. fol. pp. viii. (poems) + 219.

[Dedicatory poems to the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, to the Knowing, to the Common and to the Criticall Reader, recommendatory poems by Henry Wotton and T. P[richard?].]

- (2) Dendrologie / on / La Foreft / de Dodone / par / M. Jacques Howel Gentilhomme / *Breton-Anglais* / *Sylvæ sunt consul digna* Virg./ A Paris / Aux depens de l'Autheur / Qui les fait vendre / Chez Auguſtin Courbe. Lib. & Imprimeur de / Mons. Frere du Roy, au Palais en la petite Sale, à la Palme / M. DC. XLI./ Avec Privilege du Roy./ 4to pp. vi. (of illustrations) + 322 + xviii. (including *Clef*).

[Has the portrait of Howel, Melan and Bosc, sculp. (first state in which there is no coat-of-arms, and the collar is broader). Wood speaks of other French editions, but seems to have been misled by a surcharged slip in a presentation copy to Selden. See Bliss' note, col. 745.]

- (3) The Vote / or / A Poeme Royall, / Prefented / To His Majestie / for a New-Yeaes-Gift./ By way of Discourſe 'twixt the Poet / and his Muſe / Calendis Januariis 1642 / London, printed by Thomas Badger 1642, 4to pp. 12.

[Reprinted in second and later editions of the *Letters*. Cf. Text, pp. 5-12.]

- (4) Instructions / for / Forreine / Travell / Shewing by what *cours* and in what *compaſſe of time*, one may / take an exact Survey of the King / domes and States of Christen / dome, and arrive at the practicall / Knowledge of the Languages, / to good purpose./ *Post motum dulcior inde Quies*. / London / Printed by T. B. for Humphrey Mosley / at the Princes Armes, in Pauls / Church-yard, 1642, 12mo pp. 284.

[A second edition with Appendix in 1650. See No. 36.]

- (5) The Trve Informer Who in the following Discorrs, or Colloquy, Discovereth unto the World the Cheife Causes of the Sad Distempers in Great Brittain and Ireland. Deduced from their Originals. Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield. MDCXLIII. [Ap. 12]. 4to A-G3 in fours and the title C omitted.

- (6) Parables / reflecting / upon the / Times. / Printed at Paris, / MDCXLIII. 4to. pp. 16.

[Preface signed *Ανώνυμος* addressed to Sir — D., Knight (probably Sir Kenelm Digby). The British Museum copy has a MS. note in contemporary handwriting "written by James Howell," which is confirmed by a remark in the postscript, "I am one that lyeth at the Cape of Good Hope, though a long time under hatches," *cf.* p. 218. The subscription, "Yours as at first inalterable" is also like Howell. The Parables are "The Parlement of Stars," "The Great Council of Birds," "The Parliament of Flowers," "The Assembly of Architects," and "The Insurrection of the Winds." The explanations are printed at the side of the parables. The Paris imprint is merely a blind. Reprinted in *Twelve Treatises*, 167-197, under title "Apologes or Fables."]

- (7) ³A Discourse, or Parly continued' / betwixt Partricius and Peregrine (upon their / landing in France) touching the civill Wars / of England and Ireland.

[Museum copy, incomplete, is dated in Thomasson's handwriting, 21 July, 1643. A second part was written, but probably not published till 1661 in *Twelve Treatises*, No. 60b.]

- (8) The Preheminence and / Pedigree of / Parlement / By James Howell Esquire, one of the Clerks of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Councill / Whereunto is added, / A Vindication of some Passages reflecting upon him, / in a Booke called the *Popish Royall Favorite*, penn'd / & published by Master Prynne, page 42 / Wherein he files him / *No Friend to Parliament and a Malignant* / Together, / With a cleering of some Occurrences in *Spaine* at His Majesties being there, cited by the said Master Prynne / out of the Vocall Forest / Published by Special Licence and entred into the / Hall Booke according to Order / Printed at *London* by *Richard Heron* 1644 [Feb. 29], 4to. pp. ii. + 18.

[With Melan plate without arms. Dedicated to Sir W. S., Kt. Reprinted with England's Teares same year, No. 10, in *Twelve Treatises*, 1661, also separately, 1677. Also in vol. i. p. 35, *Harl. Misc.*,* ed. 1808, and vol. v. p. 47, *Somers' Tracts*, ed. 1809.

There must have been an edition without the Vindication, which was occasioned by Prynne's pamphlet as follows.]

A Modest Apology against a Pretended Calumny in answer to some Passages in the Preheminence of Parlement. Newly published by James Howell Esquire, one of the Clerks of his Majesties most Honourable Privy Council. By William Prynne of Lincolnes Inne Esquire. 1644.

* The Vindication in vol. vi. p. 127.

- (9) England's / Teares, / For the Present / Wars, / which for the Nature / of the Quarrell, the Quality of Strength, the / Diversity of Battailles, Skirmiges, Encounters, and / Sieges, (happened in so short a compasse of / time) cannot be paralleled by any precedent Age. / [Royal Arms] Hic mihi, quàm miserè rugit Leo, Lilia langueat, / Heu, Lyra, quàm mæstos pulsat Hiberna sonos. / Printed at London, according to order, by Richard Heron, 1644. 4to. pp. 18.

[Translated into Latin and Dutch, See Nos. 17, 30. Reprinted with Preheminence and Dodona's Grove (See No. 11), in *Harl. Misc.*, ed. 1744, viii. 249, and *Somers' Tracts*, v. 37.]

- (10) Two Discourses, Lately Review'd and enrich'd by the Author. One, The Pre-eminence and Pedigree of Parlement Whereunto is added A Vindication of some passages reflecting upon the Author in a Book call'd the *Papish Royall Favorit* penn'd and publish'd by Master Prynne. . . . The Second, England's Teares. By James Howell. Printed at London according to Order, by Richard Horne. 4to. A—D in fours, first leaf blank.

[W. C. Hazlitt. Wood reports another edition of the Preheminence as late as 1677. (Ed. Bliss, iii. col. 746.)]

- (11) ΔΕΝΔΡΟΛΟΓΙΑ Dodona's Grove / Or the Vocall Forrest / The Second Edition more exact and perfect then / the former with an addition of two other Tracts: / viz. / *Parables reflecting upon the Times* / AND / *England's Teares for the present Warres* / By J. H. Esquire / Printed in the year 1644. 4to A—Z in fours.

[With frontispiece by R. Vaughan. A third edition in 12mo appeared at Cambridge in 1645, with addition of Preheminence (No. 8) as well as above, also another edition in 1650.]

- (12) Mercurius Hibernicus: or a discourse of the late insurrection in Ireland, displaying 1. The true causes of it (till now not so fully discovered). 2. The course that was taken to suppress it. 3. The reasons that drew on a cessation of armes and other compliances since. As also touching those auxiliaries which are transported thence to serve in the present warre. Printed at Bristoll 1644, pp. 2. 6. t. 14.

[Dedication signed Philareus. Halkett-Laing, 1601. Same as Land of Ire. in *Twelve Treatises*. No. 60f.]

- (13) St. Paul's / Late Progres / Upon Earth / About a Divorce 'twixt *Christ* and / the Church of *Rome*, by reason / of her dissoluteness / and excesses / Recommended to all *tender-conscienced* / Christians / A fresh Fancy full of various strains
and

and suitable / to the Times, Rendered out of Italian / into English / Published by Authority / London / Printed by Richard Heron for Matthew Wal / banck neare Grayes Inne Gate 1644, 12mo pp. xviii. + 148 + iv.

[With Prefatory letters to Sir Paul Pindar (*cf.* iii. 20) and Sir Paul Neale (iii. 21).]

- (14) *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ / Familiar / Letters / Domestic* and Forren / Divided into / Six Sections / Partly

{	Historicall Politically Philosophicall /
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 Upon Emergent Occasions: / By J. H. Esq.; One of the Clerks of / His Majesties most Honourable Privy Councill / London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley; and are to be / sold at his shop at the Prince's Arms in S. Pauls Church-yard, 1645. 4to pp. + 88 + 120 + 40 + 48 + 92 + ii.

[With frontispiece in 8 compartments. At end "Imprimatur, Nat. Brent. June 9, 1645."]

- (15) A Nocturnal Progreſs or a Perambulation of most countrys in Christendom, Performed in One Night by strength of the Imagination. London 1645.

[Anthony à Wood. Reprinted in *Twelve Treatises*, 60^l.]

- (16) *Lustra Ludovici* / or the / Life of the late Victorious / King of France / Lewis / the XIII / (and of his Cardinal de Richelieu) / Divided / into Seven Lustres / Confelinus Armorum *Cardo* / By James Howell, Esq. / London / Printed for Humphrey Moseley; and are to be sold at his shop / at the Prince's Arms in S. Pauls Church-yard / 1646. Sm. fol. pp. x. + 188 + viii.

[Dedicated to Prince Charles at Jersey.]]

- (17) *Angliæ / Suspiria / & Lachrymæ / Ob Horrendos hosce / tumultus, & bellum phisquam civile, quo viscera / ejus ipsæq; Cordis fibræ a suis / Propriis Incolis & In / digenis tam miseri delacerantur / καὶ οὐ τέκνον?* / *Est quædam Heu voluptas / Lenitur Lachrymis arguiturq; dolor.* Ovid / Aut / Ia: Howell, Arm. Brit. Anglo / Londini / Exaudit Humphrey Mosley, 1646, 24mo pp. viii. + 75 + iv.

[Appeared 6th Feb. 1646. Dedicated to Jackson, Bp. of London, "e Carcere Fletensi, Cal. Jan."]

- (18) Downright Dealing, or the despised Protestant speaking plain English to the King, the Houses of Parliament, the City of London and the Army. Printed in the year of Discoveries.

[Halkett-Laing, No. 783. Bodl. Cat. ii. 224^b.]

- (19) An Account of the Deplorable and desperate Condition that England stands in, An. 1647, in a letter to Francis Cardinal Barbarini. 1647.

[Qy. the same as No. 24.]

- (20) A Letter to the Earl of Pembr. concerning the Times and the sad Condition both of Prince and People. Printed in the yeare 1647, 4to pp. 12.

[Halkett-Laing, No. 1895. A. & W.]

- (21) A New Volume of Letters Partly $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Philosophicall} \\ \text{Politicall} \\ \text{Historicall} \end{array} \right\}$ By James Howell Esq. Ut clavis portam sic pandit Epistola pectus. London, Printed by T. W. for Humphrey Moseley &c. 1647, 8vo A 4 leaves B-S4 in eights.

[*The Vote* added at end. The first edition of Second Book of letters.]

- (22) Strange News / from Scotland / or, / A strange Relation of a terrible and / prodigious Monster borne to the amazement / of all those that were spectators, in the Kingdome of / Scotland, in a village neare Edinborough, call'd / *Hadenfworth*, Septem. 14, 1647, and the words / the said Monster spake at its birth. Printed according to the Originall Relation sent over to / a great Divine hereafter mentioned. Sm. 4to pp. 5.

[With cut of a two-headed monster with a second set of hands protruding from the knees.]

- (23) The / Instruments / of / A King / or / A short Discourse / of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{The Sword} \\ \text{The Scepter} \\ \text{The Crowne} \end{array} \right\}$ *Satis habet Rex ad pœnam / Quod Deum expectet Ultorem* / London / Printed in the Year 1848. 4to pp. ii. + 11.

- (24) A Venice Looking-glass; or, a Letter written very lately from Lond. to Card. Barbarini at Rome by a Venetian Clarissimo touching the present Distempers in England, 1648. 4to, pp. 24.

- (25) Bella Scot-Anglica. / A Briefe / of all the / Battells, and Martiall / Encounters which have hap / pened 'twixt England and / Scotland from all / times to this present. / Wherunto is annexed a Corolla- / ry declaring the causes whereby the Scot is / come of late years to be so hight- / ned in his spirits ; / With some *Prophecies* which are much cryed up, as reflecting upon the fate of both nations. / Printed in the Yeare 1648. 4to pp. 19.

- (26) The Procefs and Pleadings / In the Court of *Spain* upon the death of Anthonie Afcham / Refident for the Parliament of / England / And of John Baptista Riva his Interpreter / who
 were kill'd by { John Guillim,
 William Spark,
 Valentine Progers, / who are all in clofe prifon
 Jo. Halfal,
 William Harnet,
 Henrie Progers,
 in *Madrid* for the faid fact, / except *Henry Progers* who fled to the *Venetian* Ambaffador's Hous, and fo efcaped / London, / printed by William Du Gard, Printer to the Council of State / 1651 / 4to pp. ii. + 15.
- (27) The late King's Declaration in Latin French & Englifh, 1649.
 [Anthony à Wood. Watt.]
- (28) A / Winter / Dreame. / *Quæ me fufpensum* Infomnia terrent ? Virg. / *Sæpe futurarum præfagia Somnia Rerum.* Printed Anno Domini / Quando ReX AngloruM *Vēcti vīctItabat* CaptIvus / 1649 [Nov. 26, 1648] 4to pp. 20.
- (29) A / Trance. / Or / Newes from Hell / Brought frefh to Towne / By / Mercurius Acheronticus. / London, / Printed, Ann. Dom. 1649 [Jan. 3, 1648 O.S.] 4to pp. 19.
 [At end author advifes reader to take heed to his words, as "he hath been *buried* many years."]
- (30) Engelants / Tranen / Over / Kreghs-Beroerten / Zijnde /
 Van wegens { De Natuero der Oneenegheden
 De Qualiteyt der Machten
 De Veelheyt der Veltflaghen
 Schermutfelen, Belegeringen, &c. (binnen foo korten tijd gefchiet) by alle voorgaende Eeuwen niet te vergelijken. / *Hei mihi* [&c.] / t'Amfterdam. / Voor Gerrit Willemsz, Boeckverkoper inde Nieuwe / Gafthuys-Molenfteegh, in't groot Cantoor-Boeck. 1649, 4to pp. 16, double cols.
- (31) An / Inquifition / after / Blood / To the Parliament *in ftatu quo nunc* / and / To the Army Regnant / Or any other whether Royallift, Prefbyterian, Inde- / pendent or Further, whom it may concern / *Blood is a crying fin, but that of Kings* / *Cryes* loudeft for revenge, and ruine brings / Printed in the Year 1649 / (July 17th is added in MS. in Brit. Mus. copy), 4to pp. 13.

- (32) A Perfect / Description / of the / People' and Country / of Scotland / By James Howel, *Gent.* / London, printed for J. S. 1649. 4to pp. 8.

[A second edition in 12mo, pp. 21, appeared in 1659. It was reprinted in 1788, in the *North Briton* No. 13, and there was then some talk of prosecuting the publisher owing to the libellous character of the tract.]

- (33) Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ. / Familiar / Letters / Domestic and Foreign ; / Divided into sundry Sections, / Partly { Historically,
Politically,
Philosophically,
/ Vpon Emergent Occasions : / By *James Howell*, Esq ; One of the Clerks of / His late Ma^{ties} most Hon^{ble} Privy Councill. / The second Edition, enlarged with divers supplements, and the Dates annexed which were / wanting in the first, / With an Addition of a third volume of new Letters. / *Ut clavis portam, sic pandit* Epistola pectus. / London, Printed by W. H. for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1650. 8vo pp. xxii. (List of persons addressed, Dedication to Chas. I., To the Knowing Reader, and Table of Contents) + 82 + 256 + i. (Advt. about orthography) + iv. (Title-page and Dedication to Duke of York of vol. ii.) + 122 + viii. (the Vote) + iv. (Title-page and Dedication to Earl of Dorset of Additional Letters) + 43 + xv. (Contents of vol. ii. and Additional Letters).

- (34) A / French-English / Dictionary / Compil'd by Mr. Randle Cotgrave : / with / Another in English and French. / Whereunto are newly added the Animadversions and Supplements, &c., of *James Howell*, Esquire / *Inter Eneditos* Cathedram *habeat* Polyglotus / London, / Printed by *W. H.* for *Octavian Palley*n, and are to be sold at his shop at the / signe of the Rose in *Pauls* Churchyard. 1650. fol. pp. xxx. (Dedictory Epistle and French Grammar by J. H.) + forms A-Z, Aa-Zz, Aaa-Zzz, Aaaa-Xxxx (=

[Another edition in 1660, and still another after H's death in 1673.]

- (35) Δενδρολογία. / Dodona's / Grove, / Or / The Vocall Forest, / Second Part. / *Silvæ sunt Consule dignæ.* Virg. / By *James Howell*, Esquire. / Printed according to Order. London. Printed by W. H. for Humphrey Moseley, and / are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Arms / in St. *Pauls* Churchyard. 1650. 8vo pp. xviii. (Index) + 286.

[With Melan portrait of Howell, second state. Plate of "Robur Britannicum" and two folded plates of trees by Merian junr.]

- (36) Instructions / and / Directions / For Forren / Travell / Shewing by what *cours* and / in what *compas of time*, one may / take an exact Survey of the Kingdomes / and States of Christendome, and ar- / rive to the practicall knowledge of the / Languages, to good purpose. / With a new Appendix for Tra- / velling into *Turkey* and the *Levant* parts / By James Howell, Esq. : /—*Post motum dulcior inde Quies* / London, / Printed by W. W. for *Humphrey Moseley* at the *Princes Armes* in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1650. 12mo pp. vi. + 140.

[Dedicated to Prince Charles. A plate of the spheres prefixed.]

- (37) An Exact / Historie / of / The late Revolutions / in / Naples / and of / their monstrous Successes / Not to be parallel'd by any / Ancient or Modern History / Published by the Lord Alexander Giraffi / in Italian, And (for the rarenesse of / the subject) rendered into English, / By J. H. Esq. . . . London Printed by R. A. for R. Lowndes. 1650. 8vo pp. ii. + 206.

[With coloured frontispiece "Effigie & uero Ritratto di Masianiello, comandante in Napoli." Dedicated to the Levant Company.]

- (37a) Vision or Dialogue between the Soul and the Body. Lond. 1651, Oct.

[Anthony à Wood, also given as No. xviii. of Howell's Works at end of *Parthenopœia*, No. 48.]

- (38) S. P. Q. V. / A Survey / of the / Signorie / of / Venice, / of her admired policy, and method of / Government &c. / With / A cohortation to all Christian Princes to resent / Her dangerous condition at present. / By James Howell, Esq. / London / Printed for *Richard Lowndes* at the White Lion / in S. Pauls Churchyard, near the West end / M.DC.LI. fm. fol. pp. iv. + 210 + viii.

[Dedicated to Parliament. Large plate of Venice safe in Neptune's arms, smaller lion of St. Mark.]

- (39) *Cottoni Posthuma* / Divers / Choice Pieces / of that / renowned Antiquary / Sir Robert Cotton / Knight and Baronet / Preserved from the inju- / ry of Time and Expos'd / to public Light, for the benefit of Posterity, / By J. H. Esq. / London / Printed by Francis Leach, for Henry Scill / over against St. Dunstons Church in / Fleet Street, 1651 [Apr. 30], pp. vi. + 351.

[Dedicated to Sir Robt. Pye.]

- (40) The / Wonderful / and / most deplorable History / of the latter Times / of the / Jews / and of the City of / Hierusalem / Beginning

Beginning where the Holy Scriptures do end./ Written first in Hebrew and now made / more Methodical and corrected / of fundry Errors / *Perditio tua ex te Israel* / London / Printed for John Stafford and are to be sold at the George at *Fleet-Bridge* and by Humphrey Moseley at the / Princes Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1652 [Jan. 2]. 8vo, pp. xii. + 432 + viii.

[With plates of Josephus, Jerusalem, battering rams, &c. Dedicated to Mayor and Corporation of London. Reprinted 1684, 1699.]

- (41) *Dendrologie ou la Forest de Dodonne* Duixième Partie, Paris 1652, 4to.

[Anthony à Wood and Bodl. Cat.]

- (42) The / Second Part / of / *Massaniello* / His body taken out of the Town-Ditch and / solemnly Buried with Epitaphs upon him./ A continuation of the Tumults ; / The D. of *Guise* made *Generalissimo* / Taken prisoner by young / Don John of Austria./ The end of the Commotions./ By J. H. Esquire / Truth never look'd fo like a Lie / As in this modern Historie / London / Printed by D. M. for Abel Roper at the sign / of the Sun and T. Dring at the George / near St. Dunstons Church in / Fleet street, MDCLII / 8vo pp. xii. + 199.

[Continuation of No. 37. Two plates, that of Massaniello uncoloured, and three heads of Genovino, Gennaro and Mass : A second edition of the two parts in 1664.]

- (43) *The German Diet. : or, the Ballance of Europe*, wherein the Power and Weakness, Glory and Reproach, Virtues and Vices, &c., of all the kingdoms and states of Christendom are impartially poised. London, 1653. fol.

[With Melan plate as frontispiece.]

- (44) *Some sober Inspections made into the Carriage and Consults of the late Long Parliament* by J. H. 1653.

[Other editions in 1655 and 1656. "Dedicated to O. Cromwell whom he compares to Charles Martel."—A. à W. See No. 59 for fourth edition.]

- (44a) *A Dialogue.* c. 1653.

["Published and couched under the name of *Polyander*. Written about the Time that Oliver began to be protector. In this dialogue he gives his opinion for a single person against all other governments."—*Anthony à Wood*.]

- (44b) *Ah, Ha ; / Tumulus, Thalamus : / Two Counter- / Poems / The First an Elegy Upon Edward, late Earl of Dor-set ; The second, an Epithalamium to the Lord M. of Dorchester /*
Invicem cedunt Dolor & Voluptas / Funera, Tædoe / Sorrow may

may endure for a Night / But *joy* cometh in the Morning /
London / Printed for Humphrey Mofeley and are to be fold /
at his fhop at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Church-yard,
1654. 4to pp. 15.

- (45) Some of Mr. Howell's minor works reflecting upon the
times ; upon emergent occasions. 4° *n.p.* 1654.

[Bodl. Cat., ii. 355a.]

- (a) Instruments of a King. 1648. (No. 23).
(b) Venice looking glass. 1648. (No. 24).
(c) Winter Dreame. 1649. (No. 28).
(d) Letters to Earl of Pembroke. 1647. (No. 20).
(e) A Trance, or News from Hell. 1649. (No. 29).
(f) Bella Scot-Anglica. 1648. (No. 25).
(g) The Vote, or a Poem Royal. 1642. (No. 3).
(h) Inquisition after Blood. 1649. (No. 31).
(i) Ah, ha ! Tumulus, Thalamus. 1653.

- (46) The Nuptialls of / Peleus / and / Thetes / confifting of
a / Mask and a Comedy / or the / The Great Royall Ball /
Acted lately in *Paris* fix times / By / The King in Perfon /
The Duke of Anjou / The Duke of Yorke / with divers other
Noble men / Also by / The Princefs Royall Henrette Marie /
The Princefs of Conty / The Dutcheffs of Roquelaire / The
Dutcheffs of Crequy / with many other Ladies of Honour /
London / Printed for Henry Honnymen, and are to be fold
at his / fhop at the *Ancor* in the lower walk of the New /
Exchange, 1654. 4to pp. vi. + 25.

[Dedicated to Katherine, Marchioness of Dorchester, &c.]

- (47) An / Admonition / to my Lord / Protector / and his / Coun-
cil / Of their prefent Danger / with / The means to fecure
him and his POSTERITY in / the prefent greatneffe : With the
generall applaufe and lafting Tranquillity of the / Nation /
London, Printed in the year 1654, 4to pp. 10.

[Preface figned by J. H. A Proposal to come to arrangement with
Chas. II. to have the crown after Cromwell's death.]

- (48) Parthenopœia / or the / History / of the / Moft Noble and
Renowned Kingdom / of / Naples / With the Dominions
therunto annexed / and the Lives of all their / Kings / The
Firft

First Part by that Famous Antiquary Scipio Mazzella / made English / by Mr. Samson Lennard / Herald of Armes. / The Second Part Compil'd / By James Howell Esq. ; who broches some supplements to the First part, drawn on / the Thread of the Story to these present Times, 1654 / . . . London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley . . . 1654 sm. fol. pp. xviii. + 191 + 62 + ii.

- (49) A Fourth / Volume / of / Familiar Letters / Upon various Emergent occasions / Partly

Philosophical,	}	By James
Political,		
Historical,		

 Hovvell Esq. / Clerk of the Council to his / late Majesty. / *Senesco non Segnesco* / Never Published before / LONDON / Printed for Humphrey Moseley and are to be sold / at his Shop at the Princes Arms in / St. Pauls Church-Yard, 1655. 8vo pp. viii. + 126 + xij.

[Attached to the third ed. xxii. + 309 + iv. + 115 + ix. (Index to vol. ii.) + viii. (The Vote) + iv. + 30 + v. (Index to vol. iii.) and vol. iv. is here.]

- (50) *Finetti Philoxenis.* / Som choice / Observations / of / S^r John Finett / Knight, / And Master of the Ceremonies / to the two last / Kings / Touching the Reception, and / Precedence, the Treatment and / Audience, the Puntillios and Con / tests of Forren / Ambassadors / in / England / *Legati ligant mundum.* London / Printed by T. R. for H. Twyford and G. Bedell and are / to be sold at their shops in Vine Court, Middle / Temple, and the Middle Temple Gate, 1656. 8vo pp. xii. + 280 + x.

[Dedicated to Visct. Lisle.]

- (51) A / relation / Of the / Life / of / Christina / Queen of Sweden / With her resignation of the crown, / voyage to Bruxels, and / Journey to Rome. / Whereunto is added, / Her geniufs. / Translated out of French, by J. H. / London 1656 [March 26.] 4to.

[Attributed doubtfully to J. H. in Brit. Mus. Cat. and without query in Bliss Cat. i. No. 2307.]

- (52) Londinopolis / An / Historicall Discourse / or / Perlustration / of the City of / London / The Imperial Chamber, / and chief Emporium / of / Great Britain / whereunto is added another of the City of Westminster. / With / The Courts of Justice, Antiquities, and new / Buildings thereunto belonging. / By Jam. Howel Esq. / *Senesco non Segnesco* / London / Printed by J. Streater, for Henry Twiford, George Sawbridge / and John

John Place and are to be fold at their shops. 1657, sm. fol. pp. viii. + 407 + viii.

[With folding plate of the Thames and a portrait of Howell, E. Milan and Bosc. sculp. It is mainly a compilation from Stow, whose very words are often used, *e.g.* p. 123. It finishes with an interesting "Parallel by way of Corollary betwixt London and other great Cities of the World," pp. 381-407.]

- (53) A / Discourfe / of the / Empire / And of the Election of
A KING of the / Romans the greatestt Buſineſs of / Chriſten-
dom now in A / *gitation* / As alſo / Of the Colledg of Electors /
their particular *Interests* and who is moſt likely to be the /
next Emperor / *Εν μίξεω Μάχρων* / J. *Senefco, non Segneſco* H. /
Printed by F. L. for Charles Webb at the *Bores- / Head* in
S. *Pauls* Church-yard / 1658 [May 29]. 12mo + iv. + 109 + x.

[Also another title page "for *Rich. Lowndes* at the *White-Lyon*, near the little North door of S. *Pauls*. 1638." With advertisement from Lowndes. At end "*Infantium cerebri / Quadragesimus*," Holborn Cal. Jan. 1658.]

- (54) Englands / Alarm / The / State-Maladies / And Cure : / A
Mirror to the / Soldiers / And / A Parallel to Egypts Plagues
with Eng / lands finnes : / To which is added, A perpetual
Almanack. / By J. H. A Lover of Englands Peace / London
Printed by Tho. Johnſon, 1659. 4to pp. 8.

[All in verse.]

- (55) A brief / Admonition / of / ſome of the / Inconveniencies /
of all the three moſt Famous / Governments / Known to
the World / With their Compariſons together / London,
Printed, 1659. 4to pp. i. + 6.

[Preface "To all honest diſinterſted Common Wealths-men," ſigned J. H.]

- (56) Englands Joy, / Expreſſed in the 'EIIINI'KION, / To the
moſt Renowned Man of Honor, and Temporal Redeemer of
the / Prince, Peers, and People of this Land, / His Excel-
lency / The Lord General Monck. / . . . / London, Printed
for M. B. 1660 [June 25] ſing. ſh. fol. double cols. verſe.

[Signed J. H.]

- (57) Lexicon Tetraglotton, / An / Engliſh-French-Italian-Spaniſh /
Dictionary : / Whereunto is adjoined / A large Nomenclature
of the proper Terms / (in all the four) belonging to ſeveral
Arts and Sciences, to Recreations, to / Profeſſions both
Liberal and Mechanick &c. / With another Volume of the
Choiceſt / Proverbs / In all the ſaid Tounge, (conſiſting of
divers compleat Tomes) and the *Engliſh* tranſlated into the
other

other Three, to take off the reproch which ufeth to be caſt upon *Her*, That / *She is but barren in this point and thoſe Proverbs She / hath are but flat and empty.* / Moreover there are fundry familiar *Letters* and *Verses* running all in *Proverbs* with a particular Tome of the *British* or old *Cambrian* / *Sayed Sawes* and *Adages* which the Author thought fit to annex thereunto, and make / Intelligible for their great Antiquity and Weight : / Laſtly, there are five Centuries of New Sayings which in traſt of Time may ſerve / for Proverbs to Poſterity / By the Labours and Lucubrations of James Hovvell, Eſq. ; / *Senefco non Segneſco* / London / Printed by J. G. for *Cornelius Bee* at the Kinges Armes in Little Britain, 1660, fol. pp. xviii.

[Dedications, (1) To Chas. II., (2) Eng. Prov. to Earl Lindeſey at Grimſthorp, (3) French Prov. to Lord Willoughby of Erſby, (4) Ital. Prov. to Sir W. Paſton, (5) Spaniſh Prov. to Sir Lewis Dives, (6) Welſh Prov. to Richard, Earl of Carberry, (7) To Brian Duppa on the new proverbs.]

- (58) Θῆρολογία. / The / Parley / of / Beaſts / or Morphundra / Queen of the / Inſhanted Iſland / Wherein Men were found, who being tranſ / muted to Beaſts, though proffered to be diſ-inſhanted, / and to become *Men* again ; yet, in regard of the / crying Sins, and rebellious humors of the Times, they prefer the Life of a *Brute* Animal / before *That* of a *Rational* Creture : / Which Fancy conſiſts of various Philoſophicall Diſ- / courſes, With *Morall*, *Metaphyſicall*, *Hiſtoricall* and *Naturall* touching the declinings of the World and late / Depravation of *Human* Nature / With Reflexes upon the preſent ſtate of moſt / Countries in Chriſtendom / Divided into a XI Sections / By Jam. Howell, Eſq. : / *Senefco, non Segneſco.* / The Firſt Tome / London, Printed by *W. Wilſon* for *William Palmer* at / the *Palm Tree* in *Fleet-ſtreet* near St. Dunſtan's Church, 1660. sm. fol. pp. xvi. (including Key of Anograms) + 152 + xii. (orthography and Index).

[Dedicated to Lady Marie de la Fontaine. Melan plate ſecond ſtate as frontſpiece, Plate of beaſts facing it.]

- (59) Philangluſ / Some ſober Inſpeſtions / Made into the / Carriage and Conſults / Of the *Late long Parlement* / Whereby occaſion is taken to ſpeak / of Parlements in / former Times &c., / With ſom Reflexes upon Government in general / With ſom Prophetic Paragraſſs / The fourth edition with a Supplement of divers / ſigned paſſages which the other three had not. / By *Jam. Howell*, Eſq. / *Cupio ut recte capiar.* / London, printed by T. L. for *W. Palmer* at the *Palm Tree* near St. Dunſtans

Dunstons Church in Fleet street 1660, 12mo pp. vi. + 180 + iv.

[Quotation from *Vocal Forest* dated 1638.]

- (60) Divers Historically Discourses of the late Popular Insurrections in Great Britain, and Ireland, Tending to the asserting of Truth in Vindication of their Majesties. By James Howell, Esquire. Some of which Discourses were strangled in the Presse by the power which then swayed, but now are newly retriev'd, collected and Publish'd by Richard Royston. The First Tome. London, Printed by J. Grismond 1661.

[From MS. note in 'Bliss' copy of the Grismond issue.]

Also under the title :—

Twelve / Several Treatises / Of the late Revolutions / In these / Three Kingdomes ; / Deducing the causes thereof from / Their originals. / By James Howell Esq. ; / *His Majesties Historiographer Royal.* / London : / Printed by J. Grismond, and are to be sold by / the Book-sellers in London and Westminster, / 1661, 8vo pp. ii. (Table of Contents) + 411.

[Has a frontispiece not in the Royston issue. Contains the following.]

- (a) Casual Discourses / and / Interlocutions / Betwixt / Patricius and Peregrin / Touching the *Distractions* of the Times / With the Causes of them.

[Pp. 1-85. Cf. No. 7.]

- (b) The / Second Part / of / A Discourse / 'Twixt / Patricius / and Peregrin, / Touching / the Distempers / of the / Times.

[Pp. 87-119. Probably not printed before.]

- (c) A / Sober and Seasonable / Memorandum / sent to the Right Honourable / Philip late Earl of Pembroke / and Montgomery, &c. / To mind him of the particular Sacred / Ties (besides the Common Oath of / Allegiance and Supremacy) whereby he was / bound to adhere to the King his Liege / Lord and Master, / and presented unto Him in the hottest Brunt of the late Civill Wars. / *Juramentum ligamen conscientiae marinum.*

[Pp. 121-141. Same as No. 20.]

- (d) His / Late Majesties Royal / Declaration / or / Manifesto / to all / Forreign Princes / and / States / Touching his constancy in the Protestant Religion. / Being traduced abroad by some
Mi-

Mi-/ licious and lying Agents / That he was wavering therein,
and upon the high road of returning to *Rome*.

[Pp. 142-165, in Latin, French, and English, and Preface in which J. H. states that Salmasius quoted this when it first appeared. Same as No. 27.]

- (e) Apologs / or / Fables / Mythologiz'd / Out of whose Moralls
the / State and *History* of the late unhap/py Defractions in
Great Britain and / *Ireland* may be extracted ; / Some of
which Apologs have prov'd / Prophetical—*Nil est nisi*
Fabula Mundus.

[Same as No. 6. Prefatory letter to my Honoured and known friend Sir J. C. Knight, and Postscript in which a reference to the True Informer.]

- (f) Of / the Land of Ire. / or, / A Discours / of that / Horrid
Infurrection / and / Massacres / which happen'd lately / In
Ireland ; / By *Mercurius Hibernicus* / Who discovers unto
the World the / True Causes and Incendiaries thereof. / In
Vindication / Of His Majesty, who is most maliciously /
Traduc'd to be Accessory thereunto ; / which is as damnable
a Lie as possibly / could be hatched in Hell ; which is the /
Staple of Lies / A *Lie* stands upon one Legg.—/ *Truth*
upon two.

[Twelve Treatises 199-230. Same as No. 12. Dated from Fleet 3 Nonas Apriles, 1643.]

- (g) The Sway / of the / Sword / or a Discours / of the Militia
Train'd Band / or / Common Soldiery / of the Land ; / Prov-
ing, / that the Power and Command thereof in Chief belongs
to / the *Ruling Prince*, and to no other / *Sine Gladio nulla*
defensis.

[Pp. 233-59. Dated 3 Non. Marcas 1645.=Instruments of a King, No. 23.]

- (h) An / Italian / Perspective, / Through which / Great Britain /
(without any / Multiplying Art) may clearly *see* / Her present
Danger / And *foresee* Her future / Destruction / If not timely
prevented / *Perditio tua ex te Anglia*.

[Pp. 263-304 "2-12 Aug. 1647, Heading of letter," An Account &c. No. 19.]

- (i) A / Nocturnal Progres : / or / a Perambulation / of most /
countreys / in / Christendom, / Performed in One Night by
strength / of the *Imagination*. / Which progresse terminates
in these / *North-West* Isles / And declares the woful con-
fusions / They are involv'd at Present.

[Pp. 307-338. Dated Ides Dec. 1645. Same as No. 15.]

- (j) A / Vindication / of his / Majesty / touching a Letter he wrote to Rome, &c.

[Pp. 339-370. Not previously printed.]

- (k) A / Glance / upon the / Isle of Wight, / and Upon the unparallel'd Concessions of Grace / His / Majesty / pass'd in that Trety, &c. / Concluding with the horrid / Murther committed afterwards / upon His Sacred Person / *Cui dabit partes scelus expiant Jupiter.*

[Twelve Treatises, pp. 373-93. "25 Feb. 1648."]

- (l) Advice / Sent from the prime Statesmen / of Florence / How / England may come / to Herself again, / which is, / To call in the King, / Not upon / Articles / But in a true confident way : / Which *Advice* came immediately upon / the Readmission of the *Secluded* Members, / and *Coppies* thereof being delivered to the chiefeft of them / It produc'd *happy* Effects.

[Twelve Treatises, 397-411. "Florence 12 March 1659."]

- (61) A Cordial for the Cavaliers. London 1661.

["Answer'd as soon as it peep'd abroad by Rog. L'Estrange in a book entit. *A Caveat for the Cavaliers* : which giving offence to divers persons, he published a second edition of it, with his name and a preface."—Anthony à Wood.]

- (62) Some Sober Inspections made into those Ingredients that went to the Composition of a Late Cordial, called a Cordial for the Cavaliers. Lond. 1661.

[Referred to and answered in Sir. R. L'Estrange's *A Modest Plea both for the Caveat and for the Author of it, with some Notes upon Mr. James Howell and his Sober Inspections*, 1661.]

- (63) A Brief / account / of the Royal Matches / or / Matrimonial Alliances / Which the Kings of England have / made from time to time since the / year 800 to this present 1662. / Collected by a careful collation of *History* with *Records*. London / Printed by J. G. for H. Brome at the Gun / in Ivy-lane, M. DC. LXII. 4to., pp. 6.

[Halkett-Laing, No. 259.]

- (64) A New / English / Grammar / Prescribing as certain Rules as / the Language will have for For- / reners to learn *English* / There is also another Grammar of the / *Spanish* or *Castillian* Tongue / With some general remarks upon the / *Portugues Dialect* &c. / Whereunto is annexed / A Discours or Dialog containing a / *Perambulation* of *Spain* and *Portugall* / which
may

may serve for a direction how to travel through both countreys
&c. / For the service of Her Majesty whom God preserve /
London / Printed for T. Williams, H. Brome and H. Marfh /
1662. 8vo pp. viii. + 175 + 84 + xii.

[Dedicated to Catherine of Braganza by "Don Diego Howell." A head of the Queen as frontispiece, the Milan plate second state cut down at end. The B. M. copy is that presented to Chas. II. with Howell's writing on fly-leaf. At end "Liberorum Cerebri / Quintus / Post Quadraginta." /

A Spanish letter made up of Proverbs translated into English, and the same English translated into Spanish, pt. ii. pp. 53-79.]

- (65) Concerning the Surrender of Dunkirk, that it was done upon good Grounds. Lond. 1664, 8vo.

- (66) Mr. Howell's / Poems / Upon divers Emergent / Occasions / London / Printed by James Cottrel / 1664. 12mo pp. xiv. + 127.

[Collected by P. Fisher, who dedicates it to Bishop King and gives a long biographical Latin poem on J. H. "Mandunensis," informing us that Harley was his schoolmaster. Includes all the poems in *Fam. Lett.*, those before *Lustra Ludovici*, *Londinopolis*, *The German Diet*, *Eromena*, *Lexicon Tetraglotton*, *Nomenclature*, *Dodona's Grove*, *Parthenope*, *S. P. Q. V.*, *Therologia*; also dedicatory poems before Bp. Andrews' *Meditations*, Herbert of Cherbury's *Meditations*, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, Dr. Aylar's *Poems*, Cartwright's *Poems*, Loveday's *Masterpiece of Love*, Wallace's *Astræa*, J. Wright's translation of Bellay, N. Johnson's *Pyramander*, Benlowes' *Divine Theophila*, Charleton's *New Survey*, and Lovelace's *Posth. Poems*, and Elegies on Dan. Caldwell, p. 98, Dr. Howell p. 107, to R. Altham 110, 114.]

- (67) *Florus Hungaricas*: or the history of Hungaria and Transylvania deduced from the original of that nation and their settling in Europe in the year of our Lord 461, to this dangerous and suspicious period of that Kingdom by the present Turkish invasion, anno 1664. London, 1664. 8vo pp. 12 b-t 302.

[Laing-Halkett. No. 936.]

- (68) ΠΡΟΕΔΡΙ'Α-ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ': / A / Discourse / Concerning the / Precedency / of / Kings: / Wherein the Reasons and Arguments / of the Three greatest Monarchs of Christendom / who claim a several Right Thereunto / Are faithfully Collected, and Renderd / Whereby occasion is taken to make *Great Britain* better understood then some Forren Authors (ei- / ther out of Ignorance or Interest) have represented Her in order to this Particular / Whereunto is also adjoyned / A distinct Treatise of Ambassadors &c. / Symbolum Authoris / *Senesco non Senesco*. / London; / Printed for Sam. Speed at

at the Rainbow; and *Chr. Eccleston* / at the middle shop under St. Dunstons Church in *Fleet-street*, 1664. fol. pp. xii. + 219.

[Dedicated to Chas. II., a fine portrait of whom as frontispiece. Melan portrait of Howell second state at end. The B. M. copy is that presented to Chas. II. and is on large paper. At end "*Liberorum Cerebri / Sextus / Post Quadraginta.*"]

- (69) Προεδρία Βασιλική / Differtatio / de / Præcedentea Regum / In Qua / Rationes & Argumenta / Potentiorum Europœi Orbis / Monarcharum, / Qui Jus Anticedendi sibi vindicant, / exactè collecta sunt, nec minus / fideliter exhibita / Industriâ D. Jacobi Howell Authoris / *Numerosâ*, & exquesitissum / Ex *Anglicano* Sermone in Latinum versa labore / B. Harrisii L. P. / Huic adjungitur alius equidem Authoris / Translatus de Legatis. / Latinè redditus a D. J. Harmaro / Nuper L. Gr. P. P. *Oxonii* / Londini / Prostant apud *Sam. Thomson* ad Caput Episcopi in / Cœmeterio Paulino; & *Sam. Speed* ad insigne Iridis / apud juxta portam Templi Interioris, 1664. 8vo. pp. xxx. + 359.
- (70) A French Grammar, and a Dialogue consisting of all Gallicisms with Additions of the most useful and significant Proverbs. London, fol.

["Printed at London twice, the last time was in 1673," A. à W.]

In addition to these, Howell wrote introductory letters to (1) R. Jones *Gemma Cambrium* 1652; (2) Judge Rumsey *Organon Salutis* 1657 v. *infra* p. 661. (3) translation of Sandoval's *Civil Wars of Spain* 1652; (4) Davies of Kedwally's trans. of De la Chambre's *Art to Know Men* 1665, and wrote the Dedication of Needham's translation of Selden's *Mare Clausum* which was to the Parliament in 1653, and to the King in 1663 when Howell rewrote it. A list of his commendatory poems in note to No. 66, to which add A. G. D'Ouvrilly's *False Favourite disgraced*, 1657 (*Cens. Lit.*, ii. 76).

PSEUDEPEGRAPHICA.

The following works have been attributed to Howell by various authorities:

- (1) *A character of England* 1659.

[Watt, Bliss, really by J. Evelyn.]

- (2) *A brief character of the Low Countries* 1652.

[Watt: really by O. Feltham. The error is due to the fact that these little books are printed in the same *format* and by the same printer as the *People of Scotland*, No. 32, with which they are usually bound up.]

(3)

(3) Translation of Valentinus' *Triumphant Chariot of Antimony* Lond. 1661.

(4) Translation of Paracelsus' *Archedoxes*, Lond. 1661.

(5) Translation of Paracelsus' *Aurora* 1659.

[These three are attributed to Howell by the Brit. Mus. Cat. (though doubtfully) because by "J. H. Oxon." But the same published a third treatise of Paracelsus in 1667, a year after Howell's death, the style is quite different and Howell numbers his works after 1660.]

(6) *Diary of Sir John Finett*.

[2. *N and Q*. iv. 73 : a confusion with *Finetti Philoxenis*, No. 50.]

(7) *The Grecian Story to which is annexed the Grove* 1684.

[Grenville Catalogue, pt. ii.: a confusion with *The Vocal Forest*, No. 1. Really by J. Harrington.]

(8) Translation of Sir K. Digby's *Discourse*, &c. 1659.

[Said by Aubrey, *Lives* ii., to have been done from the French by Howell.]

I am myself somewhat doubtful of the attribution of Nos. 18, 22, above. Indeed, Howell's period was especially rich in writers under the initials J. H., e.g., J. Heasley, J. Henshawe, J. Hewitt, J. Hall, J. Hinde, J. Hayward, J. Harrington. Cf. too the J. H. who signs the letter in *Parl. Hist.*, vol. xxiii., the second J. H. of Forde's *Familiar Epistles*, a J. H. in *Hist. MSS. Com.*, X. iv. 74, and the J. H. who writes introductory verses to the *Eikon Basilike*.*

EDITIONS OF THE "LETTERS."

There is some confusion in the numbering of the editions. Four issues occurred during Howell's lifetime *supra*, Nos. 14, 21, 33, 49. But of these No. 21 was a second volume and No. 49 a fourth, issued with a reprint of the preceding volumes. There were thus practically only three *editions*, the quarto of 1645, the octavo of 1650, and the octavo of 1655, with which a fourth volume was bound up. The so-called 5th edition of 1673 is thus really the fourth. Then follow editions all in 8vo of about 500 pp. and all but one in London in 1688 ("6th"), 1708 ("7th"), 1713† ("8th"),

* By a curious coincidence Sir Walter Scott chose J. H. as the initials of the imaginary writer of the "Private Letters" of the reign of James I., which were afterwards transformed into the "Fortunes of Nigel," but were evidently suggested by the *Epistolæ Ho-Eliaŋæ* (Lockhart, *Life*, *sub anno* 1821, c. liv. p. 467, gives a specimen of one of the "Letters").

† This seems the rarest of all; neither Bliss nor Mr. Hazlitt had seen a copy, nor is it in the Brit. Mus. or Bodl. I have been lucky enough to get one. It was published "For the Booksellers," but has on the plate the name of T. Guy, who published the fifth, sixth, and seventh editions (*Athen.* Mar. 15, 1890). The editions after the eighth were published by "the trade."

1726 ("9th"), 1737 ("10th"), 1753 (Aberdeen, abridged, also called "10th"), 1754 ("11th"). The present is thus really and nominally the twelfth edition, and practically the only edition in which there has been any editing.

The only piece of bibliomania I can connect with the book is the production of a magnificent Grangerised copy of the book in three vols. which belonged to the banker-forgery, Fauntleroy, and cost him £152, 5s. (5 *N. and Q.* x. 520). I have traced this to a bookseller's in the Piazza, Covent Garden (slip in Forster's copy, South Kens.), but should be glad to hear of its present whereabouts.

This present edition has already had its adventures before publication. Planned in 1887, a prospectus was issued in 1888, and the first volume, containing the text and supplement, was issued to subscribers in March 1890 unbound and without proper title-page. The documents contained in Supplement I. were calmly utilised without acknowledgment in the Introduction to an edition of the First Book of the Letters, which was issued in two volumes as part of the Stott Library in the autumn of 1890 (see *Athen.* Oct. 11, 1890). Tardy recognition, owing to my protest, was made in a second issue of the edition, but the calm use of whole documents without acknowledgment before their actual publication beats the record in such things. A few copies were bound and issued to the public at an enhanced price in 1890, so that the present issue in two equal parts is the third "state" of this edition—I hope not the worst one.

The few remaining large paper copies of the book were destroyed by fire at Messrs. Ballantyne's in 1891, so that this part of the edition is already out of print before publication.



PHYLOSOPHIA.



Epistolæ Ho Elianæ
FAMILIAR LETTERS
DOMESTIC & FORREN
 Partly { Historical.
 Political.
 Phylosophical.

BY
*James Howell Esq; one of
 the Clerks of his Excellencies most
 Noble Privy Council.*



HISTORIA.



C CÆSAR.



M AVRELIUS.



M. TUL. CICERO.



L. ANNÆVS. SENECA



Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ:

FAMILIAR

LETTERS

DOMESTICK and FOREIGN,

Divided into Four BOOKS:

Partly { HISTORICAL,
POLITICAL,
PHILOSOPHICAL:

Upon Emergent Occasions.

By *JAMES HOWELL*, Esq.;
One of the Clerks of his late Majesty's most
Honourable Privy Council.

Ut clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus.

L O N D O N:

M DCC XXXVII



TO HIS
MAJESTY.

SIR,

THESE LETTERS address'd (most of them) to your best degrees of Subjects, do as so many Lines drawn from the Circumference to the Centre, all meet in your Majesty; who as the Law styles you the Fountain of Honour and Grace, so you should be the Centre of our Happiness. If your Majesty vouchsafe them a gracious Aspect, they may all prove Letters of Credit, if not Credential Letters, which Sovereign Princes use only to authorize: They venture to go abroad into the vast Ocean of the World as Letters of Mart, to try their Fortunes; and your Majesty being the greatest Lord of Sea under Heaven, is fittest to protect them; and then they will not fear any human Power. Moreover, as this Royal Protection secures them from all danger, so it will infinitely conduce to the prosperity of their Voyage, and bring them to safe Port with rich Returns.

Nor

Nor would these Letters be so Familiar, as to presume upon so high a Patronage, were not many of them Records of your own Royal Actions: And 'tis well known, that Letters can treasure up, and transmit Matters of State to Posterity, with as much Faith, and be as authentick Registers, and safe Repositories of Truth, as any Story whatsoever,

This brings them to lie prostrate at your Feet, with their Author, who is,

SIR,

Your Majesty's most Loyal

Subject and Servant,

J. HOWELL.



The Vote, or a Poem-Royal,

PRESENTED

TO HIS MAJESTY for a *New-Year's-Gift*, by way of
Discourse betwixt the *Poet* and his *Muse*.

Calendis Januarii, 1641.

P O E M A.

ΣΤΡΗΝΕΤΙΚΟΝ.



THE World's bright Eye, Time's measurer, begun
Through wat'ry *Capricorn* his Course to run ;
Old *Janus* hasten'd on, his Temples bound
With Ivy, his grey Hairs with Holly crown'd :
When in a serious quest my Thoughts did muse
What Gift, as best becoming, I should chuse
To *Britain's* Monarch (my dread Sov'reign) bring,
Which might supply a *New-Year's* Offering.
I rummag'd all my Stores, and search'd my Cells,
Where nought appear'd, God-wot, but *Bagatels* :
No far-fetch'd *Indian* Gem cut out of Rock,
Or fish'd in Shells, were trusted under Lock ;
No Piece which *Angelo's* strong Fancy hit,
Or *Titian's* Pencil or rare *Hillyard's* Wit ;
No Ermines, or black Sables, no such Skins,
As the grim *Tartar* hunts or takes in Gins ;

No Medals, or rich Stuff of *Tyrian* Dye ;
 No costly Bowls of frosted Argentry ;
 No curious Landskip, or some Marble Piece
 Digg'd up in *Delphos*, or elsewhere in *Greece* ;
 No *Roman* Perfumes, Buffs, or Cordovans,
 Made drunk with Amber by *Moreno's* Hands ;
 No Arras or rich Carpets freighted o'er
 The surging Seas, from *Asia's* doubtful Shore ;
 No Lion's Cub, or Beast of strange Aspect,
 Which in *Numidia's* fiery Womb had slept ;
 No old *Toledo* Blades, or Damaskins ;
 No Pistols, or some rare-spring Carabines ;
 No *Spanish* Gennet, or choice Stallion sent
 From *Naples*, or hot *Afric's* Continent :
 In fine, I nothing found, I could descry
 Worthy the Hands of *Cæsar*, or his Eye.

My Wits were at a stand, when, lo, my Muse
 (None of the Choir, but such as they do use
 For Laundresses or Handmaids of mean Rank,
 I knew sometimes on *Po* and *Isis* Bank)
 Did softly buz,——

MUSE.

——Then let me something bring,
 May handsel the *New-Year* to *CHARLES* my King,
 May usher in bifronted *Janus*——

POET.

Thou fond fool-hardy *Muse*, thou silly Thing,
 Which 'mongst the Shrubs and Reeds do'st use to sing ;
 Dar'st thou perk up, and the tall Cedar climb,
 And venture on a King with gingling Rhyme ?
 Tho' all thy Words were Pearls, thy Letters Gold,
 And cut in Rubies, or cast in a Mould

Of Diamonds ; yet still thy Lines would be
Too mean a Gift for such a Majesty.

M U S E.

I'll try and hope to pass without Disdain,
In *New-Year-Gifts*, the Mind stands for the *Main*.
The Sophy, finding 'twas well meant, did deign
Few Drops of running Water from a Swain :
Then sure 'twill please my Liege, if I him bring
Some gentle Drops from the *Castalian* Spring ;
Tho' Rarities I want of such Account,
Yet have I something on the forked *Mount*.
'Tis not the first, or third Access I made
To *Cæsar's* Feet, and thence departed glad.
For as the Sun with his Male Heat doth render
Nile's muddy Slime fruitful, and apt t' engender,
And daily to produce new kind of Creatures,
Of various Shapes, and thousand differing Features ;
So is my Fancy quicken'd by the Glance
Of his benign Aspect and Countenance ;
It makes me pregnant and to superfete ;
Such is the Vigor of his Beams and Heat.

Once in a *Vocal Forest* I did sing,
And made the Oak to stand for *CHARLES* my King :
The best of Trees, whereof (it is no vaunt)
The greatest Schools of *Europe* sing and chant.
There you also shall find Dame * *ARHETINE*,
Great *Henry's* Daughter, and *Great Britain's* Queen,
Her Name engraved in a Laurel-Tree,
And so transmitted to Eternity.
For now I hear that *Grove* speaks, besides mine,
The language of the *Loire*, the *Po* and *Rhine* ;

* Id est, *Virtuous, Anagram of Henrietta.*

And to my Prince (my sweet *black Prince*) of late,
I did a youthful Subject dedicate.
Nor do I doubt but that in time my *Trees*
Will yield me Fruit to pay *Apollo's* Fees ;
To offer up whole Hecatombs of Praise
To *Cæsar*, if on them he casts his Rays :
And if my Lamp have Oil, I may compile
The *Modern Annals* of Great *Albion's* Isle ;
To vindicate the Truth of *CHARLES's* Reign,
From scribbling Pamphleteers, who Story stain
With loose imperfect passages, and thrust
Lame things upon the World, ta'en up in trust.

I have had Audience (in another Strain)
Of *Europe's* greatest Kings ; when *German* Main,
And the *Cantabrian* Waves I cross'd, I drank
Of *Tagus*, *Seine*, and sat at *Tyber's* Bank :
Thro' *Scylla* and *Charybdis* I have steer'd,
Where restless *Ætna's* belching Flames appear'd.
By *Greece*, once *Pallas'* Garden, then I pass'd,
Now all spread o'er with ignorance and waste ;
Nor hath fair *Europe*, her vast Bounds throughout,
An Academy of Note I found not out.

But now I hope, in a successful *prøre*,
The Fates have fix'd me on sweet *England's* Shore ;
And by these various Wandrings true I found,
Earth is our common Mother, ev'ry Ground
May be one's Country : For by Birth each Man
Is in this World a *Cosmopolitan*,
A free-born Burgess, and receives thereby
His Denization from Nativity :
Nor is this lower World but a huge Inn,
And Men the rambling Passengers, wherein
Some do warm Lodgings find, and that as soon
As out of Nature's Closets they see Noon,

And

And find the Table ready laid ; but some
Must for their Commons trot, and trudge, for Room :
With easy Pace some climb *Promotion's* Hill,
Some in the Dale, do what they can, stick still ;
Some through false Glasses, Fortune smiling spy,
Who still keeps off, tho' she appears hard by ;
Some like the Ostrich with their Wings do flutter,
But cannot fly or soar above the Gutter :
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hope's Cape* ;
Some ne'er can do't, tho' the same course they shape.
So that poor Mortals are so many Balls
Toss'd some o'er Line, some under Fortune's Walls.

And it is Heav'n's high Pleasure, Man should lie
Obnoxious to his Partiality,
That by industrious ways he should contend
Nature's short pittance to improve and mend :
Now, Industry ne'er fail'd at last t' advance
Her patient Sons above the reach of Chance.

P O E T.

But whither rov'st thou thus——?
Well ; since I see thou art so strongly bent,
And of a gracious Look so confident,
Go and throw down thyself at *Cæsar's* Feet,
And in thy best Attire thy Sov'reign greet.
Go, an auspicious and most blissful Year
Wish him, as e'er shin'd o'er this Hemisphere.
Good may the Entrance, better the Middle be,
And the Conclusion best of all the Three :
Of Joy ungrudg'd may each Day be a Debtor,
And ev'ry Morn still usher in a better :
May the soft gliding *Nones*, and ev'ry *Ide*,
With all the *Calends* still some good betide ;
May *Cynthia* with kind Looks, and *Phæbus'* Rays,
One clear his Nights, the other gild his Days ;

Free Limbs, unphysick'd Health, due Appetite,
Which no Sauce else but *Hunger* may excite :
Sound Sleeps, green Dreams be his, which represent
Symptoms of Health, and the next day's content ;
Chearful and vacant Thoughts, not always bound
To Counsel, or in deep Ideas drown'd,
(Tho' such late Traverses, and Tumults might
Turn to a *Lump of Care*, the airest Wight)
And since while fragile Flesh doth us array,
The Humours still are combating for sway,
(Which were they free from this reluctancy,
And counterpois'd, Man would immortal be)
May *Sanguine* o'er the rest predominate
In him, and their malignant Flux abate.

May his great Queen, in whose imperious Eye
Reigns such a world of winning Majesty,
Like the rich Olive or Falernian Vine,
Swell with more *Gems of Cyons* masculine :
And as her Fruit sprung from the Rose and Luce,
(The best of Stems Earth yet did e'er produce)
Is tied already by a sanguine Lace,
To all the Kings of *Europe's* high-born Race ;
So may they shoot their youthful Branches o'er
The surging Seas, and graff with every shore.

May Home-commerce and Trade increase from far,
Till both the *Indies* meet within his bar,
And bring in Mounts of Coin his Mint to feed,
And *Banquers* (*Traffic's chief supporters*) breed,
Which may enrich his Kingdom, Court, and Town,
And ballast still the Coffers of the Crown ;
For Kingdoms are as Ships, the Prince his Chests
The Ballast, which if empty, when distress'd
With Storms, their Holds are lightly trimm'd, the Keel
Can run no steady Course, but toss and reel :

May his Imperial Chamber always ply
To his Desires her Wealth to multiply,
That she may praise his Royal Favour more,
Than all the Wares fetch'd from the Great *Mogor*.
May the Grand Senate,* with the Subjects Right,
Put in the counter-scale the Regal Might,
The Flow'rs o' th' Crown, that they may prop each other,
And like the *Grecians* Twin, live, love together.
For the chief Glory of a People is,
The Power of their King, as theirs is his :
May he be still within himself at Home,
That no just Passion make the Reason roam ;
Yet Passions have their turns to rouse the Soul,
And stir her slumb'ring Spirits, not controul :
For as the Ocean, besides Ebb and Flood,
(Which † Nature's greatest Clerk ne'er understood)
Is not for Sail, if an impregning Wind
Fill not the flagging Canvas ; so a Mind
Too calm is not for Action, if Desire
Heats not itself at Passion's quick'ning Fire :
For Nature is allow'd sometimes to muster
Her Passions, so they only blow, not bluster.

May Justice still in her true Scales appear,
And Honour fix'd in no unworthy Sphere ;
Unto whose Palace all Access should have
Through *Virtue's* Temple, not through *Pluto's* Cave.

May his true Subjects' Hearts be his chief Fort,
Their Purse his Treasure, and their Love his Port,
Their Prayers as sweet Incense, to draw down
Myriads of Blessings on his Queen and Crown.

And now that his glad Presence did assuage
That fearful Tempest in the *North* did rage,

* *The Parliament.*

† Hippocrates.

May those Frog Vapours in the *Irish* Sky
Be scatter'd by the Beams of Majesty ;
That the *Hybernian* Lyre give such a Sound,
May on our Coasts with joyful Echoes bound.

And when this fatal Planet leaves to lour,
Which too too long on Monarchies doth pour
His direful Influence, may Peace once more
Descend from Heav'n upon our tottering Shore,
And ride in Triumph both in Land and Main,
And with her Milk-white Steeds draw *Charles* his *Wain* ;
That so, for those *Saturnian* Times of old,
An Age of Pearl may come in lieu of Gold.

Virtue still guide his Course ; and if there be
A Thing as Fortune, him accompany.
May no ill Genius haunt him, but by's side
The best protecting Angel ever bide.

May he go on to Vindicate the Right
Of holy Things, and make the Temple bright,
To keep that Faith, that sacred Truth entire,
Which he receiv'd from *Solomon* * his Sire.
And since we all must hence, by th' Iron Decree
Stamp'd in the black Records of Destiny,
Late may his Life, his Glory ne'er wear out,
Till the great Year of *Plato* wheel about.

So prayeth,
The worst of Poets,
to
The best of Princes,
yet
The most Loyal of
His
Votaries and Vassals,

JAMES HOWELL.

* King *James*.



To the knowing Reader touching Familiar Letters.



LOVE is the Life of Friendship, *Letters* are

The Life of Love, the Loadstones that by rare
Attraction make Souls meet, and melt, and mix,
As when by Fire exalted Gold we fix.

They are those wing'd *Postillions* that can fly
From the Antarctick to the Arctic Sky,
The Heralds and swift Harbingers that move
From East to West, on Embassies of Love ;
They can the *Tropics* cut, and cross the *Line*,
And swim from *Ganges* to the *Rhone* or *Rhine*,
From *Thames* to *Tagus*, thence to *Tyber* run,
And terminate their Journey with the Sun.

They can the Cabinets of Kings unscruce,
And hardest Intricacies of *State* unclue ;
They can the *Tartar* tell, what the *Mogor*,
Or the Great *Turk* doth on the *Asian* Shore :
The *Knez* of them may know what *Prester John*
Doth with his Camels in the torrid Zone ;
Which made the *Indian Inca* think they were
Spirits, who in white Sheets the Air did tear.

The lucky Goose sav'd *Jove's* beleagred *Hill*,
Once by her *Noise*, but oftner by her *Quill* :
It twice prevented, *Rome* was not o'er-run
By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hun*.

Letters can *Plots*, tho' moulder'd under Ground,
Disclose, and their fell *Complices* confound ;

Witness

Witness that fiery *Pile*, which would have blown
Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers and Town,
Tribunals, Church, and Chapel ; and had dry'd
The *Thames*, tho' swelling in her highest Pride,
And parboil'd the poor Fish, which from her Sands
Had been toss'd up to the adjoining Lands.
Lawyers, as *Vultures*, had soar'd up and down ;
Prelates, like *Magpies*, in the Air had flown,
Had not the Eagle's *Letter* brought to Light
That subterranean horrid Work of Night.

Credential *Letters*, States and Kingdoms tie,
And Monarchs knit in Leagues of Amity ;
They are those golden Links that do enchain
Whole Nations, tho' discind'd by the Main ;
They are the Soul of Trade, they make Commerce
Expand itself throughout the Universe.

Letters may more than *History* inclose
The choicest Learning both for Verse and Prose :
They Knowledge can unto our Souls display,
By a more gentle, and familiar way ;
The highest Points of State and Policy,
The most severe Parts of Philosophy
May be their Subject, and their Themes enrich,
As well as private Businesses, in which
Friends use to correspond, and Kindred greet,
Merchants negotiat, and the whole World meet.

In *Seneca's* rich Letters is enshrin'd
Whate'er the ancient Sages left behind :
Tully makes his the secret Symptoms tell
Of those Distempers which proud *Rome* befel ;
When in her highest Flourish she would make
Her *Tyber* from the Ocean Homage take.
Great *Antonine* the Emperor did gain
More Glory by his *Letters* than his *Reign* :

His *Pen* out-lasts his *Pike*, each golden Line
In his Epistles doth his Name enshrine.
Aurelius by his *Letters* did the same,
And they in chief immortalise his Fame.

Words vanish soon, and Vapour into Air,
While *Letters* on Record stand fresh and fair ;
And tell our Nephews who to us were dear,
Who our choice Friends, who our Familiars were.

The bashful Lover, when his stammering Lips
Falter, and fear some unadvised Slips,
May boldly court his Mistress with the Quill,
And his hot Passions to her Breast instil :
The *Pen* can furrow a fond Female's Heart,
And pierce it more than *Cupid's* feigned Dart :
Letters a kind of *Magic* Virtue have,
And like strong *Philtres* human Souls enslave.

Speech is the *Index*, *Letters* Ideas are
Of the informing Soul ; they can declare,
And shew the inward Man, as we behold
A Face reflecting in a Crystal Mould ;
They serve the Dead and Living, they become
Attorneys and Administers in some.
Letters, like *Gordian* Knots, do Nations tie,
Else all Commerce, and Love, 'twixt Men would die.

J. H.



Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ.

Familiar Letters.

BOOK I.—SECTION I.

I.

To Sir J. S. at Leeds-Castle.

SIR,



T was a quaint Difference the Ancients did put 'twixt a *Letter* and an *Oration*; that the one should be attired like a Woman, the other like a Man: the latter of the two is allowed large side Robes, as long Periods, Parentheses, Similes, Examples, and other Parts of Rhetorical Flourishes: But a *Letter* or *Epistle* should be short-coated, and closely couched; a Hungerlin becomes a *Letter* more handsomely than a Gown: Indeed we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar Letter which expresseth one's Mind, as if he were discoursing with the Party to whom he writes, in succinct and short Terms. The *Tongue*, and the *Pen*, are both of them Interpreters of the Mind; but I hold the Pen to be the more faithful of the two: The *Tongue in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery Place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal Expressions;

but the *Pen* having a greater advantage of Premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now, *Letters*, tho' they be capable of any Subject, yet commonly they are either *Narratory*, *Objurgatory*, *Consolatory*, *Monitory*, or *Congratulatory*. The first consists of *Relations*, the second of *Reprehensions*, the third of *Comfort*, the two last of *Counsel* and *Joy*: There are some, who in lieu of *Letters*, write *Homilies*; they preach, when they should epistolize: There are others that turn them to tedious *Tractats*: This is to make Letters degenerate from their true Nature. Some modern Authors there are who have exposed their *Letters* to the World, but most of them, I mean among your Latin Epistolizers, go freighted with mere *Bartholomew Ware*, with trite and trivial Phrases only, listed with pedantic Shreds of School-boy Verses. Others there are among our next transmarine Neighbours Eastward, who write in their own Language, but their Style is soft and easy, that their Letters may be said to be like Bodies of loose Flesh without Sinews, they have neither Joints of *Art* nor *Arteries* in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic Expressions made up of a Bombast of Words, and finical affected Compliments only: I cannot well away with such sleazy Stuff, with such Cobweb-compositions, where there is no Strength of Matter, nothing for the Reader to carry away with him, that may enlarge the Notions of his Soul. One shall hardly find an Apothegm, Example, Simile, or anything of Philosophy, History, or solid Knowledge, or as much as one new *created* Phrase, in a hundred of them: and to draw any Observations out of them, were as if one went about to distill Cream out of Froth; insomuch, that it may be said of them, what was said of the *Echo*, *That she is a mere Sound and nothing else*.

I return you your *Balzac* by this Bearer: and when I found those Letters, wherein he is so familiar with his King, so flat; and those to *Richlieu*, so puffed with prophane Hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross Flatteries,

Flatteries, with others, besides, which he sends as Urinals up and down the World to look into his Water for discovery of the crazy Condition of his Body, I forbore him further. So I am—Your most most affectionate Servitor, J. H.

Westmin., 25 July 1625.

II.

To my Father upon my first going beyond Sea.

SIR,

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself, and to that Obligation of Duty, the Law of God, and his *Handmaid* Nature, hath imposed upon me, if I should not acquaint you with the Course and Quality of my Affairs and Fortunes, especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the Seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common Relation of a Son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly Care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my Breeding (tho' but one Child of *fifteen*) by placing me in a choice methodical *School* (so far distant from your Dwelling) under a learned (tho' *lashing*) Master; and by transplanting me thence to *Oxford*, to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the Chin until I could swim without Bladders. This Patrimony of liberal Education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable Treasure; nor do I feel it any Burden or Incumbrance unto me at all: And what Danger soever, my Person, or other things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by Shipwreck, or Pirates at Sea, nor by Robbers, or Fire, or any other Casualty on shore: and at my Return to *England*, I hope at least-wise I shall do my endeavour, that you may find this Patrimony improved somewhat to your Comfort.

The main of my Employment is from that gallant Knight Sir *Robert Mansell*, who, with my Lord of *Pembroke*, and divers others of the prime Lords of the Court, have got the sole Patent of making all sorts of Glass with Pit-coal,
only

only to save those huge Proportions of Wood which were consumed formerly in the Glass Furnaces: And this Business being of that nature, that the Workmen are to be had from *Italy*, and the chief Materials from *Spain*, *France*, and other foreign Countries; there is need of an Agent abroad for this Use; (and better than I have offered their service in this kind) so that I believe I shall have employment in all these Countries before I return.

Had I continued still Steward of the Glass-house in *Broad-street*, where Captain *Francis Bacon* hath succeeded me, I should in a short time have melted away to nothing amongst those hot *Venetians*, finding my self too green for such a Charge; therefore it hath pleased God to dispose of me now to a condition more suitable to my Years, and that will, I hope, prove more advantageous to my future Fortunes.

In this my Peregrination, if I happen, by some accident, to be disappointed of that allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my address to you, for I have no other Rendez-vous to flee unto; but it shall not be, unless in case of great indigence.

Touching the News of the Time: Sir *George Villiers*, the new Favourite, tapers up apace, and grows strong at Court: His Predecessor the Earl of *Somerset* hath got a Lease of 90 years for his Life, and so hath his *Articulate* Lady, called so, for artieling against the frigidity and impotence of her former Lord. She was afraid that *Coke* the Lord Chief Justice (who had used such extraordinary art and industry in discovering all the circumstances of the poisoning of *Overbury*) would have made white *Broth* of them, but that the *Prerogative* kept them from the *Pot*: yet the subservient Instruments, the lesser Flies could not break thorow, but lay entangled in the Cobweb; amongst others *Mistress Turner*, the first inventress of *yellow Starch*, was executed in a Cobweb Lawn Ruff of that colour at *Tyburn*; and with her I believe that *yellow Starch*, which so much disfigured our Nation, and rendered them so ridiculous

lous and fantastic, will receive its Funeral. Sir *Gervas Elways*, Lieut. of the *Tower*, was made a notable Example of Justice and Terror to all Officers of Trust: for being accessory, and that in a passive way only, to the murder, yet he was hang'd on *Tower-hill*: and the *Caveat* is very remarkable which he gave upon the Gallows, That People should be very cautious how they make Vows to Heaven, for the breach of them seldom passes without a Judgment, whereof he was a most ruthless Example; for being in the Low Countries, and much given to Gaming, he once made a solemn Vow, (which he brake afterwards) that if he played above such a Sum, *he might be hanged*. My Lord (*William*) of *Pembroke* did a most noble Act, like himself; for the King having given him all Sir *Gervas Elways's* Estate, which came to above a thousand pound *per An.*, he freely bestowed it on the Widow and her Children.

The latter end of this Week I am to go a Ship-board, and first for the Low Countries. I humbly pray your Blessing may accompany me in these my Travels by Land and Sea, with a continuance of your Prayers, which will be as so many good Gales to blow me to safe Port; for I have been taught, *That the Parents' Benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of Prophetic Virtue to make the Child prosperous*. In this opinion I shall ever rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

Broad Street, London, 1 March 1618.

III.

*To Dr. Francis Mansell, since Principal of Jesus College
in Oxford.*

SIR,

BEING to take leave of *England*, and to launch out into the World abroad, to breathe foreign Air a while, I thought it very handsome, and an Act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured Mother *Oxford*: Otherwise both of you might have just grounds

grounds to exhibit a Bill of Complaint, or rather a Protest against me, and cry me up; *You* for a forgetful Friend; *She* for an ungrateful Son, if not some spurious Issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together: *You* with the best of my most candid affections; *Her* with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the Milk she pleased to give me in that Exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap: yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of Life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study *Men* as well as *Books*. The small time I supervis'd the Glass-house, I got among those *Venetians* some smatterings of the *Italian* Tongue, which besides the little I have, you know, of *School-language*, is all the Preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to *Gravesend*, and so embark for *Holland*. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years any where, *Rome* and *St. Omers* excepted. I pray let me retain some room, tho' never so little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation; and let our Souls meet sometimes by intercourse of Letters: I promise you that yours shall receive the best entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your Friendship at a very high rate. So with appreciation of as much happiness to you at home, as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever—Your friend to serve you,

J. H.

London, 20 March 1618.

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at St. Osith.

SIR,

I COULD not shake hands with *England*, without kissing your hands also; and because, in regard of your distance now from *London*, I cannot do it in person, I send this Paper for my Deputy.

The

The news that keeps greatest noise here now, is the return of Sir *Walter Raleigh* from his Mine of Gold in *Guiana*, the South parts of *America*, which at first was like to be such a hopeful boon Voyage, but it seems that that Golden Mine is proved a mere *Chimera*, an imaginary airy Mine; and indeed his Majesty had never any other conceit of it: But what will not one in Captivity (as Sir *Walter* was) promise, to regain his Freedom? who would not promise, not only Mines, but Mountains of Gold, for Liberty? and 'tis pity such a knowing well-weigh'd Knight had not had a better Fortune; for the *Destiny* (I mean that brave Ship which he built himself of that name, that carry'd him thither) is like to prove a *Fatal* Destiny to him, and to some of the rest of those gallant Adventurers which contributed for the setting forth of thirteen Ships more, who were most of them his Kinsmen and younger Brothers, being led into the said Expedition by a general conceit the World had of the Wisdom of Sir *Walter Raleigh*; and many of these are like to make *Shipwrack* of their Estates by this Voyage. Sir *Walter* landed at *Plymouth*, whence he thought to make an escape; and some say he hath tampered with his Body by Physick, to make him look sickly, that he may be the more pitied, and permitted to lie in his own House. Count *Gondamar* the *Spanish* Ambassador speaks high language; and sending lately to desire Audience of his Majesty, he said he had but one word to tell him: his Majesty wondring what might be delivered in one word, when he came before him, he said only, *Pirates, Pirates, Pirates*, and so departed.

'Tis true that he protested against this Voyage before, and that it could not be but for some predatory design: And that if it be as I hear, I fear it will go very ill with Sir *Walter*, and that *Gondamar* will never give him over, till he hath his head off his shoulders; which may quickly be done, without any new Arraignment, by virtue of the old Sentence that lies still dormant against him, which he could never get off by Pardon, notwithstanding that he
mainly

mainly laboured in it before he went: but his Majesty could never be brought to it, for he said he would keep this as a Curb to hold him within the bounds of his Commission, and the good behaviour.

Gondamar cries out, that he hath broke the sacred Peace 'twixt the two Kingdoms; That he hath fired and plundered *Santo Thoma*, a Colony the *Spaniards* had planted with so much blood, near under the *Line*, which made it prove such hot service unto him, and where, besides others, he lost his eldest Son in the Action: And could they have preserv'd the Magazine of *Tobacco* only, besides other things in that Town, something might have been had to countervail the charge of the Voyage. *Gondamar* alledged farther, That the enterprize of the Mine failing, he propounded to the rest of his Fleet to go and intercept some of the Plate Galeons, with other Designs which would have drawn after them apparent Acts of Hostility; and so demands Justice: besides other Disasters which fell out upon the dashing of the first design, Captain *Remish*, who was the main instrument for discovery of the mine, pistoled himself in a desperate mood of discontent in his Cabin, in the *Convertine*.

This Return of Sir *Walter Raleigh* from *Guiana*, puts me in mind of a facetious tale I read lately in *Italian* (for I have a little of that language already) how *Alphonso* King of *Naples* sent a *Moor*, who had been his Captive a long time, to *Barbary*, with a considerable sum of money to buy Horses, and return by such a time. Now there was about the King a kind of *Buffoon* or Jester, who had a Table-book or Journal, wherein he was used to register any absurdity, or impertinence, or merry passage that happened upon the Court. That day the *Moor* was dispatched for *Barbary*, the said Jester waiting upon the King at Supper, the King call'd for his Journal, and ask'd what he had observ'd that day; thereupon he produc'd his Table-book, and among other things, he read how *Alphonso* King of *Naples* had sent *Beltram* the *Moor*, who had been a long time his
Prisoner

Prisoner, to *Morocco* (his own Country) with so many thousand Crowns, to buy Horses. The King asked him why he inserted that; Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a Prisoner again, and so you have lost both Man and Money. But if he do come, then your Jest is marr'd, quoth the King: No, Sir; *for if he return I will blot out your Name, and put him in for a Fool.*

The Application is easy and obvious: But the World wonders extremely, that so great a wise Man as Sir *Walter Raleigh* would return to cast himself upon so inevitable a Rock, as I fear he will; and much more, that such choice Men, and so great a power of Ships, should all come home and do nothing.

The Letter you sent to my Father, I convey'd safely the last week to *Wales*. I am this week, by God's help, for the *Netherlands*, and then I think for *France*. If in this my foreign employment I may be any way serviceable unto you, you know what power you have to dispose of me, for I honour you in a very high degree, and will live and die—
Your humble and ready Servant,

J. H.

London, 28 March 1618.

V.

*To my Brother, after Dr. Howel, and now Bishop of Bristol;
from Amsterdam.*

BROTHER,

I AM newly landed at *Amsterdam*, and it is the first foreign Earth I have ever set foot upon. I was pitifully sick all the Voyage, for the Weather was rough, and the Wind untowards; and at the mouth of the *Texel* we were surpriz'd by a furious Tempest, so that the Ship was like to split upon some of those old stumps of trees wherewith that River is full; for in Ages past, as the Skipper told me, there grew a fair Forest in that Channel where the *Texel* makes now her Bed. Having been so rock'd and shaken at Sea, when I came a-shore, I began to
incline

incline to *Copernicus* his Opinion, which hath got such a sway lately in the World, *viz.* That the Earth, as well as the rest of her Fellow-Elements, is in perpetual Motion, for she seemed so to me a good while after I had landed. He that observes the Site and Position of this Country, will never hereafter doubt the Truth of that *Philosophical Problem* which keeps so great a noise in the Schools, *viz.* That the Sea is higher than the Earth, because, as I sailed along these Coasts, I visibly found it true; for the Ground here, which is all 'twixt Marsh and Moorish, lies not only level but to the apparent Sight of the Eye far lower than the Sea; which made the Duke of *Alva* say, That the Inhabitants of this Country were the nearest Neighbours to Hell (the greatest Abyss) of any People upon Earth, because they dwell lowest: Most of that ground they tread, is plucked, as it were, out of the very Jaws of *Neptune*, who is afterwards penn'd out by high Dikes, which are preserved with incredible Charge; insomuch that the chief *Dike-Grave* here, is one of the greatest Officers of Trust in all the Province, it being in his power to turn the whole Country into a Salt-lough when he list, and so to put *Hans* to swim for his Life; which makes it to be one of the chiefest Parts of his Litany, *From the Sea, the Spaniard, and the Devil, the Lord deliver me.* I need not tell you who preserves him from the last, but, from the *Spaniards*, his best Friend is the Sea itself, notwithstanding that he fears him as an Enemy another way: for the *Sea* stretching himself here into divers Arms, and meeting with some of those fresh Rivers that descend from *Germany* to disgorge themselves into him through these Provinces, most of their Towns are thereby encompassed with Water, which by Sluices they can contract or dilate as they list. This makes their Towns inaccessible, and out of the reach of Cannon; so that *Water* may be said to be one of their best Fences; otherwise I believe they had not been able to have borne up so long against the gigantic Power of *Spain*.

This City of *Amsterdam*, though she be a great Staple of
News

News, yet I can impart none unto you at this time, I will defer that till I come to the *Hague*.

I am lodged here at one Mons. *de la Cluze*, not far from the Exchange, to make an introduction into the *French*: because I believe I shall steer my course hence next to the Country where that Language is spoken; but I think I shall sojourn here about two Months longer, therefore I pray direct your Letters accordingly, or any other you have for me. *One of the prime Comforts of a Traveller, is to receive Letters from his Friends; they beget new Spirits in him, and present joyful Objects to his Fancy, when his Mind is clouded sometimes with Fogs of Melancholy:* therefore I pray make me as happy as often as your Conveniency will serve with yours: you may send or deliver them to Captain *Bacon* at the Glass-House, who will see them safely sent.

So, my dear Brother, I pray God bless us both, and send us after this large Distance, a joyful Meeting.—Your loving Brother,

J. H.

Amsterdam, 1 April 1617.

VI.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from Amsterdam.

MY DEAR DAN,

I HAVE made your Friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my Life, that Happiness itself would be but a kind of Infelicity without it: It is as needful to me, as Fire and Water, as the very Air I take in, and breathe out; it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*: Therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion, that I desire to return unto you, by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first Ligue of Love, you know, was contracted among the Muses in *Oxford*; for no sooner was I *matriculated* to her, but I was *adopted* to you; I became her *Son*, and your *Friend*, at one time: You know I follow'd you then to *London*, where our Love receiv'd *confirmation* in the *Temple*, and elsewhere. We are now far

far asunder, for no less than a Sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the *German Ocean*: *Distance sometimes endears Friendship, and Absence sweetneth it; it much enhanceth the value of it, and makes it more precious.* Let this be verify'd in us; let that Love which formerly us'd to be nourish'd by personal communication and the Lips, be now fed by Letters; let the Pen supply the office of the Tongue: Letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of Art like Embraces to mingle Souls, and make them meet, tho' millions of Paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of Spirits. Therefore among your civil Speculations, I pray let your Thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self) and wrap those Thoughts in Paper, and so send them me over; I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best Affections.

Commend me to *Tom Bowyer*, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no Niggard in distributing my Love plentifully among our Friends at the Inns of Court: Let *Jack Toldervy* have my kind Commends, with this *Caveat*, *That the Pot which goes often to the Water, comes home crack'd at last*: therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the *Fleece* in *Cornhill* his Thorow-fare too often. So may my dear *Daniel* live happy and love his J. H.

Amsterdam, 10 April 1619.

VII.

To my Father, from Amsterdam.

SIR,

I AM lately arriv'd in *Holland* in a good plight of Health, and continue yet in this Town of *Amsterdam*, a Town I believe, that there are few her Fellows, being from a mean Fishing-Dorp, come in a short revolution of time, by a monstrous increase of Commerce and Navigation, to be one of the greatest Marts of *Europe*: 'Tis admirable to see what various sorts of Buildings, and new Fabricks are now here erecting

erecting everywhere; not in Houses only, but in whole Streets and Suburbs; so that 'tis thought she will in a short time double her proportion in bigness.

I am lodg'd in a *Frenchman's* House, who is one of the Deacons of our *English Brownists* Church here; 'tis not far from the *Synagogue* of *Jews*, who have free and open exercise of their Religion here: I believe in this Street where I lodge, there be well near as many Religions as there be Houses; for one Neighbour knows not, nor cares not much what Religion the other is of, so that the number of Conventicles exceed the number of Churches here. And let this country call itself as long as it will, the *United Provinces* one way, I am persuaded in this point, there's no Place so *Disunited*.

The Dog and Rag-Market is hard by, where every Sunday Morning there is a kind of publick Mart for those Commodities, notwithstanding their precise observance of the Sabbath.

Upon Saturday last I happen'd to be in a Gentleman's Company, who shew'd me as I walk'd along in the Streets, a long-bearded old *Jew* of the Tribe of *Aaron*: when the other *Jews* met him, they fell down, and kiss'd his Foot: This was that Rabbi, with whom our Countryman *Broughton* had such a Dispute.

This City, notwithstanding her huge Trade, is far inferior to *London* for populousness; and this I infer out of their weekly Bills of Mortality, which come not at most but to fifty or thereabout; whereas in *London*, the ordinary number is betwixt two or three hundred, one Week with another: Nor are there such wealthy Men in this Town as in *London*; for by reason of the generality of Commerce, the Banks, Adventures, the common Shares and Stocks which most have in the *Indian* and other Companies, the Wealth doth diffuse itself here in a strange kind of Equality, not one of the Burghers being exceeding rich, or exceeding poor: Insomuch, that I believe our four and twenty Aldermen may buy a hundred of the richest Men in *Amsterdam*.

It

It is a rare thing to meet with a Beggar here, as rare as to see a Horse, they say, upon the Streets of *Venice*; and this is held to be one of their best pieces of Government: for besides the strictness of their Laws against Mendicants, they have Hospitals of all sorts for young and old, both for the relief of the one, and the employment of the other; so that there is no Object here to exercise any Act of Charity upon. They are here very neat, tho' not so magnificent in their Buildings, especially in their Frontispieces and first Rooms; and for Cleanliness, they may serve for a Pattern to all People. They will presently dress half a dozen Dishes of Meat, without any noise or shew at all: for if one goes to the Kitchen, there will be scarce appearance of anything but a few cover'd Pots upon a Turf Fire, which is their prime Fuel; after Dinner they fall a scouring of those Pots, so that the outside will be as bright as the inside, and the Kitchen suddenly so clean, as if no Meat had been dress'd there a Month before. They have neither Well or Fountain, or any Spring of fresh Water, in or about all this City, but their fresh Water is brought to them by Boats; besides, they have Cisterns to receive the Rain-water, which they much use: so that my Landress bringing my Linen to me one day, and I commending the whiteness of them, she answer'd, That they must needs be white and fair, for they were washed in *Aqua Cælestis*, meaning Sky-water.

'Twere cheap living here, were it not for the monstrous Excises which are impos'd upon all sorts of Commodities, both for Belly and Back; for the Retailer pays the *States* almost the one Moiety as much as he paid for the Commodity at first: nor doth any murmur at it, because it goes not to any Favourite or private Purse, but to preserve them from the *Spaniard*, their common Enemy, as they term him; so that the Saying is truly verify'd here, *Defend me, and spend me*. With this Excise principally, they maintain all their Armies by Sea and Land, with their Garisons at home and abroad, both here and in the *Indies*; and defray all other publick Charges besides.

I shall hence shortly for *France*, and in my way take most of the prime Towns of *Holland* and *Zealand*, especially *Leyden* (the University) where I shall sojourn some days. So humbly craving a continuance of your Blessing and Prayers, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

1 May 1619.

VIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard, at *Jesus College* in Oxford;
from *Leyden*.

SIR,

IT is the Royal Prerogative of Love, not to be confin'd to that small local compass which circumscribes the Body, but to make his Sallies and Progresses abroad, to find out and enjoy his desir'd Object, under what Region soever: Nor is it the vast Gulph of *Neptune*, or any distance of Place, or difference of Clime, can bar him of this Privilege. I never found the Experiment hereof so sensibly, nor felt the Comfort of it so much, as since I shook hands with *England*: For tho' you be in *Oxford*, and I at *Leyden*; albeit you be upon an Island, and I now upon the Continent, (tho' the lowest part of *Europe*) yet those swift Postilions, my *Thoughts*, find you out daily, and bring you unto me: I behold you often in my Chamber, and in my Bed; you eat, you drink, you sit down, and walk with me; and my Fantasy enjoys you often in my Sleep, when all my Senses are lock'd up, and my Soul wanders up and down the World, sometimes thro' pleasant Fields and Gardens, sometimes thro' odd uncouth Places, over Mountains and broken confus'd Buildings. As my love to you doth thus exercise his power, so I desire yours to me may not be idle, but rous'd up sometimes to find me out, and summon me to attend you in *Jesus College*.

I am now here in *Leyden*, the only Academy besides *Franeker* of all the *United Provinces*: Here are Nations of all sorts, but the *Germans* swarm more than any. To compare

pare their *University* to yours, were to cast *New-Inn* in counterscale with *Christ-Church* College, or the Alms-houses on *Tower-hill* to *Sutton's* Hospital. Here are no Colleges at all, God-wot, (but one for the *Dutch*) nor scarce the face of an *University*, only there are general Schools where the *Sciences* are read by several Professors, but all the Students are *Oppidanæ*: A small Time and less Learning will suffice to make one a *Graduate*; nor are those Formalities of Habits, and other Decencies here, as with you, much less those Exhibitions and Supports for Scholars, with other Encouragements; insomuch, that the *Oxonians* and *Cantabrigians*——*Bona si sua norint*, were they sensible of their own Felicity, are the happiest *Academians* on Earth: yet *Apollo* hath a strong influence here; and as *Cicero* said of them of *Athens*, *Athenis pingue cælum, tenuia ingenia*, The Athenians had a thick Air, and thin Wits; so I may say of these *Lugdunensians*, *They have a gross Air, but thin subtle Wits*, (some of them) witness also *Heinsius*, *Grotius*, *Arminius*, and *Baudius*. Of the two last I was told a Tale, that *Arminius* meeting *Baudius* one Day disguis'd with Drink (wherewith he would be often) he told him, *Tu Baudi dedecoras nostram Academiam; & tu Armini nostram Religionem*: Thou *Baudius* disgracest our University, and thou *Arminius* our Religion. The Heaven here has always some Cloud in his Countenance, and from this grossness and spissitude of Air proceeds the slow nature of the Inhabitants; yet this slowness is recompens'd with another Benefit, it makes them patient and constant, as in all other Actions, so in their Studies and Speculations, tho' they use

——*Crassos transire Dies, lucemque palustrem.*

I pray impart my Love liberally amongst my Friends in *Oxford*, and when you can make Truce with your more serious Meditations, bestow a Thought drawn into a few Lines upon—Yours,

J. H.

Leyden, 3 May 1619.

IX.

To Mr. Richard Altham, at his Chamber in Grays-Inn.

DEAR SIR,

THO' you be now a good way out of my Reach, yet you are not out of my Remembrance; you are still within the Horizon of my Love. Now the Horizon of Love is large and spacious, it is as boundless as that of the Imagination; and where the Imagination rangeth, the Memory is still busy to usher in, and present the desired Object it fixes upon: It is Love that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the highest Sphere whence they receive their motion. Thus you appear to me often in these foreign Travels; and that you may believe me the better, I send you these Lines as my Ambassadors (and Ambassadors must not lye) to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like *Plowden*: I heard it often said, that there's no Study requires Patience and Constancy more than the Common Law; for it is a good while before one comes to any known Perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful Practice. This (I think) made *Jack Chaundler* throw away his *Littleton*, like him that, when he could not catch the Hare, said, *A pox upon her, she is but dry tough Meat; let her go*: It is not so with you, for I know you are of that disposition, that when you mind a thing, nothing can frighten you in making constant pursuit after it, till you have obtain'd it: For if the *Mathematics*, with their crabbedness and intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded thro' the very midst of them, and arriv'd to so excellent a Perfection; I believe it is not in the power of *Plowden* to dastardize or cow your Spirits, until you have overcome him, at leastwise have so much of him as will serve your turn. I know you were always a quick and pressing Disputant in *Logic* and *Philosophy*; which makes me think your Genius is fit for *Law*, (as the *Baron* your excellent Father was) for a good *Logician* makes always a

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good *Lawyer*: And hereby one may give a strong conjecture of the aptness or inaptitude of one's capacity to that Study and Profession; and you know as well as I, that *Logicians*, who went under the name of *Sophisters*, were the first *Lawyers* that ever were.

I shall be upon uncertain removes hence, until I come to *Rouen* in *France*, and there I mean to cast Anchor a good while; I shall expect your Letters there with impatience. I pray present my Service to Sir *James Altham*, and to my good Lady your Mother, with the rest to whom it is due in *Bishopsgate-street*, and elsewhere: So I am—
Yours in the best degree of friendship, J. H.

Hague, 30 May 1619.

X.

To Sir James Crofts, from the Hague.

SIR,

THE same observance that a Father may challenge of his Child, the like you may claim of me, in regard of the extraordinary care you have been pleas'd to have always, since I had the happiness to know you, of the course of my Fortunes.

I am now newly come to the *Hague*, the Court of the six (and almost seven) *Confederated* Provinces; the Council of State, with the Prince of *Orange*, makes his firm Residence here, unless he be upon a March, and in motion for some design abroad. This Prince (*Maurice*) was cast in a Mould suitable to the temper of this People: He is slow and full of wariness, and not without a mixture of Fear; I do not mean a pusillanimous but politic Fear: he is the most constant in the quotidian course and carriage of his Life, of any that I have ever heard or read of; for whosoever knows the customs of the Prince of *Orange*, may tell what he is doing here every hour of the day, tho' he be in *Constantinople*. In the Morning he awakes about six in Summer, and seven in Winter; the first thing he does, he sends one of his Grooms or Pages to see how the Wind sits,

sits, and he wears or leaves off his Wastecoat accordingly; then he is about an hour dressing himself, and about a quarter of an hour in his Closet: Then comes in the Secretary, and if he hath any private or public Letters to write, or any other Dispatches to make, he does it before he stirs from his Chamber; then comes he abroad, and goes to his Stables, if it be no Sermon-day, to see some of his Gentlemen or Pages (of whose Breeding he is very careful) ride the great Horse: He is very accessible to any that hath Business with him, and sheweth a winning kind of Familiarity, for he will shake Hands with the meanest Boor of the Country, and he seldom hears any Commander or Gentleman with his Hat on: He dines punctually about twelve, and his Table is free for all Comers, but none under the degree of a Captain uses to sit down at it: After Dinner he stays in the Room a good while, and then any one may accost him, and tell his Tale; then he retires to his Chamber, where he answers all *Petitions* that were deliver'd him in the Morning; and towards the Evening, if he goes not to Council, which is seldom, he goes either to make some Visits, or to take the Air abroad. And according to this constant Method he passes his Life.

There are great stirs like to arise 'twixt the *Bohemians* and the elected King the Emperor; and they are come already to that height, that they consult of deposing him, and to chuse some Protestant Prince to be their King. Some talk of the Duke of *Saxony*, others of the *Palsgrave*; I believe the States here would rather be for the latter, in regard of conformity of Religion, the other being a *Lutheran*.

I could not find in *Amsterdam* a large *Ortelius* in *French* to send you; but from *Antwerp* I will not fail to serve you.

So wishing you all happiness and health, and that the Sun may make many progresses thro' the *Zodiac*, before those comely gray Hairs of yours go to the Grave, I rest—
Your very humble Servant,

J. H.

3 June 1619.

XI.

To Captain Francis Bacon, at the Glass-House in
Broad-street.

SIR,

MY last to you was from *Amsterdam*, since which time I have travers'd the prime parts of the *United Provinces*; and I am now in *Zealand*, being newly come to this Town of *Middleborough*, which is much crestfallen since the Staple of *English Cloth* was remov'd hence, as is *Flishing* also, her next Neighbour, since the departure of the *English Garison*. A good intelligent Gentleman told me the manner how *Flishing* and the *Brill*, our two cautionary Towns here, were redeemed, which were thus: The nine hundred and odd Soldiers at *Flishing*, and the *Ram-makins* hard by, being many Weeks without their Pay, they borrow'd divers Sums of Money of the States of this Town, who finding no Hopes of Supplies from *England*, Advice was sent to the *States-General* at the *Hague*; they consulting with Sir *Ralph Winwood*, our Ambassador (who was a favourable Instrument to them in this Business, as also in the Match with the *Palsgrave*) sent Instructions to the Lord *Caroon*, to acquaint the Earl of *Suffolk* (then Lord Treasurer) herewith; and in case they could find no Satisfaction there, to make his Address to the King himself, which *Caroon* did. His Majesty being much incens'd that his Subjects and Soldiers should starve for want of their Pay in a foreign Country, sent for the Lord Treasurer, who drawing his Majesty aside, and telling how empty his *Exchequer* was, his Majesty told the Ambassador, that if his Masters the *States* would pay the Money they ow'd him upon those Towns, he would deliver them up. The Ambassador returning the next day, to know whether his Majesty persisted in the same Resolution, in regard that at his former Audience he perceiv'd him to be a little transported; his Majesty answer'd, that he knew the *States of Holland* to be his good Friends and Confederates, both
in

in point of Religion and Policy ; therefore he apprehended not the least fear of any difference that should fall out between them, in contemplation whereof, if they desired to have their Towns again, he would willingly surrender them. Hereupon the *States* made up the Sum presently, which came in convenient time, for it serv'd to defray the expenceful Progress he made to *Scotland* the Summer following. When that Money was lent by Queen *Elizabeth*, it was articled, that Interest should be paid upon Interest ; and besides, that for every Gentleman who should lose his Life in the *States* Service, they should make good five Pounds to the Crown of *England*: All this his Majesty remitted, and only took the Principal ; and this was done in requital of that Princely Entertainment, and great Presents, which my Lady *Elizabeth* had receiv'd in divers of their Towns as she pass'd to *Heidelberg*.

The Bearer hereof is Sig. *Antonio Miotti*, who was Master of a Crystal-Glass Furnace here a long time ; and as I have it by good Intelligence, he is one of the ablest and most knowing Men for the guidance of a Glass-Work in Christendom : therefore, according to my Instructions, I send him over, and hope to have done Sir *Robert* good Service thereby. So with my kind Respects unto you, and my most humble Service where you know it is due, I rest—
Your affectionate Servant, J. H.

6 June 1619.

XII.

To Sir James Crofts, from Antwerp.

SIR,

I PRESUME that my last to you from the *Hague* came safe to hand : I am now come to a more chearful Country, and amongst a People somewhat more vigorous and metal'd, being not so heavy as the *Hollander*, or homely as they of *Zealand*. This goodly ancient City methinks looks like a disconsolate Widow, or rather some superannuated Virgin, that hath lost her Lover, being almost quite

quite bereft of that flourishing Commerce wherewith before the falling off the rest of the Provinces from *Spain* she abounded, to the envy of all other Cities and Marts of *Europe*. There are few Places this side the *Alps* better built and so well streeted as this; and none at all so well girt with Bastions and Ramparts, which in some places are so spacious, that they usually take the Air in Coaches upon the very Walls, which are beautified with divers rows of Trees and pleasant Walks. The Citadel here, tho' it be an addition to the stateliness and strength of the Town, yet it serves as a shrewd Curb unto her; which makes her chomp upon the Bit, and foam sometimes with anger, but she cannot help it. The Tumults in *Bohemia* now grow hotter and hotter; they write how the great Council at *Prague* fell to such a hurliburly, that some of those Senators who adher'd to the Emperor were thrown out at the Windows, where some were maim'd, some broke their Necks. I am shortly to bid farewell to the *Netherlands*, and to bend my course for *France*, where I shall be most ready to entertain any Commands of yours. So may all Health and Happiness attend you, according to the Wishes of—
Your obliged Servant, J. H.

5 July 1619.

XIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard, at Oxford, from Rouen.

I HAVE now taken firm footing in *France*, and tho' *France* be one of the chiefest Climates of Compliment, yet I can use none towards you, but tell you in plain downright Language, That in the List of those Friends I left behind me in *England*, you are one of the prime Rank, one whose Name I have mark'd with the whitest Stone: If you have gain'd such a place amongst the choicest Friends of mine, I hope you will put me somewhere amongst yours, tho' I but fetch up the rear, being contented to be the *infirmæ species*, the lowest in the Predicament of your Friends.

I shall sojourn a good while in this City of *Rouen*; therefore I pray make me happy with the comfort of your Letters, which I shall expect with a longing impatience: I pray send me ample advertisement of your welfare, and of the rest of your Friends, as well upon the Banks of *Isis* as amongst the *British* Mountains. I am but a Fresh-man yet in *France*, therefore I can send you no News but that all is here quiet, and 'Tis *no ordinary News that the French should be quiet*: But some think this Calm will not last long; for the Queen-Mother (late *Regent*) is discontented, being restrain'd from coming to the Court, or to the City of *Paris*; and the tragical death of her Favourite (and Foster-Brother), the late Marquis of *Ancre*, lieth yet in her Stomach undigested: She hath the Duke of *Espernon*, and divers other potent Princes, that would be strongly at her devotion (as 'tis thought) if she would stir. I pray present my Service to Sir *Eubule Theloal*, and send me word with what pace *Jesus-College* new Walls go up. I will borrow my Conclusion to you at this time of my Countryman *Owen*:

*Uno non possum quantum te diligo versu
Dicere, si satis est Distichon, ecce duos.*

*I cannot in One Verse my Love declare;
If Two will serve the turn, lo here they are.*

Whereunto I will add this Sirname *Anagram*—Yours
whole,

J. HOWEL.

6 Aug. 1619.

XIV.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from Rouen.

MY dear *Dan*, when I came first to this Town, amongst other Objects of Contentment which I found here, whereof there are variety, a *Letter* of yours was brought to me, and 'twas a *She-Letter*, for two more were enwomb'd in her Body: she had an easy and quick deliverance of that Twin; but, besides them, she was big and pregnant of divers sweet Pledges, and lively Evidences of your own Love
towards

towards me, whereof I am as fond as any Mother can be of her Child. I shall endeavour to cherish and foster this dear Love of yours with all the tenderness that can be, and warm it at the fuel of my best Affections, to make it grow every day stronger and stronger, until it comes to the state of Perfection; because I know it is a true and real, it is no spurious or adulterated Love. If I intend to be so indulgent and careful of yours, I hope you will not suffer mine to starve with you; my Love to you need not much tending, for it is a lusty strong Love, and will not easily miscarry.

I pray, when you write next, to send me a dozen pair of the best white Kid-skin Gloves the *Royal-Exchange* can afford; as also two pair of the purest white worsted Stockings you can get of Women's size, together with half a dozen of pair of Knives. I pray send your Man with them to *Vacandary*, the *French Post* upon *Tower-hill*, who will bring them me safely. When I go to *Paris*, I shall send you some curiosities equivalent to these. I have here inclos'd return'd an answer to those two that came in yours; I pray see them safely deliver'd. My kind Respects to your Brother *Sergeant* at Court, to all at *Battersay* or anywhere else, where you think my Commendations may be placed.

No more at this time, but that I recommend you to the never-failing Providence of God, desiring you to go on in nourishing still between us that Love, which, for my part,

*No Traverses of Chance, of Time, or Fate,
Shall e'er extinguish till our Lives last date:
But, as the Vine her lovely Elm doth wire,
Grasp both our Hearts, and flame with fresh desire.*

—Yours,

J. H.

13 Aug. 1619.

XV.

To my Father, from Rouen.

SIR,

YOURS of the third of *August* came safe to hand in an inclos'd from my Brother; you may make easy conjecture how welcome it was unto me, and to what a height
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of comfort it rais'd my Spirits, in regard it was the first I receiv'd from you since I crossed the Seas: I humbly thank you for the Blessing you sent along with it.

I am now upon the fair Continent of *France*, one of Nature's choicest Master-pieces; one of *Ceres'* chiefest Barns for Corn; one of *Bacchus's* prime Wine-Cellars, and of *Nep-tune's* best Salt-pits; a compleat self-sufficient Country, where there is rather a Superfluity than Defect of anything, either for Necessity or Pleasure, did the *Policy of the Country correspond with the Bounty of Nature, in the equal distribution of the Wealth amongst the Inhabitants*; for I think there is not upon the Earth a richer Country, and poorer People. 'Tis true, *England* hath a good repute abroad for her Fertility, yet be our Harvests never so kindly, and our Crops never so plentiful, we have every year commonly some Grain from thence, or from *Dantzick*, and other Places imported by the Merchant: Besides, there be many more Heaths, Common, bleak barren Hills, and waste Grounds in *England*, by many degrees, than I find here; and I am sorry our Country of *Wales* should give more Instances hereof than any other Part.

This Province of *Normandy*, once an *Appendix* of the Crown of *England*, tho' it want *Wine*, yet it yields the King as much Demesnes as any one of the rest; the Lower *Norman* hath *Cyder* for his common Drink; and I visibly observ'd that they are more plump and replete in their Bodies, and of a clearer Complexion, than those that drink altogether *Wine*. In this great City of *Rouen* there be many Monuments of the *English* Nation yet extant. In the outside of the highest Steeple of the great Church, there is the Word *GOD* engrav'd in huge golden Characters, every one almost as long as myself, to make them the more visible. In this Steeple hangs also the greatest Bell of Christendom, called *d'Amboise*, for it weighs near upon forty thousand pound weight. There is also here *St. Oen*, the greatest Sanctuary of the City, founded by one of our Compatriots, as the Name imports: This Province is also subject to *Wardships*,
and

and no other part of *France* besides; but whether the *Conqueror* translated that Law to *England* from hence, or whether he sent it over from *England* hither, I cannot resolve you. There is a marvellous quick Trade driven in this Town, because of the great navigable River, *Sequena* (the *Seine*) that runs hence to *Paris*, whereon there stands a strange Bridge that ebbs and flows, that rises and falls with the River, it being made of Boats, whereon Coach and Carts may pass over as well as Men: Besides, this is the nearest Mercantile City that stands betwixt *Paris* and the Sea.

My last to you was from the *Low Countries*, where I was in motion to and fro above four Months; but I fear it mis-carry'd, in regard you make no mention of it in yours.

I begin more and more to have a sense of the sweetness and advantage of foreign Travel: I pray when you come to *London*, to find a time to visit Sir *Robert*, and acknowledge his great Favours to me, and desire a continuance thereof, according as I shall endeavour to deserve them. So with my due and daily Prayers for your Health, and a speedy successful issue of all your Law-businesses, I humbly crave your Blessing, and rest—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

7 Sept. 1619.

XVI.

To Capt. Francis Bacon, from Paris.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D two of yours in *Rouen*, with the Bills of Exchange there inclos'd; and according to your directions I sent you those things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to *Paris*, this huge Magazine of Men, the Epitome of this large populous Kingdom, and Rendezvous of all Foreigners. The Structures here are indifferently fair, tho' the Streets generally foul all the four Seasons of the year; which I impute first to the Position of the City, being built upon an Isle, (the Isle of *France*, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the River of *Seine*) and having some of her Suburbs seated high,
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the Filth runs down the Channel, and settles in many places within the body of the City, which lies upon a Flat; as also for a world of Coaches, Carts, and Horses of all sorts that go to and fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those Coaches, Carts, and Horses, that can move neither forward nor backward, by reason of some sudden Encounter of others coming a cross-way; so that often-times it will be an hour or two before they can disintangle. In such a stop the Great *Henry* was so fatally slain by *Ravillac*. Hence comes it to pass, that this Town (for *Paris* is a *Town*, a *City*, and an *University*) is always dirty, and 'tis such a Dirt, that by perpetual Motion is beaten into such black unctuous Oil, that where it sticks no Art can wash it off of some Colours; insomuch, that it may be no improper Comparison to say, That an ill Name is like the *Crot* (the *Dirt*) of *Paris*, which is indelible; besides, the Stain this Dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent, that it may be smelt many miles off, if the Wind be in one's Face as he comes from the fresh Air of the Country: this may be one cause why the Plague is always in some corner or other of this vast City, which may be call'd, as once *Scythia* was, *Vagina populorum*, or (as Mankind was call'd by a great Philosopher) a great Mole-hill of Ants: yet I believe this City is not so populous as she seems to be, for her Form being round (as the whole Kingdom is) the Passengers wheel about, and meet oftener than they used to do in the long continued Streets of *London*, which makes *London* appear less populous than she is indeed; so that *London* for length (tho' not for latitude) including *Westminster*, exceeds *Paris*, and hath in *Michaelmas* Term more souls moving within her in all places. 'Tis under one hundred years that *Paris* is become so sumptuous and strong in Buildings; for her Houses were mean, until a Mine of white Stone was discover'd hard by, which runs in a continued Vein of Earth, and is digg'd out with ease, being soft, and is between a white Clay and Chalk at first; but being pulley'd up with the open Air, it receives a crusty kind

kind of hardness, and so becomes perfect Freestone; and before it is sent up from the Pit, they can reduce it to any form: Of this Stone, the *Louvre*, the King's Palace, is built, which is a vast Fabrick, for the Gallery wants not much of an *Italian* Mile in length, and will easily lodge 3000 Men; which, some told me, was the end for which the last King made it so big, that lying at the Fag-end of this great mutinous City, if she perchance should rise, the King might pour out of the *Louvre* so many thousand Men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodg'd here hard by the *Bastile*, because it is furthest off from those Places where the *English* resort; for I would go on to get a little Language as soon as I could. In my next, I shall impart unto you what State-news *France* affords; in the interim, and always, I am—Your humble Servant,

J. H.

Paris, 30 March 1620.

XVII.

To Richard Altham, Esq.; from Paris.

DEAR SIR,

LOVE is the Marrow of Friendship, and Letters are the *Elixir* of Love; they are the best Fuel of Affection, and cast a sweeter *Odour* than any *Frankincense* can do; such an *Odour*, such an *Aromatic* Perfume your late *Letter* brought with it, proceeding from the fragrancy of those dainty Flowers of Eloquence, which I found blossoming as it were in every Line; I mean those sweet Expressions of Love and Wit, which in every Period were intermingled with so much Art, that they seem'd to contend for Mastery which was the strongest. I must confess, that you put me to hard shifts to correspond with you in such exquisite Strains and Raptures of *Love*, which were so lively, that I must needs judge them to proceed from the Motions, from the *Diastole* and *Systole* of a Heart truly affected; certainly your Heart did dictate every Syllable you writ, and guided your Hand all along. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that
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not a dram, nor a dose, nor a scruple of this precious *Love* of yours is lost, but is safely treasur'd up in my Breast, and answer'd in like proportion to the full: mine to you is as cordial, it is passionate and perfect, as *Love* can be.

I thank you for the desire you have to know how it fares with me abroad: I thank God I am perfectly well, and well contented with this wandering course of life a while: I never enjoy'd my health better, but I was like to endanger it two Nights ago; for being in some jovial Company abroad, and coming late to our Lodging, we were suddenly surprized by a Crew of *Filous* of Night-Rogues, who drew upon us; and as we had exchang'd some Blows, it pleas'd God the *Chevalier du Guet*, an Officer who goes up and down the Streets all Night a-Horseback to prevent Disorders, pass'd by, and so rescu'd us; but *Jack White* was hurt, and I had two Thrusts in my Cloak. There's never a Night passes but some Robbing or Murder is committed in this Town; so that it is not safe to go late anywhere, specially about the *Pont-Neuf*, the New-bridge, tho' *Henry* the Great himself lies Centinel there in Arms, upon a huge *Florentine* Horse, and sits bare to every one that passeth; an improper posture methinks to a King on Horseback. Not long since, one of the Secretaries of State, (whereof there are always four) having been invited to the Suburbs of *St. Germain*s to Supper, left order with one of his Lacqueys to bring him his horse about nine; it so happen'd that a Mischance befell the Horse, which lam'd him as he went a-watering to the *Seine*, insomuch that the Secretary was put to beat the Hoof himself, and foot it home; but as he was passing the *Pont-Neuf* with his Lacquey carrying a Torch before him, he might o'erhear a Noise of clashing of Swords, and fighting, and looking under the Torch, and perceiving they were but two, he bad his Lacquey go on; they had not made many Paces, but two armed Men with their Pistols cock'd and Swords drawn, made puffing towards them, whereof one had a Paper in his Hand, which he said he had casually took up in the Streets, and the
Difference

Difference between them was about that Paper; therefore they desir'd the Secretary to read it, with a great deal of compliment: The Secretary took out his Spectacles and fell a reading of the said Paper, whereof the substance was, *That it should be known to all Men, that whosoever did pass over that Bridge after Nine a Clock at Night in Winter, and Ten in Summer, was to leave his Cloak behind him, and in case of no Cloak, his Hat.* The Secretary starting at this, one of the Comrades told him, That he thought that Paper concern'd him; so they unmantled him of a new Plush Cloak, and my Secretary was content to go home quietly, and *en cuerpo*. This makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal Government of our City of *London*, where one may pass and repass securely all hours of the Night, if he gives good words to the Watch. There is a gentle calm of Peace now throughout all *France*, and the King intends to make a Progress to all the Frontier Towns of the Kingdom, to see how they are fortify'd. The Favourite *Luines* strengtheneth himself more and more in his Minionship; but he is much murmured at, in regard the access of Suitors to him is so difficult: which made a Lord of this Land say, That three of the hardest things in the World were, *To quadrate a Circle, to find out the Philosopher's-stone, and to speak with the Duke of Luines.*

I have sent you by *Vacandary* the Post, the *French* Bever and Tweeses you writ for: Bever-hats are grown dearer of late, because the *Jesuits* have got the Monopoly of them from the King.

Farewel, dear Child of Virtue, and Minion of the Muses and continue to love—Yours,

J. H.

Paris, 1 May 1620.

XVIII.

To Sir James Crofts, from Paris.

SIR,

I AM to set forward this Week for *Spain*, and if I can find no Commodity of Imbarkation at *St. Malo's*, I must

must be forc'd to journey it all the way by Land, and clamber up the huge *Pyreney-Hills*; but I could not bid *Paris* adieu, till I had convey'd my true and constant Respects to you by this Letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir *Herbert Crofts* at *St. Germain's*, where I met with a *French Gentleman*, who, amongst other curiosities, which he pleas'd to shew me up and down *Paris*, brought me to that Place where the late King was slain, and to that where the Marquis of *Ancre* was shot; and so made me a punctual Relation of all the Circumstances of those two Acts, which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest Accidents that ever happen'd in *France*, I thought it worth the labour to make you partaker of some part of his Discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a Truce betwixt *Spain* and the *Hollanders*) was in a profound Peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when *Henry IV.* fell upon some great martial Design, the Bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heap'd up in the *Bastile* a Mount of Gold that was as high as a Lance) he levy'd a huge Army of 40,000 Men, whence came the Song, *The King of France with forty thousand Men*; and upon a sudden he put this Army in perfect Equipage, and some say he invited our Prince *Henry* to come to him to be a sharer in his Exploits. But going one Afternoon to the *Bastile*, to see his Treasure and Ammunition, his Coach stopp'd suddenly, by reason of some Colliers' and other Carts that were in that narrow Street; whereupon one *Ravillac*, a Lay-Jesuit, (who had a whole twelvemonth watch'd an Opportunity to do the Act) put his Foot boldly upon one of the Wheels of the Coach, and with a long Knife stretch'd himself over their Shoulders who were in the Boot of the Coach, and reach'd the King at the end, and stabb'd him right in the left side to the Heart, and pulling out the fatal Steel, he doubled his Thrust; the King with a ruthless Voice cry'd out, *Je suis blessé* (I am hurt), and suddenly the Blood issued out at his Mouth. The *Regicide* Villain was apprehended, and
command

Command given that no Violence should be offer'd him, that he might be reserved for the Law, and some exquisite Torture. The Queen grew half distracted hereupon, who had been crown'd Queen of *France* the Day before in great Triumph; but a few days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch her Sorrow: for according to St. *Lewis's* Law, she was made Queen-Regent of *France*, during the King's Minority, who was then but about ten years of Age. Many Consultations were held how to punish *Ravillac*, and there were some *Italian* Physicians that undertook to prescribe a Torment, that should last a constant Torment for three days; but he scap'd only with this, His Body was pull'd between four Horses, that one might hear his Bones crack, and after the Dislocation they were set again; and so he was carry'd in a Cart standing half-naked, with a Torch in that Hand which had committed the Murder: And in the Place where the Act was done, it was cut off, and a Gauntlet of hot Oil was clap'd upon the Stump, to staunch the Blood; whereat he gave a doleful Shriek. Then was he brought upon a Stage, where a new pair of Boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling Oil; then his Body was pincer'd, and hot Oil pour'd into the Holes. In all the extremity of this Torture, he scarce shew'd any sense of Pain; but when the Gauntlet was clap'd upon his Arm to staunch the Flux at that time of reeking Blood, he gave a Shriek only. He bore up against all these Torments about three hours before he died: All the Confession that could be drawn from him, was, *That he thought to have done God good Service, to take away that King which would have embroil'd all Christendom in an endless War.*

A fatal thing it was, that *France* should have three of her Kings come to such violent Deaths, in so short a revolution of time. *Henry II.* running at Tilt with M. *Montgomery*, was kill'd by a Splinter of a Lance that pierc'd his Eye: *Henry III.*, not long after, was kill'd by a young Friar, who, in lieu of a *Letter* which he pretended to have for him,
pull'd

pull'd out of his long Sleeve a Knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the Belly, as he was coming from his *Close-stool*, and so dispatch'd him; but that *Regicide* was hack'd to pieces in the Place by the Nobles. The same Destiny attended the King by *Ravillac*, which is become now a common Name of Reproach and Infamy in *France*.

Never was King so much lamented as this; there are a world not only of his Pictures, but Statues up and down *France*; and there's scarce a Market-Town but hath him erected in the Market-place, or o'er some Gate, not upon Sign-posts, as our *Henry VIII.*; and by a publick Act of Parliament, which was confirm'd in the Consistory at *Rome*, he was entitl'd *Henry the Great*, and so plac'd in the Temple of *Immortality*. A notable Prince he was, and of an admirable Temper of Body and Mind; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both Love and Awe: He would be never transported beyond himself with Choler, but he would pass by anything with some *Repartee*, some witty Strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good Hand. One Day he was charg'd by the Duke of *Bouillon* to have chang'd his Religion: He answer'd, *No, Cousin, I have chang'd no Religion, but an Opinion*: And the Cardinal of *Perron* being by, he enjoin'd him to write a Treatise for his Vindication; the Cardinal was long about the Work, and when the King ask'd from time to time where his *Book* was, he would still answer him, *That he expected some Manuscripts from Rome, before he could finish it*. It happen'd, that one Day the King took the Cardinal along with him to look on his Workmen and New-buildings at the *Louvre*; and passing by one Corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinish'd, the King ask'd the chief *Mason* why that Corner was not all this while perfected? Sir, it is because I want some choice Stones. *No, no*, said the King, looking upon the Cardinal, *It is because thou wantest Manuscripts from Rome*. Another time, the old Duke of *Main*, who was used to play the Droll with him, coming softly into his

Bedchamber, and thrusting in his bald Head, and long Neck, in a Posture to make the King merry, it happen'd the King was coming from doing his Ease; and spying him, he took the round Cover of the *Close-stool*, and clap'd it on his bald Sconce, saying, *Ah, Cousin, you thought once to have taken the Crown off of my Head, and wear it on your own; but this of my Tail shall now serve your Turn.* Another time, when at the Siege of *Amiens*, he having sent for the Count of *Soissons* (who had 100,000 Franks a Year Pension from the Crown) to assist him in those Wars, and that the Count excus'd himself, by reason of his Years and Poverty, having exhausted himself in the former Wars, and all that he could do now was to pray for his Majesty, which he would do heartily: This Answer being brought to the King, he reply'd, *Will my Cousin, the Count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me? Tell him that Prayer without Fasting is not available; therefore I will make my Cousin fast also from his Pension of 100,000 per An.*

He was once troubled with a Fit of the Gout; and the Spanish Ambassador coming then to visit him, and saying he was sorry to see his Majesty so lame; he answer'd, *As lame as I am, if there were Occasion, your Master the King of Spain should no sooner have his Foot in the Stirrup, but he should find me on Horseback.*

By these few you may guess at the *Genius* of this sprightly Prince: I could make many more Instances, but then I should exceed the bounds of a Letter. When I am in *Spain*, you shall hear further from me; and if you can think on anything wherein I may serve you, believe it, Sir, that any Employment from you shall be welcome to—
Your much obliged Servant, J. H.

Paris, 12 May, 1620.

XIX.

To my Brother, Dr. Howell.

BROTHER,
BEING to-morrow to part with *Paris*, and begin my Journey for *Spain*, I thought it not amiss to send you

you this, in regard I know not when I shall have Opportunity to write to you again.

This Kingdom, since the young King hath taken the Sceptre into his own hands, doth flourish very much with Quietness and Commerce; nor is there any Motion, or the least tintamar of Trouble in any part of the Country, which is rare in *France*. 'Tis true, the Queen-Mother is discontented since she left her Regency, being confin'd; and I know not what it may come to in time, for she hath a strong Party; and the murdering of her Marquis of *Ancre* will yet bleed, as some fear.

I was lately in Society of a Gentleman, who was a Spectator of that Tragedy; and he was pleas'd to relate to me the Particulars of it, which was thus: When *Henry IV.* was slain, the Queen-Dowager took the Reins of the Government into her hands during the young King's Minority; and amongst others whom she advanc'd, Signior *Conchino*, a *Florentine*, and her Foster-Brother, was one: Her Countenance came to shine so strongly upon him, that he became her only Confident and Favourite, insomuch that she made him Marquis of *Ancre*, one of the twelve Mareschals of *France*, Governor of *Normandy*; and conferr'd divers other Honours and Offices of Trust upon him; and who but he? The Princes of *France* could not endure the domineering of a Stranger; therefore they leagu'd together to suppress him by Arms: The Queen-Regent having Intelligence hereof, surpriz'd the Prince of *Condè*, and clap'd him up in the *Bastile*; the Duke of *Main* fled hereupon to *Peronne* in *Picardy*, and other great Men put themselves in an armed Posture to stand upon their guard. The young King being told, that the Marquis of *Ancre* was the ground of this Discontentment, commanded M. *de Vitry*, Captain of his Guards, to arrest him, and in case of Resistance to kill him: This Business was carry'd very closely till the next Morning, that the said Marquis was coming to the *Louvre* with a ruffling Train of Gallants after him; and passing over the Drawbridge at the Court-Gate,

Gate, *Vitry* stood there with the King's Guard about him; and as the Marquis enter'd, he told him, that he had a Commission from the King to apprehend him; therefore he demanded his Sword: The Marquis hereupon put his Hand upon his Sword, some thought to yield it up, others to make Opposition; in the meantime *Vitry* discharg'd a Pistol at him, and so dispatch'd him. The King being above in his Gallery, ask'd what Noise that was below. One smilingly answer'd, Nothing, Sir, but that the Mareschal of *Ancre* is slain. Who slew him? The Captain of your Guard. Why? Because he would have drawn his Sword at your Majesty's Royal Commission: Then the King reply'd, *Vitry hath done well, and I will maintain the Act.* Presently the Queen-Mother had all her Guard taken from her, except six Men and sixteen Women, and so she was banish'd *Paris*, and commanded to retire to *Blois*: *Ancre's* Body was bury'd that Night in a Churchyard by the Court; but the next Morning the Lacqueys and Pages (who are more unhappy here than the Apprentices in *London*) broke open his Grave, tore his Coffin to pieces, rip'd the Winding-sheet, and tied his Body to an Ass's Tail, and so dragg'd him up and down the Gutters of *Paris*, which are none of the sweetest; they then slic'd off his Ears, and nail'd them upon the Gates of the City; they cut off his Genitories (and they say he was hung like an Ass) and sent them for a Present to the Duke of *Main*; the rest of his Body they carry'd to the New-bridge, and hung him his Heels upwards and Head downwards upon a new Gibbet, that had been set up a little before, to punish them who should speak ill of the present Government; and it was his Chance to have the Maidenhead of it himself. His Wife was hereupon apprehended, imprison'd, and beheaded for a Witch some few days after, upon a Surmise that she had enchanted the Queen to dote so upon her Husband; and they say the young King's Picture was found in her Closet in Virgin-wax, with one Leg melted away. A little after, a Process was form'd against the Marquis (her Husband) and so he
was

was condemn'd after death. This was a right Act of a French popular Fury, which like an angry Torrent is irresistible; nor can any Banks, Boundaries, or Dikes, stop the impetuous Rage of it. How the young King will prosper after so high and an unexampled Act of Violence, by beginning his Reign, and embruuing the Walls of his own Court with Blood in that manner, there are divers Censures.

When I am settled in *Spain*, you shall hear from me; in the *interim*, I pray let your Prayers accompany me in this long Journey; and when you write to *Wales*, I pray acquaint our Friends with my Welfare. So I pray God bless us both, and send us a happy Interview.—Your loving Brother,

J. H.

Paris, 8 Sept. 1620.

XX.

To my Cousin, W. Vaughan, Esq.; from St. Malo.

COUSIN,

I AM now in *French Britany*. I went back from *Paris* to *Rouen*, and so thro' all *Low Normandy*, to a little Port call'd *Granville*, where I embark'd for this Town of *St. Malo*; but I did purge so violently at Sea, that it put me into a burning Fever for some few days, whereof (I thank God) I am newly recover'd; and finding no Opportunity of shipping here, I must be forc'd to turn my intended Sea-Voyage to a long Land-Journey.

Since I came to this Province, I was curious to converse with some of the Lower Britons, who speak no other Language but our *Welsh*, for their radical Words are no other; but 'tis no wonder, for they were a Colony of *Welsh* at first, as the Name of this Province doth imply; as also the *Latin* Name *Armorica*, which, tho' it pass for *Latin*, yet it is pure *Welsh*, and signifies a Country bordering upon the Sea; as that Arch-Heretick was call'd *Pelagius*, à *Pelago*, his Name being *Morgan*. I was a little curious to peruse
the

the Annals of this Province; and during the time that it was a Kingdom, there were four Kings of the Name *Hoell*, whereof one was call'd *Hoell* the Great.

This Town of *St. Malo* hath one Rarity in it; for there is here a perpetual Garison of *English*, but they are of *English* Dogs, which are let out in the Night to guard the Ships, and eat the Carrens up and down the Streets, and so they are shut up again in the Morning.

It will be now a good while before I shall have Conveniency to send to you, or receive from you; howsoever, let me retain still some little room in your Memory, and sometimes in your Meditations, while I carry you about me perpetually, not only in my Head, but in Heart, and make you travel all along with me thus from Town to Country, from Hill to Dale, from Sea to Land, up and down the World: And you must be contented to be subject to these uncertain Removes and Perambulations, until it shall please God to fix me again in *England*: nor need you, while you are thus my Concomitant thro' new Places every Day, to fear any ill Usage, as long as I fare well.—Yours *χρήσει καὶ κτήσει,*

J. H.

St. Malo, 25 Sept. 1620.

XXI.

To Sir John North, Knight; from Rochel.

SIR,

I AM newly come to *Rochel*, nor am I sorry that I went somewhat out of my way to see this Town, not (to tell you true) out of any extraordinary love I bear to the People; for I do not find them so gentle and debonair to Strangers, nor so hospitable as the rest of *France*; but I excuse them for it, in regard it is commonly so with all Republic and Hans Towns, whereof this smells very rank: nor indeed hath any *Englishman* much cause to love this Town, in regard, in Ages pass'd, she play'd the most treacherous part with *England* of any other Place in *France*.

For

For the Story tells us, That this Town having by a perfidious Stratagem (by forging a Counterfeit Commission from *England*) induc'd the *English* Governor to make a general Muster of all his Forces out of the Town; this being one Day done, they shut their Gates against him, and made him go shake his Ears, and to shift for his Lodging, and so render'd themselves to the *French* King, who sent them a Blank to write their own Conditions. I think they have the strongest Ramparts by Sea of any Place of Christendom; nor have I seen the like in any Town of *Holland*, whose Safety depends upon Water. I am bound To-morrow for *Bourdeaux*, then thro' *Gascogny* to *Tholouse*, so thro' *Languedoc* o'er the Hills to *Spain*: I go in the best Season of the Year, for I make an *Autumnal* Journey of it. I pray let your Prayers accompany me all along; they are the best Offices of Love, and Fruits of Friendship: So God prosper you at home, as me abroad, and send us in good time a joyful Conjunction.—Yours,

J. H.

Rochel, 8 Octob. 1620.

XXII.

To Mr. Tho. Porter, after Capt. Porter; from Barcelona.

MY dear *Tom*, I had no sooner set foot upon this Soil, and breath'd *Spanish* Air, but my Thoughts presently reflected upon you: Of all my Friends in *England*, you were the first I met here; you were the prime Object of my Speculation; methought the very Winds in gentle Whispers did breathe out your Name, and blow it on me; you seem'd to reverberate upon me with the Beams of the Sun, which you know hath such a powerful influence, and indeed too great a Stroke in this Country. And all this you must ascribe to the Operations of *Love*, which hath such a strong virtual Force, that when it fastneth upon a pleasing Subject, its sets the Imagination in a strange Fit of working, it employs all the Faculties of the Soul, so that

not

not one Cell in the Brain is idle; it busieth the whole inward Man, it affects the Heart, amuseth the Understanding; it quickneth the Fancy, and leads the Will as it were by a silken Thread to co-operate with 'em all: I have felt these Motions often in me, especially at this time, that my Memory fix'd upon you. But the reason that I fell first upon you in *Spain* was, that I remember'd I had heard you often discoursing how you have receiv'd part of your Education here, which brought you to speak the Language so exactly well. I think often of the Relations I have heard you make of this Country, and the good Instruction you pleas'd to give me.

I am now in *Barcelona*, but the next Week I intend to go on thro' your Town of *Valencia* to *Alicant*, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me farther, for I make account to winter there. The Duke of *Ossuna* pass'd by here lately, and having got leave of Grace to release some Slaves, he went aboard the *Cape Gallies*, and passing thro' the *Churma* of Slaves, he ask'd divers of them what their Offences were: Every one excus'd himself; one saying, That he was put in out of Malice, another by Bribery of the Judge, but all of them unjustly: Amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black Man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for, Sir, said he, *I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted Money, and so took a Purse hard by Tarragona, to keep me from starving.* The Duke, with a little Staff he had in his hand, gave him two or three blows upon the Shoulders, saying, *You Rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest innocent Men? Get you gone out of their Company:* So he was freed, and the rest remain'd still *in statu quo priùs*, to tug at the Oar.

I pray commend me to Signior *Camillo*, and *Mazalao*, with the rest of the *Venetians* with you; and when you go aboard the Ship behind the *Exchange*, think upon—
Yours,

J. H.

Barcelona, 10 Nov. 1620.

XXIII.

To Sir James Crofts.

SIR,

I AM now a good way within the Body of *Spain*, at *Barcelona*, a proud wealthy City, situated upon the *Mediterranean*, and is the *Metropolis* of the Kingdom of *Catalunia*, call'd of old *Hispania Tarraconensis*. I had much ado to reach hither; for besides the monstrous abruptness of the way, these Parts of the *Pyrenees* that border upon the *Mediterranean* are never without Thieves by Land (called *Bandoleros*) and Pirates on the Sea-side, which lie sculking in the hollows of the Rocks, and often surprise Passengers unawares, and carry them Slaves to *Barbary* on the other side. The safest way to pass, is to take a *Bordon* in the Habit of a Pilgrim, whereof there are abundance that perform their Vows this way to the Lady of *Montserrat*, one of the prime Places of Pilgrimage in Christendom: It is a stupendous Monastery, built on the top of a huge Land-Rock, whither it is impossible to go up, or come down by a direct way, but a Path is cut out full of Windings and Turnings; and on the Crown of this Craggy-hill there is a Flat, upon which the Monastery and Pilgrimage place is founded, where there is a Picture of the Virgin *Mary* Sunburnt, and tann'd, it seems when she went to *Egypt*; and to this Picture, a marvellous confluence of People, from all Parts of *Europe*, resort.

As I pass'd between some of the *Pyreney-Hills*, I perceiv'd the poor *Labradores*, some of the Country People, live no better than brute Animals, in point of Food; for their ordinary Commons is Grass and Water, only they have always within their Houses a Bottle of Vinegar, and another of Oil; and when Dinner or Supper-time comes, they go abroad and gather their Herds, and so cast Vinegar and Oil upon them, and will pass thus two or three Days without Bread or Wine; yet they are strong lusty Men, and will stand stiffly under a Musket.

There

There is a Tradition, that there were divers Mines of Gold in Ages past amongst those Mountains: And the Shepherds that kept Goats then, having made a small Fire of Rosemary-stubs, with other combustible Stuff to warm themselves, this Fire graz'd along, and grew so outrageous, that it consum'd the very Entrails of the Earth, and melted those Mines; which, growing fluid by Liquefaction, ran down into the small Rivulets that were in the Vallies, and so carry'd all into the Sea, that monstrous Gulph which swalloweth all, but seldom disgorgeth anything: and in these Brooks to this Day some small Grains of Gold are found.

The Viceroy of this Country hath taken much pains to clear these Hills of Robbers, and there hath been a notable Havock made of them this Year; for in divers Woods, as I passed, I might spy some Trees laden with dead Carcasses, a better Fruit far than *Diogenes's* Tree bore, whereon a Woman had hang'd herself; which the *Cynic* cry'd out to be the best bearing Tree that ever he saw.

In this Place there lives neither *English* Merchant or Factor; which I wonder at, considering that it is a maritime Town, and one of the greatest in *Spain*, her chiefest Arsenal for Gallies, and the Scale by which she conveys her Monies to *Italy*: But I believe the Reason is, that there is no commodious Port here for Ships of any Burden, but a large Bay. I will enlarge myself no farther at this time, but leave you to the Guard and Guidance of God, whose sweet Hand of Protection hath brought me thro' so many uncouth Places and Difficulties to this City. So, hoping to meet your Letters in *Alicant*, where I shall anchor a good while, I rest—Yours to dispose of, J. H.

Barcelona, 24 Nov. 1620.

XXIV.

To Dr. Fr. Mansel, from Valentia.

SIR,

THO' it be the same glorious Sun that shines upon you in *England* which illuminates also this Part of the Hemisphere;

Hemisphere ; tho' it be the Sun that ripeneth your Pippins, and our Pomgranets; your Hops, and our Vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his Heat in different Degrees of Strength: those Rays that do but warm you in *England*, do half roast us here; those Beams that irradiate only, and gild your Honeysuckle Fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping Soil, and so put too many Wrinkles upon the Face of our common Mother the Earth. O blessed Clime, O happy *England*, where there is such a rare temperature of Heat and Cold, and all the rest of elementary Qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long, without either Shade in Summer, or Fire in Winter.

I am now in *Valentia*, one of the noblest Cities in all *Spain*, situate in a large Vega or Valley, above sixty miles compass: here are the strongest Silks, the sweetest Wines, the excellentest Almonds, the best Oils, and beautiful'st Females of all *Spain*, for the prime Courtesans in *Madrid* and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute Animals make themselves Beds of Rosemary, and other fragrant Flowers hereabouts; and when one is at Sea, if the Wind blow from the Shore, he may smell this Soil before he come in sight of it, many Leagues off, by the strong odoriferous Scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperat'st Clime of all *Spain*; and they commonly call it the second *Italy*, which made the *Moors*, whereof many thousands were disterr'd and banish'd hence to *Barbary*, to think that Paradise was in that part of the Heavens which hung over this City. Some twelve miles off is old *Sagunto*, call'd now *Morviedre*, thro' which I pass'd, and saw many Monuments of *Roman* Antiquities there; amongst others, there is the Temple dedicated to *Venus*, when the Snake came about her Neck, a little before *Hanibal* came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in *England*. So I am—Yours,

J. H.

Valentia, 1 March 1620.

XXV.

To Christopher Jones, Esq., at Gray's-Inn.

I AM now (thanks be to God) come to *Alicant*, the chief Rendezvouz I aim'd at in *Spain*; for I am to send hence a Commodity call'd *Barillia* to Sir *Robert Mansel*, for making of Crystal Glass; and I have treated with Signior *Andriotti*, a *Genoa* Merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000*l.* by Letters of Credit from Master *Richant*; and upon his Credit, I might have taken many thousand Pounds more, he is so well known in the Kingdom of *Valentia*. This *Barillia* is a strange kind of Vegetable, and it grows nowhere upon the Surface of the Earth in that Perfection as here: The *Venetians* have it hence, and it is a Commodity whereby this Maritime Town doth partly subsist; for it is an Ingredient that goes to the making of the best Castile Soap. It grows thus, 'Tis a round thick earthy Shrub that bears Berries like Barberries, betwixt blue and green; it lies close to the Ground, and when it is ripe they dig it up by the Roots, and put it together in Cocks, where they leave it to dry many days like Hay; then they make a Pit of a Fathom deep in the Earth, and with an Instrument like one of our Prongs, they take the Tuffs and put fire to them, and when the Flame comes to the Berries, they melt and dissolve into an *Azure* Liquor, and fall down into the Pit till it be full; then they dam it up, and some days after they open it, and find this *Barillia* Juice turn'd to a blue Stone, so hard, that it is scarce malleable; it is sold at one hundred Crowns a Tun, but I had it for less. There is also a spurious Flower call'd *Gazull*, that grows here, but the Glass that's made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three Months, and most of my Food hath been Grapes and Bread, with other Roots, which have made me so fat, that I think, if you saw me, you would hardly know me, such Nutriture this deep sanguine *Alicant* Grape gives.

I have not received a Syllable from you since I was in *Antwerp*, which transforms me to wonder, and engenders odd thoughts of Jealousy in me, that as my Body grows fatter, your Love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off these Scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a Schism in Friendship, which I hold to be a very holy League, and no less than a Piacle to infringe it; in which Opinion I rest—Your constant Friend, J. H.

Alicant, 27 Mar. 1621.

XXVI.

To Sir John North, Knight.

SIR,

HAVING endur'd the Brunt of a whole Summer in *Spain*, and try'd the Temper of all the other three Seasons of the Year, up and down the Kingdoms of *Catalonia*, *Valentia*, and *Marcia*, with some parts of *Aragon*, I am now to direct my course for *Italy*: I hop'd to have embark'd at *Carthagena*, the best Port upon the *Mediterranean*; for what Ships and Gallies get in thither, are shut up as it were in a Box from the violence and injury of all Weathers; which made *Andrea Doria*, being ask'd by *Philip II.* which were his best Harbours? he answer'd, *June, July*, and *Carthagena*; meaning that any Port is good in those two Months, but *Carthagena* was good any time of the year. There was a most ruthless Accident had happen'd there a little before I came: For whereas five Ships had gone thence laden with Soldiers for *Naples*, amongst whom there was the Flower of the Gentry of the Kingdom of *Mercia*; those Ships had hardly sail'd three Leagues, but they met with sixteen Sail of *Algier* Men of War, who had lay skulking in the Creeks thereabout; and they had the Winds and all things else so favourable, that of those five Ships they took one, sunk another, and burnt a third, and two fled back safe to Harbour. The Report hereof being bruited up and down the Country, the Gentlewomen

women came from the Country to have Tidings, some of their Children, others of their Brothers and Kindred, and went tearing their Hair, and houl'ing up and down the Streets in a most piteous Manner. The Admiral of those five Ships, as I heard afterwards, was sent for to *Madrid*, and hang'd at the Court-Gate, because he did not fight. Had I come time enough to have taken the Opportunity, I might have been made either Food for Haddocks, or turn'd to Cinders, or have been by this time a Slave in the Bannier at *Algier*, or tugging at an Oar; but I hope God hath reserved me for a better Destiny: So I came back to *Alicant*, where I lighted upon a lusty *Dutchman*, who hath carried me safe hither, but we were near upon forty Days in Voyage: we pass'd by *Majorca* and *Minorca*, the *Baleares Insulæ*, by some Ports of *Barbary*, by *Sardinia*, *Corsica*, and all the Islands of the *Mediterranean Sea*. We were at the Mouth of *Tyber*, and thence fetch'd our Course for *Sicily*; we pass'd by those sulphureous fiery Islands, *Mongibel* and *Strombolo*; and about the Dawn of the Day we shot thro' *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and so into the Phare of *Messina*; thence we touch'd upon some of the *Greek* Islands, and so came to our first intended Course, into the *Venetian Gulph*, and are now here at *Malamocco*, where we remain yet aboard, and must be content to be so, to make up the Month before we have *pratic*, that is, before any be permitted to go ashore, and negotiate, in regard we touch'd at some infected Places: For there are no People so fearful of the Plague as the *Italians*, especially the *Venetians*, tho' their Neighbours the *Greeks* hard by, and the *Turks*, have little or no Apprehension at all of the Danger of it; for they will visit and commerce with the Sick without any Scruple, and will fix their longest Finger in the Midst of their Forehead, and say, *Their Destiny and Manner of Death is pointed there*. When we have gain'd yon Maiden City, which lieth before us, you shall hear farther from me: So leaving you to His holy Protection, who hath thus graciously vouchsafed to preserve this
Ship

Ship, and me, in so long and dangerous a Voyage, I rest—
Yours,

J. H.

Malamocco, 30 April 1621.

XXVII.

To my Brother, Dr. Howell, from on Shipboard before Venice.

BROTHER,

IF this Letter fail either in point of *Orthography* or *Style*, you must impute the first to the tumbling Posture my Body was in at the writing hereof, being a Shipboard; the second the muddiness of my Brain, which, like Lees in a narrow Vessel, hath been shaken at Sea in divers Tempests near upon forty Days—I mean natural Days, which include the Nights also, and are compos'd of twenty-four hours, by which number the *Italian* computes his Time, and tells the Clock; for at the writing hereof, I heard one from *Malamocco* strike twenty-one hours. When I shall have saluted yonder Virgin City that stands before me, and hath tantaliz'd me now this Sennight, I hope to cheer my Spirits, and settle my *Pericranium* again.

In this Voyage we pass'd thro', at least touch'd, all those Seas which *Horace* and other Poets sing of so often, as the *Ionian*, the *Ægean*, the *Icarian*, the *Tyrrhene*, with others; and now we are in the *Adrian* Sea, in the Mouth whereof *Venice* stands, like a gold Ring in a Bear's Muzzle. We pass'd also by *Ætna*, by the *Infames Scopulos*, *Acroceraunia*, and thro' *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, about which the ancient Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, keep such a Coil; but they are nothing so horrid or dangerous as they make them to be; they are two white keen-pointed Rocks that lie under Water diametrically oppos'd, and like two Dragons defying one another; and there are Pilots, that in small Shallops are ready to steer all Ships that pass. This, amongst divers others, may serve for an instance, that the old Poets used to heighten and hoise up things by their airy fancies, above the reality of truth. *Ætna* was very furious when we pass'd
by,

by, as she useth to be sometimes more than other, especially when the Wind is southward, for then she is more subject to belching out flakes of Fire (as Stutterers use to stammer more when the Wind is in that Hole). Some of the Sparkles fell aboard us; but they would make us believe in *Syracusa*, now *Messina*, that *Ætna* in times past hath eructated such huge gobbets of Fire, that the sparks of them have burnt Houses in *Malta* above fifty miles off, transported thither by a direct strong Wind. We pass'd hard by *Corinth*, now *Ragusa*; but I was not so happy as to touch there, for you know:

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

I convers'd with many *Greeks*, but found none that could understand, much less practically speak, any of the old Dialects of the pristine *Greek*, it is so adulterated by the Vulgar, as a Bed of Flowers by Weeds; nor is there any People, either in the Island or on the Continent, that speaks it conversably: yet there are in the *Morea* seven Parishes call'd *Zacones*, where the original *Greek* is not much degenerated, but they confound divers Letters of the Alphabet with one Sound; for in point of Pronunciation, there is no difference betwixt *Upsilon*, *Iota*, and *Eta*.

The last I receiv'd from you was in *Latin*, whereof I sent you an Answer from *Spain* in the same Language, tho' in a coarser Dialect. I shall be a Guest to *Venice* a good while; therefore I desire a frequency of Correspondence between us by Letters, for there will be Convenience every Week of receiving and sending. When you write to *Wales*, I pray send Advice that I am come safe to *Italy*, tho' not landed there yet. So, my dear Brother, I pray God bless us both, and all our Friends, and reserve me to see you again with Comfort, and you me, who am—Your loving Brother,

J. H.

5 May 1621.

XXVIII.

*To the Honourable Sir Robert Mansell, Vice-Admiral of
England; from Venice.*

SIR,

AS soon as I came to *Venice*, I apply'd myself to dispatch your Business according to Instructions, and Mr. *Seymor* was ready to contribute his best furtherance. These two *Italians*, who are the Bearers hereof, by report here, are the best Gentlemen-workmen that ever blew Crystal; one is ally'd to *Antonio Miotti*, the other is Cousin to *Mazalao*: for other things they shall be sent in the Ship *Lion*, which rides here at *Malamocco*, as I shall send you account by conveyance of Mr. *Symns*. Herewith I have sent a Letter to you from Sir *Henry Wotton*, the Lord Ambassador here, of whom I have receiv'd some Favours: He wish'd me to write, that you have now a double Interest in him; for whereas before he was only your Servant, he is now your Kinsman by your late Marriage.

I was lately to see the *Arsenal* of *Venice*, one of the worthiest things in Christendom; they say there are as many Gallies and Galeasses of all sorts, belonging to *St. Mark*, either in Course, at Anchor, in Dock, or upon the Careen, as there be days in the year: here they can build a compleat Galley in half a day, and put her afloat in perfect Equipage, having all the Ingredients fitted beforehand; as they did in three hours, when *Henry III.* pass'd this way to *France* from *Poland*, who wish'd, that besides *Paris*, and his Parliament Towns, he had this *Arsenal* in exchange for three of his chiefest Cities. There are 300 People perpetually here at work; and if one comes young, and grows old in *St. Mark's* Service, he hath a Pension from the State during Life. Being brought to see one of the *Clarissimos* that govern this *Arsenal*, this huge Sea Storehouse, among other matters reflecting upon *England*, he was saying, That if *Cavaglier Don Roberto Mansel* were here,

here, he thought verily the Republic would make a Proffer to him to be Admiral of that Fleet of Gallies and Galeons, which are now going against the Duke of *Ossuna*, and the Forces of *Naples*, you are so well known here.

I was, since I came hither, in *Murano*, a little Island about the distance of *Lambeth* from *London*, where Crystal-Glass is made; and 'tis a rare sight to see a whole Street, where on the one side there are twenty Furnaces together at work. They say here, That altho' one should transplant a Glass-Furnace from *Murano* to *Venice* herself, or to any of the little Assembly of Islands about her, or to any other part of the Earth besides, and use the same Materials, the same Workmen, the same Fuel, the self-same Ingredients every way, yet they cannot make Crystal-Glass in that perfection, for beauty and lustre, as in *Murano*: Some impute it to the quality of the circumambient Air that hangs o'er the Place, which is purify'd and attenuated by the concurrence of so many Fires that are in those Furnaces Night and Day perpetually, for they are like the *Vestal-fire*, which never goes out. And it is well known, that some Airs make more qualifying Impressions than others; as a *Greek* told me in *Sicily* of the Air of *Egypt*, where there be huge common Furnaces to hatch Eggs by the thousands in *Camels'* Dung: for during the time of hatching, if the Air happen to come to be overcast, and grow cloudy, it spoils all; if the Sky continue still, serene and clear, not one Egg in an hundred will miscarry.

I met with *Camillo*, your *Consaorman*, here lately; and could he be sure of Entertainment, he would return to serve you again, and I believe for less Salary.

I shall attend your Commands herein by the next, and touching other Particulars, whereof I have written to Capt. *Bacon*: So I rest—Your most humble and ready Servant,
J. H.

Venice, 30 May 1621.

XXIX.

To my Brother, from Venice.

BROTHER,

I FOUND a Letter of yours that had lain dormant here a good while in Mr. *Symn's* hands, to welcome me to *Venice*, and I thank you for the variety of News wherewith she went freighted; for she was to me as a Ship richly laden from *London* useth to be to our Merchants here, and I esteem her *Cargazon* at no less a Value, for she enrich'd me with the Knowledge of my Father's Health, and your own, with the rest of my Brothers and Sisters in the Country, with divers other Passages of Contentment: besides, she went also ballasted with your good Instructions, which as Merchants use to do of their Commodities, I will turn to the best Advantage, and *Italy* is no ill Market to improve anything. The only *Procede* (that I may use the Mercantile Term) you can expect is Thanks, and this way shall not be wanting to make you rich Returns.

Since I came to this Town, I dispatched sundry Businesses of good value for Sir *Robert Mansel*, which I hope will give content. The Art of Glass-making here is very highly valued; for whosoever be of that Profession are Gentlemen *ipso facto*, and it is not without reason, it being a rare kind of Knowledge and *Chymistry* to transmute Dust and Sand (for they are the only main Ingredients) to such a diaphanous pellucid dainty Body as you see a Crystal-Glass is, which hath this Property above Gold or Silver, or any other Mineral, to admit no Poison; as also that it never wastes or loses a whit of its first weight, tho' you use it never so long. When I saw so many sorts of curious Glasses made here, I thought upon the Compliment which a Gentleman put upon a Lady in *England*, who having five or six comely Daughters, said, *He never saw in his life such a dainty Cup-board of Crystal Glasses*. The Compliment proceeds, it seems, from a Saying they have here, *That the first handsome Woman that ever was made, was made of Venice Glass*;

Glass; which implies *Beauty*, but *Brittleness* withal (and *Venice* is not unfurnish'd with some of that Mould, for no place abounds more with Lasses and Glasses); but considering the Brittleness of the Stuff, it was an odd kind of melancholy in him that could not be persuaded but he was an *Urinal*, surely he deserved to be piss'd in the Mouth. But when I pry'd into the Materials, and observ'd the Furnaces and Calcinations, the Transubstantiations, the Liquefactions that are incident to this Art, my Thoughts were rais'd to a higher Speculation; that if this small Furnace-fire hath vertue to convert such a small lump of dark Dust and Sand into such a precious clear Body as Crystal, surely that grand Universal Fire which shall happen at the Day of Judgment, may by its violent ardor *vitrify* and turn to one lump of Crystal the whole Body of the Earth; nor am I the first that fell upon this Conceit.

I will enlarge my self no further to you at this time, but conclude with this *Tetrastic*, which my Brain ran upon in my Bed this Morning.

*Vitrea sunt nostræ commissa negotia curæ,
Hoc oculis Speculum mittimus ergo tuis:
Quod Speculum? est instar Speculi mea litera, per quod
Vivida fraterni cordis imago nitet.*

Adieu, my dear Brother, live happily, and love—Your
Brother,

J. H.

Ven., 1 June 1621.

XXX.

To Mr. Richard Altham, at Gray's-Inn; from Venice.

GENTLE SIR,

—————*O dulcior illo
Mille quod in ceris Attica ponit Apis.
O thou that dost in sweetness far excel
That Juice the Attic Bee stores in her Cell.*

MY DEAR DICK,

I HAVE now a good while since taken footing in *Venice*, this admired Maiden-City, so call'd, because she was
never

never defloured by any Enemy since she had a Being, not since her *Rialto* was first erected, which is now above twelve Ages ago.

I protest to you, at my first landing I was for some days ravished with the high Beauty of this Maid, with her lovely Countenance. I admired her magnificent Buildings, her marvellous Situation, her dainty smooth neat Streets, whereon you may walk most days in the year in a Silk Stockin and Sattin-Slippers, without soiling them; nor can the Streets of *Paris* be so foul as these are fair. This beautiful Maid hath been often attempted to be vitiated; some have *courted* her, some *bribed* her, some would have *forc'd* her, yet she hath still preserv'd her Chastity entire: and tho' she hath lived so many Ages, and passed so many shrewd brunts, yet she continueth fresh to this very day without the least Wrinkle of old Age, or any symptoms of Decay, whereunto political Bodies, as well as natural, use to be liable. Beside, she hath wrestled with the greatest Potentates upon Earth; the Emperor, the King of *France*, and most of the other Princes of Christendom, in that famous League of *Cambray*, would have sunk her; but she bore up still within her Lakes, and broke that League to pieces by her Wit: The Grand *Turk* hath been often at her, and tho' he could not have his will of her, yet he took away the richest Jewel she wore in her *Coronet*, and put it in his *Turban*; I mean the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, the only Royal Gem she had; he hath set upon her Skirts often since, and tho' she clos'd with him sometimes, yet she came off still with her Maidenhead; tho' some that envy her happiness would brand her to be of late times a kind of *Concubine* to him, and that she gives him ready Money once a year to lie with her, which she minceth by the name of *Present*, tho' it be indeed rather a *Tribute*.

I would I had you here with a wish, and you would not desire in haste to be at *Gray's-Inn*, tho' I hold your Walks to be the pleasant'st place about *London*, and that you have there the choicest Society. I pray present my kind Com-
mendations

hundred years since; and they say it is the self-same Vessel still, tho' often put upon the *Careen* and trimm'd. This made me think on that famous Ship at *Athens*; nay, I fell upon an abstracted Notion in Philosophy, and a Speculation touching the Body of Man, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring ever and anon a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into blood and fleshly substance, which, as in all other sublunary Bodies that have internal Principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away thro' invisible pores, by exercise, motion and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new Nouriture; fell, I say, to consider whether our Bodies may be said to be of like condition with this *Bucentoro*; which, tho' it be reputed still the same Vessel, yet I believe there's not a foot of that Timber remaining which it had upon the first Dock, having been, as they tell me, so often plank'd and ribb'd, caulk'd and piec'd: In like manner, our Bodies may be said to be daily repair'd by new Sustenance, which begets new Blood, and consequently new Spirits, new Humours, and I may say new Flesh, the old by continual deperdition and insensible transpirations evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question, whether by reason of these perpetual preparations and accretions, the Body of Man may be said to be the same numerical Body in his old Age that he had in his Manhood, or the same in his Manhood that he had in his Youth, the same in his Youth that he carried about him in his Childhood, or the same in his Childhood which he wore first in the Womb; I make a doubt, whether I had the same identical individually numerical Body, when I carried a Calf-leather Sachel to School in *Hereford*, as when I wore a Lambskin Hood in *Oxford*; or whether I have the same Mass of Blood in my Veins, and the same Flesh now in *Venice*, which I carry'd about me three years since up and down *London* Streets, having, in lieu of Beer and Ale, drunk Wine all this while, and fed upon

upon different Viands. Now the Stomach is like a Crucible, for it hath a chymical kind of Vertue to transmute one Body into another, to transubstantiate Fish and Fruits into Flesh within, and about us: but tho' it be questionable whether I wear the same Flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my *Hair* is not the same; for you may remember I went flaxen-hair'd out of *England*, but you shall find me return'd with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the Heat and Air of those hot Countries I have eaten my Bread in, but to the quality and difference of Food. But you will say that Hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear you say, that this may be true, only in the blood and spirits of such fluid Parts, not in the solid and heterogeneous Parts. But I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion, which the fight of *Bucentoro* infus'd into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a Letter, and I fear to trespass too much upon your patience: I leave the further disquisition of this point to your own Contemplations, who are a far riper Philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into, and drank more of, *Aristotle's Well*. But, to conclude, tho' it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same Body or no in all points that I had in *England*, I am well assur'd I bear still the same Mind, and therein I verify the old Verse:

Cælum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt.

*The Air but not the Mind they change,
Who in Outlandish Countries range.*

For what Alterations soever happen in this *Microcosm*, in this little World, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my Affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—The very same,

J. H.

Ven., 25 Jun. 1621.

XXXII.

To Richard Altham, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS plung'd in a deep Fit of melancholy, *Saturn* had cast his black Influence o'er all my Intellectuals, methought I felt my heart as a lump of dough, and heavy as lead within my Breast; when a Letter of yours of the 3rd of this Month was brought me, which presently begot new Spirits within me, and made such strong Impressions upon my Intellectuals, that it turn'd and transform'd me into another Man. I have read of a Duke of *Milan* and others, who were poisoned by reading of a Letter; but yours produced contrary Effects in me, it became an Antidote, or rather a most sovereign Cordial to me, more operative than *Bezoar*, of more Virtue than potable Gold, or the Elixir of Amber, for it wrought a sudden Cure upon me: That fluent and rare Mixture of Love and Wit, which I found up and down therein, were the Ingredients of this Cordial; they were as so many choice Flowers strew'd here and there, which did cast such an odoriferous Scent, that they reviv'd all my Senses and dispell'd those dull Fumes which had formerly o'er-clouded my Brain: Such was the Operation of your most ingenious and affectionate Letter, and so sweet an Entertainment it gave me. If your Letter had that Virtue, what would your Person have done? and did you know all, you would wish your Person here a-while; did you know the rare beauty of this Virgin City, you would quickly make love to her, and change your *Royal Exchange* for the *Rialto*, and your *Gray's-Inn-Walks* for *St. Marks-Place* for a time. Farewell, dear Child of Vertue, and Minion of the Muses; and love still—Yours,

J. H.

Ven., 1 July 1621.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

To my much honoured Friend, Sir John North, Knight.

NOBLE SIR,

THE first Office of Gratitude is, *to receive* a good Turn civilly, then *to retain* it in Memory, and acknowledge it; thirdly, to endeavour a Requitall; for this last Office, it is in vain for me to attempt it; especially towards you, who have laden me with such a Variety of Courtesies and weighty Favours, that my poor Stock comes far short of any Retaliation: but for the other two, *Reception* and *Retention*, as I am not conscious to have been wanting in the first Act, so I shall never fail in the second, because both these are within the Compass of my Power; for if you could pry into my Memory, you should discover there a huge Magazine of your Favours you have been pleased to do me, present and absent, safely stored up and coacervated, to preserve them from mouldering away in Oblivion; for *Courtesies should be no perishable Commodity*. Should I attempt any other Requitall, I should extenuate your Favours, and derogate from the Worth of them; yet if to this of the Memory I can contribute any other act of Body or Mind, to enlarge my acknowledgments towards you, you may be well assur'd that I shall be ever ready to court any Occasion whereby the World may know how much I am—
Your thankful Servitor, J. H.

Ven., 13 July 1621.

XXXIV.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from Venice.

MY DEAR DAN,

COULD *Letters* fly with the same Wings as *Love* useth to do, and cut the Air with the like swiftness of motion, this Letter of mine should work a Miracle, and be with you in an instant; nor should she fear interception or
any

any other casualty in the way, or cost you one penny the Post, for she should pass invisibly: But 'tis not fitting, that *Paper*, which is made but of old Rags, wherewith Letters are swaddled, should have the same privilege as *Love*, which is a spiritual thing, having something of Divinity in it, and partakes in celerity with the *Imagination*, than which there is not anything more swift, you know, no not the motion of the upper Sphere, the *primum mobile*, which snatcheth all the other nine after, and indeed the whole Macrocosm, all the World besides, except our Earth (the Center), which upper Sphere the Astronomers would have to move so many degrees, so many thousand miles in a moment. Since then Letters are deny'd such a velocity, I allow this of mine twenty days, which is the ordinary time allow'd betwixt *Venice* and *London*, to come unto you, and thank you a thousand times over for your last of the tenth of *June*, and the rich Venison Feast you made, as I understand not long since, to the remembrance of me, at the *Ship Tavern*: Believe it, Sir, you shall find that this Love of yours is not ill employ'd, for I esteem it at the highest degree, I value it more than the *Treasury of St. Mark*, which I lately saw, where among other things there is a huge Iron Chest as tall as myself that hath no Lock, but a Crevice thro' which they cast in the Gold that's bequeath'd to *St. Mark* in Legacies, whereon there is engraven this proud Motto:

*Quando questo scrinio S'apria,
Tutto'l mundo tremera.*

When this Chest shall open, the whole World shall tremble. The Duke of *Ossuna*, late Vice-Roy of *Naples*, did what he could to force them to open it, for he brought *St. Mark* to waste much of this Treasure in the late Wars, which he made purposely to that end; which made them have recourse to us, and the *Hollander*, for Ships, not long since.

Among the rest of *Italy*, this is call'd the *Maiden City*
(notwithstanding

(notwithstanding her great number of Courtesans), and there is a Prophecy, *That she should continue a Maid until her Husband forsake her*, meaning the *Sea*, to whom the Pope marry'd her long since; and the *Sea* is observ'd not to love her so *deeply* as he did, for he begins to shrink, and grows shallower in some places about her: nor doth the *Pope* also, who was the Father that gave her to the *Sea*, affect her so much as he formerly did, specially since the extermination of the Jesuits: so that both *Husband* and *Father* begin to abandon her.

I am to be a Guest to this Hospital *Maid* a good while yet, and if you want any Commodity that she can afford (and what cannot she afford for human pleasure or delight?) do but write, and it shall be sent you.

Farewell, gentle soul, and correspond still in pure love with—Yours,

J. H.

Ven., 29 July 1621.

XXXV.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight; from Venice.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D one of yours the last Week, that came in my Lord Ambassador *Wotton's* Packet; and being now upon point of parting with *Venice*, I could not do it without acquainting you (as far as the extent of a Letter will permit) with her Power, her Policy, her Wealth and Pedigree. She was built out of the Ruins of *Aquileia* and *Padua*; for when those swarms of tough northern People over-ran *Italy*, under the Conduct of that *Scourge of Heaven*, *Attila*, with others, and that this soft voluptuous Nation, after so long a desuetude from Arms, could not repel their Fury, many of the ancient Nobility and Gentry fled into these Lakes and little Islands, amongst the Fishermen, for their Security; and finding the Air good and commodious for Habitation, they began to build upon those small Islands, whereof there are in all sixty; and in tract of time, they conjoin'd

conjoin'd and leagu'd them together by Bridges, whereof there are now above 800; and this makes up the City of *Venice*, who is now above twelve Ages old, and was contemporary with the *Monarchy* of *France*: But the *Signory* glorieth in one thing above the *Monarchy*, that she was born a *Christian*, but the *Monarchy* not. Tho' this City be thus hem'd in with the *Sea*, yet she spreads her Wings far and wide upon the Shore; she hath in *Lombardy* six considerable Towns, *Padua*, *Verona*, *Vicenza*, *Brescia*, *Crema*, and *Bergamo*; she hath in the *Marquisat*, *Bassan* and *Castelfranco*; she hath all *Friuli* and *Istria*; she commands the Shores of *Dalmatia* and *Sclavonia*; she keeps under the Power of St. *Mark* the Islands of *Corfu* (anciently *Corcyra*) *Cephalonia*, *Zant*, *Cerigo*, *Lucerigo*, and *Candy* (*Jove's Cradle*); she had a long time the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, but it was quite rent from her by the *Turk*: which made that high-spirited *Bassa*, being taken Prisoner at the Battle of *Lepanto*, where the Grand Signior lost above 200 Gallies, to say, *That that Defeat to his great Master was but like the shaving of his Beard, or the paring of his Nails; but the taking of Cyprus was like the cutting off of a Limb, which will never grow again.* This mighty Potentate being so near a Neighbour to her, she is forced to comply with him, and give him an annual Present in Gold: She hath about 30 Gallies most part of the Year in course to scour and secure the *Gulph*; she entertains by Land, in *Lombardy*, and other Parts, 25,000 Foot, besides some of the Cantons of *Suisses*, whom she gives Pay to; she hath also in constant Pay 600 Men of Arms, and every of these must keep two Horses a-piece, for which they are allowed 120 Ducats a Year, and they are for the most part Gentlemen of *Lombardy*. When they have any great Expedition to make, they have always a Stranger for their General, but he is supervised by two *Proveditors*, without whom he cannot attempt anything.

Her great Council consists of above 2000 Gentlemen, and some of them meet every Sunday and Holiday to chuse Officers and Magistrates; and every Gentleman being past

25 Years of Age, is capable to sit in this Council. The *Doge*, or Duke (their *Sovereign Magistrate*), is chosen by Lots, which would be too tedious here to demonstrate; and commonly he is an aged Man, who is created like that Course they hold in the Popedom. When he is dead, there be *Inquisitors* that examine his Actions, and his Misdemeanours are punishable in his Heirs: There is a Surintendant Council of Ten, and six of them may dispatch Business without the *Doge*: but the *Doge* never without some of them, not as much as open a Letter from any foreign State, tho' address'd to himself; which makes him to be called by other Princes, *Testa di legno*, *A Head of Wood*.

The Wealth of this *Republic* hath been at a stand, or rather declining, since the *Portugal* found a Road to the *East-Indies*, by the *Cape of Good-Hope*; for this City was used to fetch all those Spices and other *Indian* Commodities from *Grand Cairo* down the *Nile*, being formerly carried to *Cairo* from the *Red Sea* upon Camels' and Dromedaries' Backs, sixty Days' Journey: And so *Venice* us'd to dispense those Commodities thro' all *Christendom*, which not only the *Portugal*, but the *English* and *Hollander* now transport, and are Masters of the Trade. Yet there is no outward Appearance at all of Poverty, or any Decay in this City; but she is still gay, flourishing, and fresh, and flowing with all kind of Bravery and Delight, which may be had at cheap Rates. Much more might be written of this antient wise Republic, which cannot be comprehended within the narrow Inclosure of a Letter. So, with my due and daily Prayers for a Continuance of your Health, and Increase of Honour, I rest—
Your most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Ven., 1 Aug. 1621.

XXXVI.

To Robert Brown, Esq., at the Middle-Temple; from Venice.

ROBIN,

I HAVE now enough of the *Maiden-City*, and this Week am to go further into *Italy*: for tho' I have been a good while

while in *Venice*, yet I cannot say I have been hitherto upon the Continent of *Italy*; for this City is nought else but a Knot of Islands in the *Adriatic Sea*, join'd in one Body by Bridges, and a good way distant from the firm Land. I have lighted upon very choice Company, your Cousin *Brown* and Master *Web*; and we all take the Road of *Lombardy*, but we made an Order among ourselves, that our Discourse be always in the Language of the Country, under Penalty of a Forfeiture, which is to be indispensably paid. *Randal Symns* made us a curious Feast lately, where, in a Cup of the richest *Greek*, we had your Health, and I could not tell whether the Wine or the Remembrance of you was sweeter; for it was naturally a kind of Aromatick Wine, which left a fragrant perfuming Kind of Farewel behind it. I have sent you a Runlet of it in the Ship *Lion*, and if it come safe, and unprick'd, I pray bestow some Bottles upon the Lady (you know) with my humble Service. When you write next to Mr. *Symns*, I pray acknowledge the good Hospitality and extraordinary Civilities I received from him. Before I conclude, I will acquaint you with a common Saying that is used of this dainty City of *Venice*:

Venetia, Venetia, *chi non te vede non te Pregia,*
Ma chi l'ha troppo veduto te Dispreggia.

English'd and rhym'd thus (tho' I know you need no Translation, you understand so much of the *Italian*):

Venice, Venice, *none Thee unseen can prize;*
Who hath seen too much will Thee despise.

I will conclude with that famous *Hexastic* which *San-nazaro* made of this great City, which pleaseth me much better:

Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare Urbem, & toti ponere jura Mari;
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis, Jupiter, Arces
Objice & illa tui mœnia Martis ait,
Sic Pelago Tibrim præfers, Urbem aspice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.

When

*When Neptune saw in Adrian Surges stand
 Venice, and give the Sea Laws of Command:
 Now Jove, said he, object thy Capitol,
 And Mars' proud Walls: this were for to extol
 Tiber beyond the Main; both Towns behold;
 Rome, Men thou'lt say, Venice the Gods did mould.*

Sannazaro had given him by St. Mark a hundred Zecchins for every one of these Verses, which amounts to about 300*l*. It would be long before the City of *London* would do the like; witness that cold Reward, or rather those cold Drops of Water which were cast upon my Countryman, Sir *Hugh Middleton*, for bringing *Ware* River thro' her Streets, the most serviceable and wholesomest Benefit that ever she receiv'd.

The Parcel of *Italian* Books that you write for, you shall receive from Mr. *Leat*, if it please God to send the Ship to safe Port; and I take it as a Favour, that you employ me in anything that may conduce to your Contentment, because—I am your serious Servitor, J. H.

Ven., 12 Aug. 1621.

XXXVII.

To Captain Thomas Porter, from Venice.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,

AS I was going a-Shipboard in *Alicant*, a Letter of yours in *Spanish* came to hand: I discovered two Things in it, first, what a Master you are of that Language; then, how mindful you are of your Friend. For the first, I dare not correspond with you yet: for the second, I shall never come short of you, for I am as mindful of you as possibly you can be of me, and some Hours my Pulse doth not beat more often than my Memory runs on you, which is often enough in Conscience; for the *Physicians* hold, that in every well-dispos'd Body there be above 4000 Pulsations every Hour, and some Pulses have been known to beat above 30,000 times an Hour in acute Fevers.

I understand you are bound with a gallant Fleet for the *Mediterranean*; if you come to *Alicant*, I pray commend me to *Francisco Marco*, my Landlord; he is a merry Drole and good Company: One Night when I was there, he sent his Boy with a *Borracha* of Leather under his Cloak for Wine; the Boy coming back about Ten a Clock, and passing by the Guard, one asked him whether he carried any Weapons about him (for none must wear any Weapons there after Ten at Night). No, quoth the Boy, being pleasant, I have but a little Dagger. The Watch came and searched him, and finding the *Borracho* full of good Wine, drunk it all up, saying, *Sirrah, you know no Man must carry any Weapons so late; but because we know whose Servant you are, there's the Scabbard of your Dagger again*; and so threw him the empty *Borracho*. But another Passage pleased me better of *Don Beltran de Rosa*, who being to marry a rich *Labrador's* (a Yeoman's) Daughter hard-by, who was much importun'd by her Parents to the Match, because their Family should thereby be ennobled, he being a Cavalier of *St. Jago*; the young Maid having understood that *Don Beltran* had been in *Naples*, and had that Disease about him, answer'd wittily, *En verdad por adobar me la Sangre, no quiero dannarmi la Carne*: Truly, Sir, *To better my Blood, I will not hurt my Flesh*. I doubt I shall not be in *England* before you set out to Sea; if not, I take my leave of you in this Paper, and wish you a prosperous Voyage, and an honourable Return. It is the hearty Prayer of—Yours,

J. H.

Ven., 21 Aug. 1621.

XXXVIII.

To Sir William St. John, Knight, from Rome.

SIR,

HAVING seen *Antenor's Tomb* in *Padua*, and the *Amphitheatre of Flaminius* in *Verona*, with other brave Towns in *Lombardy*, I am now come to *Rome*; and *Rome*, they say, is every Man's Country; she is called

Communis Patria; for every one that is within the Compass of the *Latin* Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his Mother's House, in regard of Interest in Religion, which is the Cause that for one Native there be five Strangers that sojourn in this City; and without any Distinction or Mark of Strangeness, they come to Preferments and Offices both in Church and State, according to Merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found *Rome* elevated upon seven Hills, I met her rather spreading upon a Flat, having humbled herself since she was made a *Christian*, and descended from those Hills to *Campus Martius*, with *Trastevere*, and the Suburbs of *St. Peter*; she hath yet in compass about fourteen Miles, which is far short of that vast Circuit she had in *Claudius's* Time: for *Vopiscus* writes, she was then of fifty Miles circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free Citizens, in a famous Cense that was made; which, allowing but six to every Family, in Women, Children, and Servants, came to three million of Souls: but she is now a Wilderness in comparison of that Number. The *Pope* is grown to be a great temporal Prince of late Years, for the State of the Church extends above 300 Miles in length, and 200 Miles in breadth; it contains *Ferrara*, *Bologna*, *Romagnia*, the Marquisate of *Ancona*, *Umbria*, *Sabina*, *Perugia*, with a Part of *Tuscany*, the *Patrimony*, *Rome* herself, and *Latium*: In these there are above fifty Bishopricks; the *Pope* hath also the Duchy of *Spoleto*, and the Exarchate of *Ravenna*; he hath the Town of *Benevento* in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and the Country of *Venisse*, call'd *Avignon* in *France*; he hath title also good enough to *Naples* itself, but rather than offend his Champion the King of *Spain*, he is contented with a white Mule, and Purse of Pistoles about the Neck, which he receives every Year for a Herriot or Homage, or what you will call it: he pretends also to be Lord-Paramount of *Sicily*, *Urbino*, *Parma*, and *Maseran*, of *Norway*, *Ireland*,
and

and *England*, since King *John* did prostrate our Crown at *Pandulfo* his Legate's Feet.

The State of the Apostolic See here in *Italy* lies betwixt two Seas, the *Adriatic* and the *Tyrrhene*; and it runs thro' the midst of *Italy*, which makes the Pope powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an Umpire or an Enemy. His Authority being mix'd betwixt Temporal and Spiritual, disperseth itself into so many Members, that a young Man may grow old here before he can well understand the Form of Government.

The Consistory of Cardinals meet but once a Week, and once a Week they solemnly wait all upon the Pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight Cardinals, whereof there are six Cardinal-Bishops, fifty-one Cardinal-Priests, and eleven Cardinal-Deacons: the Cardinal-Bishops attend and sit near the Pope, when he celebrates any Festival: the Cardinal-Priests assist him at Mass, and the Cardinal-Deacons attire him. A Cardinal is made by a short *Breve* or *Writ* from the Pope, in these Words: *Creamus te Socium Regibus, superiorem Ducibus, & fratrem nostrum: We create thee a Companion to Kings, superior to Dukes, and our Brother.* If a Cardinal-Bishop should be question'd for any Offence, there must be twenty-four Witnesses produc'd against him.

The Bishop of *Ostia* hath most Privilege of any other, for he consecrates and instals the *Pope*, and goes always next to him. All these Cardinals have the repute of Princes, and besides other Incomes, they have the Annats of Benefices to support their greatness.

For point of Power, the Pope is able to put 50,000 Men in the Field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in Gallies. We read how *Paul III.* sent *Charles III.* 12,000 Foot and 500 Horse. *Pius V.* sent a greater Aid to *Charles IX.* and for Riches, besides the temporal Dominions, he hath in all the Countries before-nam'd, the Datary or dispatching of *Bulls*. The Triennial Subsidies, Annats, and other Ecclesiastic Rights mount to an unknown Sum; and it is a common Saying here, *That as long as the Pope can finger*

finger a Pen, he can want no Pence. Pius V., notwithstanding his Expences in Buildings, left four millions in the Castle of *St. Angelo*, in less than five years, more I believe than this *Gregory XV.* will, for he hath many Nephews; and better it is to be the *Pope's* Nephew than to be Favourite to any Prince in Christendom.

Touching the Temporal Government of *Rome*, and Opidan Affairs, there is a Pretor and some choice Citizens, who sit in the Capitol. Among other pieces of Policy, there is a Synagogue of Jews permitted here (as in other places of *Italy*) under the *Pope's* Nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their Hats; they are tolerated for advantage of Commerce, wherein the *Jews* are wonderful dexterous, tho' most of them be only Brokers and *Lombardeers*; and they are held to be here, as the *Cynic* held Women to be, *malum necessarium*. There be few of the *Romans* that use to pray heartily for the *Pope's* long Life, in regard the oftner the Change is, the more advantageous it is for the City, because commonly it brings Strangers and a recruit of new People. The Air of *Rome* is not so wholesome as of old; and among other Reasons, one is, because of the burning of Stubble to fatten their Fields. For her Antiquities, it would take up a whole Volume to write them; those which I hold the chiefest are, *Vespasian's Amphitheatre*, where eighty thousand People might sit; the Stoves of *Anthony*, divers rare Statues at *Belveder* and *St. Peter's*, especially that of *Laocoon*, the *Obelisk*; for the Genius of the *Roman* hath always been much taken with Imagery, Limning, and Sculptures, insomuch that as in former times, so now, I believe the Statues and Pictures in *Rome* exceed the number of living People. One Antiquity, among others, is very remarkable, because of the change of Language; which is an ancient Column erected as a Trophy for *Duillius* the Consul, after a famous naval Victory obtain'd against the *Carthaginians* in the second *Punic* War, where these words are engraven, and remain legible to this day: *Exemet leco-ines Macistrates Castreis exfocient pugnandod cepet enque, navebos*

navebos marid Consul, &c., and half a dozen lines after, it is call'd *Columna restrata*, having the Beaks and Prows of Ships engraven up and down; whereby it appears, that the *Latin* then spoken was much differing from that which was us'd in *Cicero's* time 150 years after. Since the dismembring of the Empire, *Rome* hath run thro' many vicissitudes and turns of Fortune: And had it not been for the Residence of the Pope, I believe she had become a heap of Stones, a mount of Rubbish by this time; and howsoever that she bears up indifferent well, yet one may say:

*Qui miseranda videt veteris vestigia Romæ,
Ille potest merito dicere Roma fuit.*

*They who the Ruins of first Rome behold,
May say, Rome is not now, but was of old.*

Present *Rome* may be said to be but the Monument of *Rome* past, when she was in that flourish that *St. Austin* desir'd to see her in: She who tam'd the World, tam'd herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a Prey to Time; yet there is a Providence seems to have a care of her still; for tho' her Air be not so good, nor her circumjacent Soil so kindly as it was, yet she hath wherewith to keep Life and Soul together still, by her Ecclesiastical Courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now. So it may be said, When the Pope came to be her Head, she was reduc'd to her first Principles; for as a Shepherd was Founder, so a Shepherd is still her Governor and Preserver. But whereas the *French* have an odd Saying, That

*Jamais Cheval ny Homme,
S'amenda pour aller à Rome;*

*Nè'er Horse or Man did mend,
That unto Rome did wend.*

Truly I must confess, that I find myself much better'd by it; for the sight of some of these Ruins did fill me with symptoms of Mortification, and made me more sensible of the frailty of all sublunary things, how all Bodies, as well
inanimate

inanimate as animate, are subject to dissolution and change,
and everything else under the Moon, except the Love of—
Your faithful Servitor,
J. H.

13 Sept. 1621.

XXXIX.

To Sir T. H. Knight, from Naples.

SIR,

I AM now in the gentle City of *Naples*, a City swelling with all Delight, Gallantry and Wealth; and truly, in my opinion, the King of *Spain's* Greatness appears here more eminently than in *Spain* itself. This is a delicate luxurious City, fuller of true-bred Cavaliers than any place I saw yet. The Clime is hot, and the Constitutions of the Inhabitants more hot.

The *Neapolitan* is accounted the best Courtier of Ladies, and the greatest embracer of Pleasure of any other People: They say there are no less here than twenty thousand Courtesans registered in the Office of *Savelli*. This Kingdom, with *Calabria*, may be said to be the one moiety of *Italy*; it extends itself 450 miles, and spreads in breadth 112; it contains 2700 Towns, it hath 20 Archbishops, 127 Bishops, 13 Princes, 24 Dukes, 25 Marquisses, and 800 Barons. There are three Presidial Castles in this City; and tho' the Kingdom abounds in rich staple Commodities, as Silks, Cottons, and Wine, and that there is a mighty Revenue comes to the Crown; yet the King of *Spain*, when he casts up his account at the year's end, makes but little benefit thereof, for it is eaten up betwixt Governors, Garrisons, and Officers. He is forc'd to maintain 4000 *Spanish* Foot, call'd the *Tercia* of *Naples*; in the Castles he hath 1600 in perpetual Garrison; he hath a thousand Men of Arms, 450 Light-Horse; besides, there are five Footmen enroll'd for every hundred Fire: And he had need to do all this, to keep this voluptuous People in awe; for the Story musters up seven and twenty famous Rebellions of the *Neapolitans* in less than 300 years; but now they pay soundly for it, for
one

one shall hear them groan up and down under the *Spanish Yoke*: And commonly the King of *Spain* sends some of his *Grandeess* hither to repair their decay'd Fortunes; whence the Saying sprung, *That the Viceroy of Sicily gnaws, the Governor of Milan eats, but the Viceroy of Naples devours.* Our *English* Merchants here bear a considerable Trade, and their Factors live in better Equipage, and in a more splendid manner than in all *Italy* besides, than their Masters' and Principals in *London*; they ruffle in Silks and Sattins, and wear good *Spanish* Leather-shoes, while their Master's Shoes upon our *Exchange* in *London* shine with blacking. At *Puzzoli*, not far off amongst the *Grottes*, there are so many strange stupendous things, that Nature herself seem'd to have study'd of purpose how to make herself there admir'd: I reserve the discoursing of them, with the nature of the *Tarantola* and *Manna*, which is gather'd here, and nowhere else, with other things, till I see you, for they are fitter for Discourses than a Letter. I will conclude with a Proverb they have in *Italy* for this People:

Napolitano

Largo di bocca, stretto dimano.

The Neapolitans

Have wide Mouths, but narrow Hands.

They make strong masculine Promises, but female Performances (*for deeds are Men, but words are Women*), and if in a whole flood of Compliments one find a drop of Reality, 'tis well. The first acceptance of a Courtesy is accounted the greatest Incivility that can be amongst them, and a ground for a Quarrel; as I heard of a *German* Gentleman that was baffled for accepting only one Invitation to a Dinner. So, desiring to be preserv'd still in your good opinion, and in the rank of your Servants, I rest always most ready—At your disposing,;

J. H.

1 Octob. 1621.

XL.

To Christopher Jones, Esq.; at Gray's-Inn; from Naples.

HONOURED FATHER,

I MUST still style you so, since I was adopted your Son by so good a Mother as *Oxford*: My Mind lately prompted me, that I should commit a great Solecism, if among the rest of my Friends in *England* I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, specially having such a fair and pregnant opportunity as the hand of this worthy Gentleman your Cousin *Morgan*, who is now posting hence for *England*. He will tell you how it fares with me; how any time these thirty odd Months I have been toss'd from shore to shore, and pass'd under various Meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant City of *Naples*: And tho' these frequent removes and tumblings under Climes of differing Temper were not without some danger, yet the Delight which accompanied them was far greater; and it is impossible for any Man to conceive the true pleasure of Peregrination but he who actually enjoys and puts it in practice. Believe it, Sir, that one year well employ'd abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid Knowledge than three in any of our *Universities*. You know *running Waters are the purest*, so they that traverse the World up and down have the clearest understanding; being faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent, and a kind of implicit Faith. When I pass'd thro' some parts of *Lombardy*, among other things, I observ'd the Physiognomies and Complexions of the People, Men and Women; and I thought I was in *Wales*, for divers of them have a cast of countenance and a nearer resemblance with our Nation than any I ever saw yet: And the reason is obvious; for the *Romans* having been near upon three hundred years among us, where they had four Legions
(before

(before the *English* Nation or Language had any being) by so long a coalition and tract of time, the two Nations must needs copulate and mix: insomuch that I believe there is yet remaining in *Wales* many of the *Roman* Race, and divers in *Italy* of the *British*. Among other resemblances, one was in their Prosody, and vein of Versifying or Rhyming, which is like our *Bards*, who hold Agnominations, and enforcing of consonant Words or Syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest Elegance. As, for Example, in *Welsh*, *Tewgris, todyrris ty'r derry'n, gwillt, &c.*, so have I seen divers old Rhymes in *Italian* running so: *Donne, O danno, che Felo affronto affronta: In selva salvo a me: Piu caro cuore, &c.*

Being lately in *Rome*, among other *Pasquils*, I met with one that was against the *Scots*; tho' it had some gaul in't, yet it had a great deal of wit, especially towards the Conclusion: so that I think if K. *James* saw it, he would but laugh at it.

As I remember, some years since there was a very abusive *Satire* in Verse brought to our King; and as the passages were a-reading before him he often said, That if there were no more Men in *England*, the Rogue should hang for it: At last being come to the Conclusion, which was (after all his Railing)—

*Now God preserve the King, the Queen, the Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears;*

this pleas'd his Majesty so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said, *By my sol, so thou shalt for me*: Thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty Knave.

When you write to *Monmouthshire*, I pray send my respects to my Tutor, Master *Moor Fortune*, and my Service to Sir *Charles Williams*: And according to that Relation which was 'twixt us at *Oxford*, I rest—Your constant Son to serve you,

J. H.

8 Octob. 1621.

XLI.

To Sir J. C., from Florence.

SIR,

THIS Letter comes to kiss your Hands from fair *Florence*, a City so beautiful, that the great Emperor *Charles V.* said, *That she was fitting to be shown and seen only upon Holidays*: She marvailously flourisheth with Buildings, with Wealth and Artisans; for it is thought that in *Serges*, which is but one Commodity, there are made two millions every year. All degrees of People live here not only well, but splendidly well, notwithstanding the manifold Exactions of the Duke upon all things: For none can buy here Lands or Houses, but he must pay eight in the hundred to the Duke; none can hire or build a House, but he must pay the tenth Penny; none can marry or commence a Suit in Law, but there is a Fee to the Duke; none can bring as much as an Egg or Sallet to the Market, but the Duke hath share therein. Moreover, *Ligorn*, which is the Key of *Tuscany*, being a Maritime and a great Mercantile Town, hath mightily enrich'd this Country, by being a Frank Port to all Comers, and a safe Rendevouz to Pyrates as well as to Merchants. Add hereunto, that the Duke himself in some respect is a Merchant; for he sometimes ingrosseth all the Corn of the Country, and retails it at what rate he pleaseth. This enables the Duke to have perpetually 20,000 Men enroll'd, train'd up, and paid, and none but they can carry Arms; he hath 400 Light-Horse in constant pay, and 100 Men at Arms besides; and all these quarter'd in so narrow a compass, that he can command them all to *Florence* in twenty-fours hours. He hath twelve Gallies, two Galeons, and six Galeasses besides; and his Gallies are call'd *The Black Fleet*, because they annoy the *Turk* more in the bottom of the *Straits* than any other.

This State is bound to keep good quarter with the Pope more than others; for all *Tuscany* is fenc'd by Nature herself, I mean with Mountains, except towards the Territories
of

of the Apostolic See, and the Sea itself: therefore it is call'd *A Country of Iron*.

The Duke's Palace is so spacious, that it occupieth the room of fifty Houses at least; yet tho' his Court surpasseth the bounds of a Duke's, it reacheth not to the Magnificence of a King's. The Pope was solicited to make the Grand Duke a King, and he answered, That he was content he should be King in *Tuscany*, not of *Tuscany*; whereupon one of his Counsellors reply'd, That it was a more glorious thing to be a grand Duke, than a petty King.

Among other Cities which I desir'd to see in *Italy*, *Genoa* was one, where I lately was, and found her to be the proudest for Buildings of any I met withal; yet the People go the plainest of any other, and are also most parsimonious in their Diet: they are the subtillest, I will not say the most subdolous Dealers: they are wonderful wealthy, specially in Money. In the year 1600, the King of *Spain* owed them eighteen Millions, and they say it is double as much now.

From the time they began to finger the *Indian* Gold, and that this Town hath been the Scale by which he hath conveyed his Treasure to *Flanders*, since the Wars in the *Netherlands*, for the support of his Armies, and that she hath got some Privileges for the exportation of Wools and other Commodities (prohibited to others) out of *Spain*, she hath improv'd extremely in Riches, and made *St. George's* Mount swell higher than *St. Mark's* in *Venice*.

She hath been often ill-favouredly shaken by the *Venetian*, and hath had other Enemies, which have put her to hard shifts for her own defence, specially in the time of *Lewis XI.* of *France*; at which time, when she would have given herself up to him for Protection, *K. Lewis* being told that *Genoa* was content to be his, he answer'd, *She should not be his long, for he would give her up to the Devil, and rid his hands of her.*

Indeed the *Genowaies* have not the Fortune to be so well belov'd as other People in *Italy*; which proceeds, I believe, from their Cunningness and Over-reachings in bargaining, wherein

wherein they have something of the *Jew*. The Duke is there but Biennial, being chang'd every two years: He hath fifty *Germans* for his Guard. There be four *Centurions* that have two Men a-piece, which upon occasions attend the *Signory* abroad, in Velvet Coats; there be eight Chief Governors, and four hundred Counsellors, among whom there be five Sovereign *Syndics*, who have authority to censure the Duke himself, his time being expir'd, and punish any Governor else, tho' after Death, upon the Heir.

Among other Customs they have in that Town, one is, That none must carry a pointed Knife about him; which makes the *Hollander*, who is us'd to *Snik* and *Snee*, to leave his Horn-sheath and Knife a Ship-board when he comes ashore. I met not with an *Englishman* in all the Town; nor could I learn of any Factor of ours that ever resided here.

There is a notable little active Republic towards the midst of *Tuscany*, call'd *Lucca*, which in regard she is under the Emperor's Protection, he dares not meddle withal, tho' she lie as a Partridge under a Faulcon's Wings, in relation to the Grand Duke: besides, there is another reason of State, why he meddles not with her, because she is more beneficial to him now that she is free, and more industrious to support this freedom, than if she were become his Vassal; for then it is probable she would grow more careless and idle, and so could not vent his Commodities so soon, which she buys for ready Money, wherein most of her Wealth consists. There is no State that winds the Penny more nimbly, and makes quicker Returns.

She hath a Council call'd the *Discoli*, which pries into the profession and life of every one, and once a year they rid the State of all Vagabonds: So that this petty pretty Republic may not be improperly parallel'd to a Hive of Bees, which have been always the emblems of Industry and Order.

In this splendid City of *Florence*, there be many Rarities, which if I should insert in this Letter, it would make her swell too big; and indeed they are fitted for Parol Communication

Communication. Here is the prime Dialect of the *Italian* spoken, tho' the Pronunciation be a little more guttural than that of *Sienna*, and that of the Court of *Rome*, which occasions the Proverb :

Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.

The Tuscan Tongue sounds best in a Roman Mouth.

The People here generally seem to be more generous, and of a higher comportment than elsewhere, very cautious and circumspect in their Negotiation ; whence ariseth the Proverb :

*Chi ha da far con Tosco,
Non bisogna che sia Losco.*

*Who dealeth with a Florentine,
Must have the use of both his Ey'n.*

I shall bid *Italy* farewell now very shortly, and make my way o'er the *Alps* to *France*, and so home by God's Grace, to make a review of my Friends in *England* ; among whom the sight of yourself will be as gladsome to me as of any other : for I profess myself, and purpose to be ever—Your thrice affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

I Nov. 1621.

XLII.

To Capt. Francis Bacon, from Turin.

SIR,

I AM now upon point of shaking hands with *Italy* ; for I am come to *Turin*, having already seen *Venice* the rich, *Padua* the Learned, *Bologna* the Fat, *Rome* the Holy, *Naples* the Gentle, *Genoa* the Proud, *Florence* the Fair, and *Milan* the Great ; from this last I came hither, and in that City also appears the Grandeur of *Spain's* Monarchy very much : The Governor of *Milan* is always Captain-General of the Cavalry to the King of *Spain* throughout *Italy*. The Duke of *Feria* is now Governor ; and being brought to kiss his Hands, he us'd me with extraordinary Respect, as he doth all of our Nation, by being by maternal Side a *Dormer*.
The

The *Spaniard* entertains there also 3000 Foot, 1000 Light-Horse, and 600 Men at Arms in perpetual Pay; so that I believe the Benefit of that Dutchy also, tho' seated in the richest Soil of *Italy*, hardly countervails the Charge. Three Things are admir'd in *Milan*, the *Dome* or great Church (built all of white Marble, within and without), the Hospital, and the Castle, by which the Citadel of *Antwerp* was traced, and is the best-condition'd Fortress of Christendom; tho' *Nova Palma*, a late Fortress of the *Venetian*, would go beyond it; which is built according to the exact Rules of the most modern Enginry, being of a round Form, with nine Bastions, and a Street level to every Bastion.

The Duke of *Savoy*, tho' he pass for one of the Princes of *Italy*, yet the least Part of his Territories lie there, being squander'd up and down amongst the *Alps*; but as much as he hath in *Italy*, which is *Piedmont*, is as well peopled, and passing good Country.

The Duke of *Savoy*, *Emanuel*, is accounted to be of the antientest and purest Extraction of any Prince in *Europe*; and his Knights also of the *Annunciade* to be one of the antientest Orders: tho' this present Duke be little in Stature, yet he is of a lofty Spirit, and one of the best Soldiers now living; and tho' he be valiant enough, yet he knows how to patch the Lion's Skin with the Fox's Tail. And whosoever is Duke of *Savoy* had need be cunning, and more than any other Prince; in regard, that lying between two potent Neighbours, the *French* and the *Spaniard*, he must comply with both.

Before I wean myself from *Italy*, a Word or two touching the *Genius* of the Nation. I find the *Italian* a Degree higher in Compliment than the *French*; he is longer and more grave in the Delivery of it, and more prodigal of Words; insomuch, that if one were to be worded to death, *Italian* is the fittest Language, in regard of the Fluency and Softness of it: for thro'out the whole Body of it, you have not a Word ends with a Consonant, except some few monosyllable Conjunctions and Prepositions, and this renders the
Speech

Speech more smooth ; which made one say, *That when the Confusion of Tongues happen'd at the building of the Tower of Babel, if the Italian had been there, Nimrod had made him a Plaisterer.* They are generally indulgent of themselves, and great Embracers of Pleasure, which may proceed from the luscious rich Wines, and luxurious Food, Fruits, and Roots, wherewith the Country abounds ; insomuch, that in some Places, Nature may be said to be, *Lena sui, A Bawd to herself.* The Cardinal de Medicis's Rule is of much Authority among them, *That there is no Religion under the Navel.* And some of them are of the Opinion of the *Asians*, who hold, that touching those natural Passions, Desires, and Motions, which run up and down in the Blood, God Almighty, and his Handmaid Nature, did not intend they should be a Torment to us, but be used with Comfort and Delight. To conclude, in *Italy* there be *Virtutes magnæ, nec minora Vitia ; Great Virtues, and no less Vices.*

So, with a Tender of my most affectionate Respects unto you, I rest—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

30 Nov. 1621.

XLIII.

To Sir J. H., from Lions.

SIR,

I AM now got over the *Alps*, and return'd to *France* ; I had crossed and clambered up the *Pyreneans* to *Spain* before ; they are not so high and hideous as the *Alps* ; but for our Mountains in *Wales*, as *Eppint* and *Penwinmaur*, which are so much cry'd up among us, they are *Molehills* in comparison of these ; they are but *Pigmies* compar'd to *Giants*, but *Blisters* compar'd to *Imposthumes*, or *Pimples* to *Warts*. Besides, our Mountains in *Wales* bear alway something useful to Man or Beast, some Grass at least ; but these uncouth huge monstrous Excrescences of Nature bear nothing (most of them) but craggy Stones : the Tops of some of them are blanched over all the Year long with Snows ; and the People who dwell in the Valleys, drinking,
for

for want of other, this Snow-Water, are subject to a strange Swelling in the Throat, called *Goytre*, which is common among them.

As I scal'd the *Alps*, my Thoughts reflected upon *Hannibal*, who with *Vinegar* and *Strong Waters* did eat out a Passage thro' those Hills; but of late Years they have found a speedier Way to do it by *Gunpowder*.

Being at *Turin*, I was by some Disaster brought to an extreme low Ebb in Money, so that I was forced to foot it along with some Pilgrims, and with gentle Pace and easy Journeys, to climb up those Hills, till I came to this Town of *Lions*, where a Countryman of ours, one Mr. *Lewis*, whom I knew in *Alicant*, lives Factor; so that now I want not anything for my Accommodation.

This is a stately rich Town, and a renowned Mart for the Silks of *Italy*, and other *Levantine* Commodities, and a great Bank for Money, and indeed the greatest of *France*. Before this Bank was founded, which was by *Henry I.*, *France* had but little Gold and Silver; insomuch that we read how King *John*, their Captive King, could not in four Years raise sixty thousand Crowns to pay his Ransom to our King *Edward*: And St. *Lewis* was in the same Case when he was Prisoner in *Egypt*, where he had left the Sacrament for a Gage. But after this Bank was erected, it fill'd *France* full of Money; they of *Lucca*, *Florence*, and *Genoa*, with the *Venetian*, got quickly over the Hills, and brought their Moneys hither, to get Twelve in the Hundred Profit; which was the Interest at first, tho' it be now much lower.

In this great mercantil Town there be two deep navigable Rivers, the *Rhone* and the *Sone*; the one hath a swift rapid Course, the other slow and smooth: And one Day, as I walk'd upon their Banks, and observ'd so much Difference in their Course, I fell into a Contemplation of the Humours of the *French* and *Spaniard*, how they might be not improperly compar'd to these Rivers; the *French* to the swift, the *Spaniard* to the slow River.

I shall write you no more Letters, until I present myself to you for a speaking Letter, which I shall do as soon as I may tread *London Stones*.—Your affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

6 Nov. 1621.

XLIV.

To Mr. Tho. Bowyer, from Lions.

BEING so near the Lake of *Geneva*, Curiosity would carry any one to see it: The Inhabitants of that Town, methinks, are made of another Paste, differing from the affable Nature of those People I had convers'd withal formerly; they have one Policy, lest that their petty Republic should be pester'd with Fugitives; their Law is, *That what Stranger soever flies thither for Sanctuary, he is punishable there in the same Degree as in the Country where he committed the Offence.*

Geneva is govern'd by four *Syndics*, and four hundred *Senators*: She lies like a Bone 'twixt three Mastiffs, the Emperor, the *French King*, and the Duke of *Savoy*: they all three look upon the Bone, but neither of them dare touch it singly, for fear the other two would fly upon him. But they say the *Savoyard* hath the justest Title; for there are Imperial Records extant, *That altho' the Bishops of Geneva were Lords Spiritual and Temporal, yet they should acknowledge the Duke of Savoy for their Superior.* This Man's Ancestors went frequently to the Town, and the Keys were presently tender'd to them. But since *Calvin's* Time, who had been once banish'd, and then call'd in again, which made him to apply that Speech to himself, *That the Stone which the Builders refused is become the Head-stone of the Corner*; I say, since they were refin'd by *Calvin*, they seem to shun and scorn all the World besides, being cast, as it were, into another Mould, which hath quite alter'd their very natural Disposition in point of Moral Society.

Before I part with this famous City of *Lions*, I will relate to you a wonderful strange Accident that happen'd here

not many Years ago. There is an Officer call'd *Le Chevalier du Guet*, who is a kind of Night-guard here, as well as in *Paris*; and his Lieutenant, called *Jaquette*, having supp'd one Night in a rich Merchant's House, as he was passing the Round afterwards, he said, *I wonder what I have eaten and drank at the Merchant's House, for I find myself so hot, that if I meet with the Devil's Dam to-night, I should not forbear using of her.* Hereupon, a little after, he overtook a young Gentlewoman mask'd, whom he would needs usher to her Lodging, but discharged all his Watch, except two; she brought him, to his thinking, to a little low Lodging hard by the City-Wall, where there were only two Rooms: and after he had enjoy'd her, he desir'd that, according to the Custom of *French* Gentlemen, his two Comrades might partake also of the same Pleasure; so she admitted them one after the other: And when all this was done, as they sat together, she told them, if they knew who she was, none of them would have ventur'd upon her; thereupon she whistled three times, and all vanish'd. The next Morning, the two Soldiers that had gone with Lieutenant *Jaquette* were found dead under the City-Wall, amongst the Ordure and Excrements, and *Jaquette* himself a little way off half-dead, who was taken up, and coming to himself again, confess'd all this, but dy'd presently after.

The next Week I am to go down the *Loire* towards *Paris*, and thence as soon as I can for *England*, where, among the rest of my Friends, whom I so much long to see after this triennial Separation, you are like to be one of my first Objects. In the meantime I wish the same Happiness may attend you at *home* as I desire to attend me *homeward*; for I am—Truly yours,

J. H.

5 Dec. 1621.



SECTION II.

I.

To my Father.

SIR,

I T hath pleased God, after almost three years' Peregrination by Land and Sea, to bring me back safely to *London*; but altho' I am come safely, I am come sickly: For when I landed in *Venice*, after so long a Sea-Voyage from *Spain*, I was afraid the same Defluxion of salt Rheum which fell from my Temples into my Throat in *Oxford*, and distilling upon the *Uvula* impeach'd my Utterance a little to this day, had found the same channel again; which caused me to have an Issue made in my Left Arm for the Diversion of the Humour. I was well ever after till I came to *Rouen*, and there I fell sick of a Pain in the Head, which, with the Issue, I have carry'd with me to *England*. Dr. *Harvey*, who is my Physician, tells me, that it may turn to a Consumption, therefore he hath stopped the Issue, telling me there is no danger at all in it, in regard I have not worn it a full twelvemonth. My Brother, I thank him, hath been very careful of me in this my sickness, and hath come often to visit me: I thank God I have pass'd the brunt of it, and am recovering and picking up my Crums apace. There is a flaunting *French* Ambassador come over lately, and I believe his Errand is nought else but Compliment; for the King of *France* being lately at *Calais*, and so in sight of *England*, he sent his Ambassador, M. *Cadenet*, expresly to visit our King: He had Audience two days since, where he, with his Train of ruffling long-hair'd *Monsieurs*, carry'd himself in such a light Garb, that after the Audience the King ask'd my Lord Keeper *Bacon* what he thought of the *French* Ambassador: He answer'd, That he was a tall proper Man. Ay, his Majesty reply'd,
but

but what think you of his Head-piece? Is he a proper Man for the Office of an Ambassador? Sir, said Bacon, *Tall Men are like high Houses of four or five Stories, wherein commonly the uppermost Room is worst furnish'd.*

So, desiring my Brothers and Sisters, with the rest of my Cousins and Friends in the Country, may be acquainted with my safe return to *England*, and that you would please to let me hear from you by the next Conveniency, I rest—
Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

Lond., 2 Feb. 1621.

II.

To Rich. Altham, Esq.; at Norberry.

SALVE pars animæ dimidiata meæ; Hail, half my Soul, my dear Dick, &c. I was no sooner return'd to the sweet Bosom of *England*, and had breath'd the Smoke of this Town, but my Memory ran suddenly on you; the *Idea* of you hath almost ever since so fill'd up and engross'd my Imagination, that I can think on nothing else; the Love of you swells both in my Breast and Brain with such a pregnancy, that nothing can deliver me of this violent high Passion but the sight of you: Let me despair if I lye, there was never Female long'd more after anything by reason of her growing *Embryon* than I do for your Presence. Therefore I pray you make haste to save my Longing, and tantalize me no longer ('tis but three hours' riding), for the sight of you will be more precious to me than any one Object I have seen (and I have seen many rare ones) in all my three years' Travel; and if you take this for a Compliment (because I am newly come from *France*) you are much mistaken in—Yours,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Feb. 1621.

III.

To D. Caldwell, Esq.; at Battersay.

MY DEAR DAN,

I AM come at last to *London*, but not without some danger, and thro' divers difficulties; for I fell sick in
France,

France, and came so over to *Kent*: And my Journey from the Seaside hither was more tedious to me than from *Rome* to *Rouen*, where I grew first indisposed; and in good faith, I cannot remember anything to this hour how I came from *Gravesend* hither, I was so stupify'd, and had lost the knowledge of all things; but I am come to myself indifferently well since, I thank God for it, and you cannot imagine how much the Sight of you, much more your Society, would revive me: Your Presence would be a Cordial to me more restorative than exalted Gold, more precious than the Powder of Pearl; whereas your Absence, if it continue long, will prove to me like the dust of Diamonds, which is incurable Poison. I pray be not accessary to my death, but hasten to comfort your so long weather-beaten Friend—Yours,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Feb. 1621.

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, at the Lord Darcy's in St. Osith.

SIR,

I AM got again safely to this side of the Sea, and tho' I was in a very sickly case when I first arriv'd, yet thanks be to God I am upon point of perfect recovery, whereunto the sucking in of *English* Air, and the sight of some Friends, conduc'd not a little.

There is fearful News come from *Germany*; you know how the *Bohemians* shook off the Emperor's Yoke, and how the great Council of *Prague* fell to such a hurly-burly, that some of the Imperial Counsellors were hurl'd out at the Windows: You heard also, I doubt not, how they offer'd the Crown to the Duke of *Saxony*, and he waving it, they sent Ambassadors to the *Palsgrave*, whom they thought might prove *par negotio*, and to be able to go thro' stitch with the work, in regard of his powerful Alliance, the King of *Great Britain* being his Father-in-Law, the K. of *Denmark*, the Pr. of *Orange*, the Marq. of *Brandenburg*, the D. of *Bouillon* his Uncles, the States of *Holland* his Confederates, the

French

French King his Friend, and the D. of *Brunswick* his near Ally: The Prince *Palsgrave* made some difficulty at first, and most of his Counsellors oppos'd it; others incited him to it, and among other hortatives, they told him, *That if he had the Courage to venture upon a King of England's sole Daughter, he might very well venture upon a sovereign Crown when it was tenderd him.* Add hereunto, that the States of *Holland* did mainly advance the Work, and there was good reason in policy for it; for their twelve years' Truce being then upon point of expiring with *Spain*, and finding our King so wedded to Peace, that nothing could divorce him from it, they lighted upon this design to make him draw his Sword, and engage him against the House of *Austria* for the defence of his sole Daughter and his Grandchildren. What his Majesty will do hereafter I will not presume to foretell; but hitherto he hath given little countenance to the business, nay he utterly mislik'd it at first; for whereas Dr. *Hall* gave the Prince *Palsgrave* the title of K. of *Bohemia* in his Pulpit-Prayer, he had a check for his pains; for I heard his Majesty should say, That there is an implicit Tie among Kings, which obligeth them, tho' there be no other interest or particular engagement, to stick to and right one another upon an insurrection of Subjects; therefore he had more reason to be against the *Bohemians* than to adhere to them in the deposition of their Sovereign Prince. The King of *Denmark* sings the same Note, nor will he also allow him the appellation of King. But the fearful News I told you of at the beginning of this Letter is, that there are fresh Tidings brought how the Prince *Palsgrave* had a well-appointed Army of about 25,000 Horse and Foot near *Prague*; but the Duke of *Bavaria* came with scarce half the Number, and notwithstanding his long March, gave them a sudden Battle, and utterly routed them: Insomuch that the new King of *Bohemia*, having not worn the Crown a whole twelvemonth, was forc'd to fly with his Queen and Children; and after many Difficulties, they write, that they are come to the Castle of *Castrein*,
the

the Duke of *Brandenburg's* Country, his Uncle. This News affects both Court and City here with much heaviness.

I send you my humble thanks for the noble Correspondence you were pleased to hold with me Abroad; and I desire to know by the next when you come to *London*, that I may have the comfort of the sight of you, after so long an Absence—Your true Servitor,

J. H.

1 *Mar.* 1621.

V.

To Dr. Fr. Mansell, at All-Souls' in Oxford.

I AM return'd safe from my foreign Employment, from my three years' Travel; I did my best to make what Advantage I could of the time, tho' not so much as I should; for I find that Peregrination (well us'd) is a very profitable School; it is a running Academy, and nothing conduceth more to the building up and perfecting of a Man. Your honourable Uncle Sir *Robert Mansel*, who is now in the *Mediterranean*, hath been very notable to me, and I shall ever acknowledge a good part of my Education from him. He hath melted vast Sums of Money in the Glass-business, a Business indeed more proper for a Merchant than a Courtier. I heard the King should say, That he wonder'd *Robin Mansel*, being a Seaman, whereby he hath got so much Honour, should fall from *Water* to tamper with *Fire*, which are two contrary Elements. My Father fears that this Glass-employment will be too brittle a Foundation for me to build a Fortune upon; and Sir *Robert* being now at my coming back so far at Sea, and his Return uncertain, my Father hath advis'd me to hearken after some other Condition. I attempted to go Secretary to Sir *John Ayres* to *Constantinople*, but I came too late. You have got yourself a great deal of good Reputation by the voluntary Resignation you made of the Principality of *Jesus College* to Sir *Eubule Theolall*, in hope that he will be a considerable Benefactor to it. I pray God he perform what he promiseth

promiseth, and that he be not over-partial to *North-Wales* Men. Now that I give you the first Summon, I pray you make me happy with your Correspondence by Letters; there is no Excuse or Impediment at all left now, for you are sure where to find me; whereas I was a *Landloper*, as the *Dutchman* saith, a wanderer, and subject to incertain removes, and short sojourns in divers places before. So, with Apprecation of all Happiness to you here and hereafter, I rest—At your friendly dispose,

J. H.

5 Mar. 1618.

VI.

To Sir Eubule Theolall, Knight, and Principal of
Jesus College in Oxford.

SIR,

I SEND you most due and humble thanks, that notwithstanding I have play'd the truant, and been absent so long from *Oxford*, you have been pleas'd lately to make choice of me to be Fellow of your new Foundation in *Jesus College*, whereof I was once a Member. As the quality of my Fortunes, and course of Life, run now, I cannot make present use of this your great Favour, or Promotion rather; yet I do highly value it, and humbly accept of it, and intend by your Permission to reserve and lay it by, as a good warm Garment, against rough Weather, if any fall on me. With this my expression of Thankfulness, I do congratulate the great honour you have purchas'd both by your own beneficence, and by your painful endeavour, besides, to perfect that national College, which hereafter is like to be a Monument of your Fame, as well as a Seminary of Learning, and will perpetuate your Memory to all Posterity.

God Almighty prosper and perfect your undertakings, and provide for you in Heaven those rewards which such publick works of Piety use to be crown'd withal; it is the Appreciation of—Your truly devoted Servitor,

J. H.

London, idibus Mar. 1621.

VII.

VII.

To my Father.

SIR,

ACCORDING to the Advice you sent me in your last, while I sought after a new course of Employment, a new Employment hath lately sought after me; my Lord *Savage* hath two young Gentlemen to his Sons, and I am to go travel with them: Sir *James Crofts* (who so much respects you) was the main Agent in this business, and I am to go shortly to *Long-Melford* in *Suffolk*, and thence to *St. Osith* in *Essex* to the Lord *Darcy*. *Q. Anne* is lately dead of a Dropsy in *Denmark-House*; which is held to be one of the fatal Events that follow'd the last fearful *Comet* that rose in the Tail of the *Constellation* of *Virgo*; which some Ignorant Astronomers that write of it would fix in the Heavens, and that as far above the Orb of the Moon as the Moon is from the Earth: but this is nothing in comparison of those hideous Fires that are kindled in *Germany*, blown first by the *Bohemians*, which is like to be a War without end; for the whole House of *Austria* is interested in the Quarrel, and it is not the custom of that House to set by any Affront, or forget it quickly. *Q. Anne* left a world of brave Jewels behind, but one *Piero*, an outlandish Man, who had the keeping of them, embezzled many, and is run away; she left all she had to Prince *Charles*, whom she ever lov'd best of all her Children; nor do I hear of any Legacy she left at all to her Daughter in *Germany*: for that Match, some say, lessen'd something of her Affection towards her ever since, so that she would often call her Goody *Palsgrave*; nor could she abide Secretary *Winwood* ever after, who was one of the chiefest instruments to bring that Match about, as also for the rendition of the Cautionary Towns in the *Low Countries*, *Flushing* and *Brill*, with the *Rammakins*. I was lately with Sir *John Walter* and others of your Counsel about Law-business; and some of them told me that Master *J. Lloyd*, your Adversary,

Adversary, is one of the shrewdest Solicitors in all the thirteen Shires of *Wales*, being so habituated to Law-suits and Wrangling, that he knows any of the least starting-holes in every Court: I could wish you had made a fair end with him; for besides the cumber and trouble, especially to those that dwell at such a huge distance from *Westminster-Hall* as you do, Law is a shrewd Pick-purse, and the Lawyer, as I heard one say wittily not long since, is like a *Christmas-box, which is sure to get, whosoever loseth.*

So, with the continuance of my due and daily Prayers for your health; with my love to my Brothers and Sisters, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

20 Mar. 1618.

VIII.

*To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from the Lord Savage's House
in Long-Melford.*

MY DEAR DAN,

THO', considering my former condition of Life, I may now be call'd a Countryman, yet you cannot call me a Rustic (as you would imply in your Letter) as long as I live in so civil and noble a Family, as long as I lodge in so vertuous and regular a House as any I believe in the Land, both for *æconomicall* Government, and the choice Company; for I never saw yet such a dainty Race of Children in all my life together; I never saw yet such an orderly and punctual attendance of Servants, nor a great House so neatly kept; here one shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor cage to cause any nastiness within the body of the House. The Kitchen and Gutters and other Offices of noise and drudgery are at the fag-end; there's a Back-gate for the Beggars and the meaner sort of Swains to come in at; the Stables butt upon the Park, which, for a chearful rising Ground, for Groves and Browsings for the Deer, for rivulets of Water, may compare with any for its highness in the whole Land; it is opposite to the front of the great House,

House, whence from the Gallery one may see much of the Game when they are a-hunting. Now for the Gardening and costly choice Flowers, for Ponds, for stately large Walks, green and gravelly, for Orchards and choice Fruits of all sorts, there are few the like in *England*: here you have your *Bon Christian Pear* and *Bergamot* in perfection, your *Muscadell* Grapes in such plenty, that there are some Bottles of Wine sent every year to the King; and one Mr. *Daniel*, a worthy Gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good store in his Vintage. Truly this House of *Long-Melford*, tho' it be not so great, yet it is so well compacted and contriv'd with such dainty Conveniences every way, that if you saw the Landskip of it, you would be mightily taken with it, and it would serve for a choice Pattern to build and contrive a House by. If you come this Summer to your Manor of *Sheriff* in *Essex*, you will not be far off hence; if your occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, tho' it be only to see him who would think it a short Journey to go from *St. David's-Head* to *Dover Cliffs* to see and serve you, were there occasion: If you would know who the same is, 'tis—Yours,

J. H.

20 May 1619.

IX.

To Robert Brown, Esq.

SIR,

THANKS for one Courtesy is a good Usher to bring on another; therefore it is my Policy at this time to thank you most heartily for your late copious Letter, to draw on a second: I say, I thank you a thousand times over for yours of the 3d of this present, which abounded with such variety of News, and ample well-couch'd Relations, that I made many Friends by it; yet I am sorry for the quality of some of your News, that Sir Robert Mansel being now in the *Mediterranean* with a considerable naval strength of ours against the *Moors*, to do the *Spaniard* a pleasure, Marquis *Spinola* should, in a hogling way, change his

his Master for the time, and taking Commission from the Emperor, become his Servant for invading the *Palatinate* with the Forces of the King of *Spain* in the *Netherlands*. I am sorry also the Princes of the *Union* should be so stupid as to suffer him to take *Oppenheim* by a *Parthian* kind of back Stratagem, in appearing before the Town, and making semblance afterwards to go to *Worms*; and then perceiving the Forces of the *United Provinces*, to go for succouring of that, to turn back and take the Town he intended first, whereby I fear he will be quickly master of the rest. Surely I believe there may be some treachery in't, and that the Marquis of *Anspach*, the General, was overcome by Pistols made of *Indian* Ingots, rather than of Steel; else an Army of 40,000, which he had under his Command, might have made its Party good against *Spinola's* less than 20,000, tho' never such choice Veterans. But what will not Gold do? It will make a Pigmy too hard for a Giant. There's no fence or fortress *against an Ass laden with Gold*. It was the saying, you know, of his Father, whom partial and ignorant Antiquity cries up to have conquer'd the World, and that he sigh'd there were no more Worlds to conquer, tho' he had never one of the three old parts of the then known World entirely to himself. I desire to know what is become of that handful of Men his Majesty sent to *Germany* under Sir *Horace Vere*, which he was bound to do, as he is one of the *Protestant* Princes of the *Union*; and what's become of Sir *Arthur Chichester*, who is gone Ambassador to those Parts?

Dear Sir, I pray make me happy still with your Letters; it is a mighty pleasure for us Country-folks to hear how matters pass in *London* and Abroad: You know I have not the Opportunity to correspond with you in like kind, but may happily hereafter when the tables are turn'd, when I am in *London*, and you in the West. Whereas you are desirous to hear how it fares with me, I pray know that I live in one of the noblest Houses and best Air of *England*: There is a dainty Park adjoining, where I often wander up
and

and down, and I have my several Walks. I make one to represent the *Royal Exchange*, the other the middle Isle of *Paul's*, another *Westminster-hall*: and when I pass thro' the herd of Deer, methinks I am in *Cheapside*. So, with a full return of the same measure of Love as you pleas'd to send me, I rest—Yours,

J. H.

24 May 1622.

X.

To R. Altham, Esq.; from St. Osith.

SIR,

LIFE itself is not so dear to me as your Friendship, nor Virtue in her best Colours as precious as your Love, which was lately so lively pourtray'd unto me in yours of the 5th of this present. Methinks your Letter was like a piece of Tissue richly embroider'd with rare Flowers up and down, with curious Representations, and Landskips: Albeit I have as much stuff as you of this kind (I mean matter of Love), yet I want such a Loom to work it upon; I cannot draw it to such a curious Web; therefore you must be content with homely *Polldavie* Ware from me, for you must not expect from us Country-folks such *Urbanities* and quaint Invention, that you, who are daily conversant with the Wits of the Court, and of the Inns of Court, abound withal.

Touching your Intention to travel beyond the Seas the next Spring, and the Intimation you make how happy you would be in my Company; I let you know that I am glad of the one, and much thank you for the other, and will think upon it, but I cannot resolve yet upon anything. I am now here at the Earl *Rivers'*, a noble and great-knowing Lord, who hath seen much of the World abroad; my Lady *Savage*, his Daughter, is also here with divers of her Children: I hope this *Hilary* Term to be merry in *London*, and among other to re-enjoy your Conversation principally, for I esteem the society of no soul upon Earth more than yours: Till then I bid you farewell, and as the Season

invites

invites me, I wish you a merry *Christmas*, resting—Yours
while J. HOWELL.

20 Dec. 1622.

XI.

*To Captain Tho. Porter, upon his Return from Algier
Voyage.*

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

I CONGRATULATE your safe Return from the *Straits*, but am sorry you were so streightned in your Commission, that you could not attempt what such a brave naval Power of twenty Men of War, such a gallant General, and other choice knowing Commanders might have perform'd, if they had had Line enough. I know the Lightness and Nimbleness of *Algier* Ships; when I liv'd lately in *Alicant* and other places upon the *Mediterranean*, we should every Week hear some of them chas'd, but very seldom taken; for a great Ship following one of them, may be said to be as a Mastiff Dog running after a Hare. I wonder the *Spaniard* came short of the promis'd Supply for furtherance of that noble adventurous Design you had to fire the Ships and Gallies in *Algiers* Road: And according to the Relation you pleas'd to send me, it was one of the bravest Enterprizes, and had prov'd such a glorious Exploit that no Story could have parallel'd; but it seems their *Hoggies*, *Magicians*, and *Maribots* were tampering with the ill Spirits of the Air all the while, which brought down such a still Cataract of Rain-waters suddenly upon you, to hinder the working of your Fire-works; such a Disaster the Story tells us, befell *Charles* the Emperor, but far worse than yours, for he lost Ships and multitudes of Men, who were made Slaves, but you came off with loss of eight Men only, and *Algier* is anotherghess thing now than she was then, being I believe an hundred degrees stronger by Land and Sea; and for the latter strength we may thank our Countryman *Ward*, and *Danskey* the Butterbag *Hollander*, who may be said to have been two of the fatalest and most infamous Men that ever
Christendom

Christendom bred; for the one taking all *Englishmen*, and the other all *Dutchmen*, and bringing the Ships and Ordnance to *Algier*, they may be said to have been the chief raisers of those *Picaroons* to be Pirates, who are now come to that height of strength, that they daily endamage and affront all Christendom. When I consider all the circumstances and success of this your Voyage, when I consider the narrowness of your Commission, which was as lame as the Clerk that kept it; when I find that you secur'd the Seas and Traffick all the while, for I did not hear of one Ship taken while you were abroad; when I hear how you brought back all the Fleet without the least disgrace or damage by Foe or foul Weather to any Ship; I conclude, and so do far better Judgments than mine, that you did what possibly could be done: let those that repine at the one in the hundred (which was impos'd upon all the *Levant* Merchants for the support of this Fleet) mutter what they will, that you went first to *Gravesend*, then to the *Land's-end*, and after to no end.

I have sent you for your welcome home (in part) two Barrels of *Colchester* Oysters, which were provided for my Lord *Colchester* himself; therefore I presume they are good, and all green-finn'd; I shall shortly follow, but not to stay long in *England*, for I think I must over again speedily to push on my Fortunes: So, my dear *Tom*, I am *de todas mis entranas*, from the center of my heart, I am—Yours,

J. H.

St. Osith, Dec. 1622.

XII.

To my Father, upon my second going to travel.

SIR,

I AM lately return'd to *London*, having been all this while in a very noble Family in the Country, where I found far greater Respects than I deserv'd; I was to go with two of my Lord *Savage's* Sons to travel, but finding myself too young for such a Charge, and our Religion differing, I have now made choice to go over Comrade to

a very worthy Gentleman, Baron *Altham's* Son, whom I knew in *Staines*, when my Brother was there. Truly, I hold him to be one of the hopefulest young Men of this Kingdom for Parts and Person; he is full of excellent solid Knowledge, as the Mathematics, the Law, and other material Studies: besides, I should have been ty'd to have staid three years abroad in the other Employment at least, but I hope to get back from this by God's Grace before a Year be at an end, at which time I hope the Hand of Providence will settle me in some stable home-fortune.

The News is, that the Prince *Palsgrave*, with his Lady and Children, are come to the *Hague* in *Holland*, having made a long Progress or rather a Pilgrimage about *Germany* from *Prague*. The old D. of *Bavaria's* Uncle is chosen Elector and Arch-sewer of the *Roman* Empire in his place (but, as they say, in an imperfect *Diet*), and with this *Proviso*, that the transferring of this Election upon the *Bavarian* shall not prejudice the next Heir. There is one Count *Mansfelt* that begins to get a great Name in *Germany*, and he, with the D. of *Brunswick*, who is a Temporal Bishop of *Halverstade*, have a considerable Army on foot for the Lady *Elizabeth*, who, in the *Low Countries* and some parts of *Germany*, is call'd the *Queen of Boheme*, and for her winning princely comportment, *The Queen of Hearts*. Sir *Arthur Chichester* is come back from the Palatinate, much complaining of the small Army that was sent thither under Sir *Horace Vere*, which should have been greater, or none at all.

My Lord of *Buckingham*, having been long since Master of the Horse at Court, is now made Master also of all the *Wooden-horses* in the Kingdom, which indeed are our best Horses, for he is to be High-Admiral of *England*; so he is become *Dominus Equorum & Aquarum*. The late Lord Treasurer *Cranfield* grows also very powerful, but the City hates him for having betray'd their greatest Secrets, which he was capable to know more than another, having been formerly a Merchant.

I think I shall have no opportunity to write to you again till I be t'other side of the Sea; therefore I humbly take my leave, and ask your Blessing, that I may the beter prosper in my Proceedings: So I am—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

19 Mar. 1622.

XIII.

To Sir John Smith, Knight.

SIR,

THE first ground I set foot upon after this my second transmarine Voyage was *Trevere* (the Scots Staple) in *Zealand*; thence we sail'd to *Holland*, in which Passage we might see divers Steeples and Turrets under Water, of Towns that we were told were swallow'd up by a Deluge within the Memory of Man: we went afterwards to the *Hague*, where there are hard by, tho' in several Places, two wonderful things to be seen, the one of *Art*, the other of *Nature*; that of *Art* is a Wagon, or Ship, or a Monster mix'd of both, like the *Hippocentaur*, who was half Man and half Horse: This Engine hath Wheels and Sails that will hold above twenty People, and goes with the Wind, being drawn or mov'd by nothing else, and will run, the Wind being good and the Sails hois'd up, above fifteen miles an hour upon the even hard Sands. They say this Invention was found out to entertain *Spinola* when he came hither to treat of the last Truce. That Wonder of Nature is a Church-monument, where an Earl and a Lady are engraven with 365 Children about them, which were all deliver'd at one Birth; they were half Male, half Female; the two Basins in which they were christned hang still in the Church, and the Bishop's Name who did it; and the story of this Miracle, with the year and the day of the month mention'd, which is not yet 200 years ago. And the Story is this; That the Countess walking about her Door after dinner, there came a Beggar-woman with two Children upon her back to beg Alms; the Countess asking whether those Children were her own, she answer'd, She had them both at one Birth,

and by one Father, who was her Husband. The Countess would not only not give her any Alms, but revil'd her bitterly, saying, It was impossible for one Man to get two Children at once. The Beggar-woman being thus provok'd with ill Words, and without Alms, fell to Imprecations, that it should please God to shew His Judgment upon her, and that she might bear at one Birth as many Children as there be days in the year, which she did before the same year's end, having never born Child before. We are now in *North-Holland*, where I never saw so many, among so few, sick of Leprosies; and the reason is, because they commonly eat abundance of fresh Fish. A Gentleman told me, that the Women of this Country, when they are deliver'd, there comes out of the Womb a living Creature besides the Child, call'd *Zucchie*, likest a *Bat* of any other Creature, which the Midwives throw into the Fire, holding Sheets before the Chimney lest it should fly away. Mr. *Altham* desires his Service be presented to you and your Lady, to Sir *John Franklin*, and all at the *Hill*; the like do I humbly crave at your Hands: The *Italian* and *French* Manuscripts you pleas'd to favour me withal I left at Mr. *Scil's* the Stationer, whence, if you have not them already, you may please to send for them. So in all Affection I kiss your hands, and am—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Trevere, 10 April 1623.

XIV.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Colchester,
after Earl Rivers.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE Commands your Lordship pleas'd to impose upon me when I left *England*, and those high Favours wherein I stand bound to your Lordship, call upon me at this time to send your Lordship some small fruits of my foreign Travel. Marquis *Spinola* is return'd from the *Palatinate*, where he was so fortunate, that (like *Cæsar*) he came,

came, saw, and overcame, notwithstanding that huge Army of the Princes of the Union, consisting of 40,000 Men; whereas his was under 20,000, but made up of old tough Blades and Veteran Commanders. He hath now chang'd his Coat, and taken up his old Commission again from *Don Philipppo*, whereas during that Expedition he call'd himself *Cæsar's* Servant. I hear the Emperor hath transmitted the upper *Palatinate* to the Duke of *Bavaria*, as caution for those Moneys he hath expended in those Wars. And the King of *Spain* is the Emperor's Commissary for the lower *Palatinate*: They both pretend that they were bound to obey the Imperial Summons to assist *Cæsar* in these Wars; the one as he was Duke of *Burgundy*, the other of *Bavaria*, both which Countries are feudatory to the Empire; else they had incur'd the Imperial Ban. It is fear'd this *German* War will be, as the *Frenchman* saith, *de longue haleine*, long-breath'd; for there are great Powers on both sides, and they say the King of *Denmark* is arming.

Having made a leisurely sojourn in this Town, I had yours to couch in writing a survey of these Countries, which I have now travers'd the second time; but in regard it would be a great bulk for a Letter, I send it your Lordship apart, and when I return to *England* I shall be bold to attend your Lordship for correction of my Faults. In the Interim I rest, my Lord,—Your thrice humble Servitor, J. H.

Antwerp, 1 May 1623.

XV.

A Survey of the seventeen Provinces.

MY LORD,

TO attempt a precise description of each of the seventeen *Provinces*, and of its Progression, Privileges, and primitive Government, were a task of no less confusion than labour: Let it suffice to know, that since *Flanders* and *Holland* were erected to Earldoms, and so left to be an Appendix to the Crown of *France*, some of them have had
absolute

absolute and supreme Governors, some subaltern and subject to a superior Power. Among the rest, the Earls of *Flanders* and *Holland* were most considerable; but of them two he of *Holland* being homageable to none, and having *Friesland* and *Zealand* added, was the more potent. In process of time all the seventeen met in one; some by Conquest, others by Donation and Legacy, but most by Alliance. In the House of *Burgundy* this Union receiv'd most growth, but in the House of *Austria* it came to its full perfection; for in *Charles V.* they all met as so many Lines drawn from the circumference to the centre; who, lording as supreme Head not only over the fifteen temporal, but the two spiritual, *Liége* and *Utrecht*, had a Design to reduce them to a Kingdom, which his Son *Philip II.* attempted after him: But they could not bring their intents home to their Aim; the cause is imputed to that multiplicity and difference of privileges which they are so eager to maintain, and whereof some cannot stand with a Monarchy without Incongruity. *Philip II.* at his Inauguration was sworn to observe them, and at his departure he oblig'd himself by an Oath to send still one of his own Blood to govern them: Moreover, at the Request of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, he promised that all foreign Soldiers should retire, and that he himself would come to visit them once every seventh year; but being once gone, and leaving in lieu of a *Sword* a *Distaff*, an unwieldy Woman to govern, he came not only short of his Promise, but procur'd a Dispensation from the *Pope* to be absolv'd of his Oath, and all this by the counsel of Cardinal *Granvill*, who, as the States Chronicler writes, was the first Firebrand that kindled that lamentable and longsome War wherein the *Netherlands* have traded above fifty years in Blood: For, intending to increase the Number of *Bishops*, to establish the Decrees of the Council of *Trent*, and to clip the Power of the Council of State compos'd of the Natives of the Land, by making it appealable to the Council of *Spain*, and by adding to the former Oath of Allegiance (all which conduc'd to settle the Inquisition,

tion and to curb the Conscience), the broils began; to appease which Ambassadors were dispatch'd to *Spain*, whereof the two first came to violent deaths, the one being beheaded, the other poison'd. But the two last, *Egmond* and *Horn*, were nourish'd still with Hopes, until *Philip II.* had prepared an Army under the conduct of the Duke of *Alva*, to compose the difference by Arms. For as soon as he came to the Government, he established the *Bloetrad*, as the Complainers term'd it, a *Council of Blood*, made up most of *Spaniards*: *Egmond* and *Horn* were apprehended, and afterwards beheaded; Citadels were erected, and the Oath of Allegiance, with the political Government of the Country, in divers things alter'd. This pour'd Oil on the Fire formerly kindled, and put all in combustion: The Prince of *Orange* retires; thereupon his eldest Son was surpriz'd, and sent as Hostage to *Spain*, and above 5000 Families quit the Country; many Towns revolted, but were afterwards reduc'd to obedience: which made the Duke of *Alva* say, That the *Netherlands* appertain'd to the King of *Spain* not only by *Descent*, but *Conquest*; and for cumble of his Victories, when he attempted to impose the tenth Penny for maintenance of the Garrisons in the Citadels he had erected at *Grave*, *Utrecht*, and *Antwerp* (where he caus'd his Statue made of *Cannon-brass* to be erected, trampling the *Belgians* under his feet), all the Towns withstood this Imposition: So that at last matters succeeding ill with him, and having had his Cousin *Pacecio* hang'd at *Flushing-Gates*, after he had trac'd out the Platform of a Citadel in that Town also, he receiv'd Letters of Revocation from *Spain*. Him succeeded *Don Luys de Requiluis*, who came short of his Predecessor in Exploits; and dying suddenly in the Field, the Government was invested for a time in the Council of State: The *Spanish* Soldiers being without a Head, gather'd together to the number of 1600, and committed such Outrages up and down, that they were proclaim'd Enemies to the State. Hereupon the Pacification of *Ghent* was transacted, whereof among other Articles one was, That all foreign Soldiers should

should quit the Country. This was ratified by the King, and observ'd by *Don John of Austria*, who succeeded in the Government; yet *Don John* retain'd the *Landsknechts* at his devotion still for some secret Design, and, as some conjectur'd, for the Invasion of *England*; he kept the *Spaniards* also still hovering about the frontiers ready upon all occasions. Certain Letters were intercepted that made a Discovery of some Projects, which made the War to bleed afresh; *Don John* was proclaim'd Enemy to the State: So the Archduke *Matthias* was sent for, who, being a Man of small performance, and improper for the times, was dismiss'd, but upon honourable Terms. *Don John* a little after dies, and, as some gave out, of the Pox; then comes in the Duke of *Parma*, a Man as of a different nation, being an *Italian*, so of a differing temper and more moderate spirit, and of greater performance than all the rest; for, whereas all the *Provinces* except *Luxemburg* and *Hainault* had revolted, he reduc'd *Ghent*, *Tourney*, *Bruges*, *Malines*, *Brussels*, *Antwerp* (which three last he beleaguerr'd at one time), and divers other great Towns to the *Spanish* obedience again. He had 60,000 Men in pay, and the choicest which *Spain* and *Italy* could afford. The *French* and *English* Ambassadors, interceding for a Peace, had a short Answer of *Philip II.*, who said that he needed not the help of any to reconcile himself to his own Subjects and reduce them to Conformity; but the difference that was he would refer to his Cousin the Emperor: Hereupon the business was agitated at *Colen*, where the *Spaniard* stood as high a-tiptoe as ever, and notwithstanding the vast expence of treasure and blood he had been at for so many years, and that matters began to exasperate more and more, which were like to prolong the Wars *in infinitum*, he would abate nothing in point of Ecclesiastick Government. Hereupon the States perceiv'd that King *Philip* could not be wrought either by the solicitations of other Princes, or their own supplications so often reiterated, that they might enjoy the freedom of Religion, with other infranchisements; and finding

finding him inexorable, being incited also by the Ban which was publish'd against the Prince of *Orange*, that whosoever kill'd him should have 5000 Crowns, they at last absolutely renounc'd and abjur'd the King of *Spain* for their Sovereign : They broke his Seals, chang'd the Oath of Allegiance, and fled to *France* for shelter ; they inaugurated the Duke of *Anjou* (recommended to them by the Queen of *England*, to whom he was a Suitor) for their Prince, who attempted to render himself absolute, and so thought to surprize *Antwerp*, where he receiv'd an ill-favour'd repulse ; yet nevertheless the *United Provinces*, for so they term'd themselves ever after, fearing to distaste their next great Neighbour *France*, made a second Proffer of their Protection and Sovereignty to that King, who having too many irons in the fire at his own home, the *League* growing stronger and stronger, he answer'd 'em, That the *Shirt* was nearer to him than his *Doublet*. Then had they recourse to Queen *Elizabeth*, who, partly for her own security, partly for Interest in Religion, reach'd them a supporting hand, and so sent them Men, Money, and a Governor, the Earl of *Leicester*, who not symbolizing with their humour, was quickly revok'd, yet without any outward dislike on the Queen's side, for she left her Forces still with them, but upon their expence : she lent them afterwards some considerable sums of moneys, and she receiv'd *Flushing* and *Brill* for caution. Ever since the *English* have been the best sinews of their war, and achievers of the greatest exploits amongst them. Having thus made sure work with the *English*, they made young Count *Maurice* their Governor, who for twenty-five years together held task with the *Spaniard*, and during those traverses of War was very fortunate : an overture of peace was then propounded, which the States would not hearken to *singly* with the King of *Spain*, unless the *Provinces* that yet remain'd under him would engage themselves for the performance of what was articled ; besides, they would not treat either of Peace or Truce, unless they were declar'd *Free States*, all which was granted : so by the intervention of the
English

English and *French* Ambassadors, a Truce was concluded for twelve years.

These Wars did so drain and discommodate the King of *Spain*, by reason of his distance (every Soldier that he sent either from *Spain* or *Italy* costing him near upon 100 Crowns before he could be render'd in *Flanders*), that notwithstanding his Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*, it plung'd him so deeply in debt, that, having taken up Moneys in all the chief Banks of Christendom, he was forced to publish a *Diploma*, wherein he dispensed with himself (as the *Holland* Story hath it) from payment, alledging that he had employ'd those Moneys for the publick Peace of Christendom: this broke many great Bankers, and they say his credit was not current in *Sevil* or *Lisbon*, his own Towns; and which was worse, while he stood wrestling thus with his own Subjects, the *Turk* took his opportunity to take from him *Tunis* and the *Goletta*, the Trophies of *Charles V.*, his Father. So eager he was in this quarrel, that he employ'd the utmost of his strength and industry to reduce his People to his Will; in regard he had an intent to make these *Provinces* his main Randevous and Magazine of Men of War; which his Neighbours perceiving, and that he had a kind of aim to be *Western Monarch*, being led not so much for love as reasons of State, they stuck close to the revolted *Provinces*; and this was the *Bone* that Secretary *Walsingham* told *Q. Elizabeth* he would cast the K. of *Spain*, that should last him twenty years, and perhaps make his teeth shake in his head.

But to return to my first discourse, whence this Digression hath snatch'd me: The *Netherlands*, who had been formerly knit and concentred under one Sovereign Prince, were thus dismember'd; and as they subsist now, they are a *State* and a *Province*: The *Province*, having ten of the seventeen at least, is far greater, more populous, better soiled, and more stor'd with Gentry. The *State* is the richer and stronger, the one proceeding from their vast Navigation and Commerce, the other from the quality of their Country,
being

being defensible by Rivers and Sluices, by means whereof they can suddenly overwhelm all the whole Country: witness that stupendous Siege of *Leyden* and *Haerlem*; for most of their Towns, the marks being taken away, are inaccessible, by reason of shelves of Sands. Touching the transaction of these *Provinces*, which the K. of *Spain* made as a Dowry to the Archduke *Albertus*, upon marriage with the *Infanta* (who thereupon left his red Hat and *Toledo* Mitre, the chiefest spiritual Dignity in Christendom for revenue, after the *Papacy*), it was fring'd with such cautelous restraints, that he was sure to keep the better end of the staff still to himself; for he was to have the tutele and ward of his Children, that they were to marry with one of the *Austrian* Family recommended by *Spain*, and in default of Issue, and in case *Albertus* should survive the *Infanta*, he should be but Governor only: add hereunto, that K. *Philip* reserv'd still to himself all the Citadels and Castles, with the Order of the Golden Fleece, whereof he is Master, as he is Duke of *Burgundy*.

The Archduke for the Time hath a very princely Command; all Coins bear his Stamp, all Placarts or Edicts are published in his Name; he hath the Election of all civil Officers and Magistrates; he nominates also Bishops and Abbots, for the Pope hath only the confirmation of them here; nor can he adjourn any out of the Country to answer anything, neither are his Bulls of any strength without the Prince's *Placet*, which makes him have always some Commissioners to execute his Authority. The People here grow hotter and hotter in the *Roman* Cause, by reason of the mixture with *Spaniards* and *Italians*; and also by the example of the Archduke and the *Infanta*, who are devout in an intense degree. There are two supreme Councils, the Privy-Council and that of the State; this treats of Confederations and Intelligence with foreign Princes, of Peace and War, of entertaining or of dismissing Colonels and Captains, of Fortifications; and they have the Superintendency of the highest Affairs that concern the Prince
and

and the Policy of the *Provinces*: The Primate hath the granting of all Patents and Requests, the publishing of all Edicts and Proclamations, the prizing of Coin, the looking to the Confines and Extent of the *Provinces*, and the enacting of all new Ordinances. Of these two Councils there is never a *Spaniard*, but in the actual Council of War their Voices are predominant: There is also a Court of Finances or Exchequer, whence all they that have the fingring of the King's Money must draw a Discharge. Touching matters of Justice, their Law is mix'd betwixt Civil and Common, with some Clauses of Canonical. The High Court of Parliament is at *Malines*, whither all civil Causes may be brought by Appeal from other Towns, except some that have municipal Privileges and are Sovereign in their own Jurisdictions, as *Mons* in *Hainalt*, and a few more.

The prime *Province* for Dignity is *Brabant*, which, among many other Privileges it enjoys, hath this for one, not to appear upon any Summons out of its own Precinct; which is one of the reasons why the Prince makes his residence there: but the prime, for extent and fame, is *Flanders*, the chiefest Earldom in Christendom, which is three days' journey in length; *Ghent*, its Metropolis, is reputed the greatest Town of *Europe*, whence arose the Proverb, *Les flamene tient un Gan, qui tiendra Paris dedans*. But the beautifullest, richest, strongest, and most privileged City is *Antwerp* in *Brabant*, being the *Marquisate* of the Holy Empire, and drawing near to the nature of a *Hans Town*, for she pays the Prince no other Tax but the Impost. Before the Dissociation of the seventeen *Provinces*, this Town was one of the greatest Marts of *Europe* and greatest Bank this side the *Alps*; most Princes having their Factors here, to take up or let out Moneys: and here our *Gresham* got all his Wealth, and built our *Royal Exchange* by model of that here. The Merchandize brought hither from *Germany*, *France*, and *Italy* by Land, and from *England*, *Spain*, and the *Hans-Towns* by Sea, was estimated at above twenty Millions of Crowns every year: but as no violent thing

thing is long lasting, and as 'tis fatal to all Kingdoms, States, Towns, and Languages to have their period, so this renown'd Mart hath suffer'd a shrewd Eclipse, yet no utter downfal; the exchange of the King of *Spain's* Money and some small Land-traffic keeping still Life in her, tho' nothing so full of Vigor as it was. Therefore there is no Town under the Archduke where the States have more conceal'd Friends than in *Antwerp*, who would willingly make them her Masters, in hope to recover her former Commerce; which after the last twelve years' Truce began to revive a little, the States permitting to pass by *Lillo's* Sconce, which commands the River *Scheld*, and lieth in the teeth of the Town, some small cross-sail'd Ships to pass hither: There is no place hath been more passive than this, and more often pillaged; among other times she was once plunder'd most miserably by the *Spaniards* under the conduct of a Priest, immediately on *Don John* of *Austria's* death; she had then her *Stadt-house* burnt, which had cost a few years before above 20,000 Crowns the building; and the spoils that were carried away thence amounted to forty tuns of gold: thus she was reduced not only to poverty, but a kind of captivity, being commanded by a Citadel, which she preferr'd before a Garrison. This made the merchants retire and seek a more free Randevous, some in *Zealand*, some in *Holland*, especially in *Amsterdam*, which rose upon the fall of this Town, as *Lisbon* did from *Venice* upon the discovery of the *Cape of Good Hope*, tho' *Venice* be not near so much crestfallen.

I will now steer my discourse to the *United Provinces*, as they term themselves, which are six in number, *viz.*, *Holland*, *Zealand*, *Friesland*, *Overyssel*, *Gronnighen*, and *Utrecht*, three parts of *Gelderland*, and some Frontier Towns and Places of contribution in *Brabant* and *Flanders*: In all these there is no innovation at all introduced, notwithstanding this great change in point of Government, except that the College of States represent the Duke or Earl in times past; which College consists of the chiefest Gentry of the Country,
Superintendants

Superintendants of Towns, and the principal Magistrates : Every *Province* and great Town chuse yearly certain Deputies, to whom they give plenary power to deliberate with the other States of all affairs touching the publick welfare of the whole Province ; and what they vote stands for Law. These being assembled, consult all matters of State, Justice, and War ; the Advocate who is prime in the Assembly propounds the business, and after collects the suffrages, first of the Provinces, then of the Towns ; which being put in form, he delivers in pregnant and moving speeches ; and in case there be a dissonance and reluctancy of opinions, he labours to accord and reconcile them ; concluding always with the major Voices.

Touching the administration of Justice, the President, who is monthly chang'd, with the great Council, have the supreme Judicature ; from whose Decrees there is no appeal, but a revision ; and then some of the choicest Lawyers among them are appointed.

For their *Oppidan* Government, they have variety of Officers, a Scout, Burgmasters, a Balue, and *Vroetschoppens* : The Scout is chosen by the States, who with the Balues have the judging of all criminal matters in last resort without appeal ; they have also the determining of civil Causes, but those are appealable to the *Hague*. Touching their chiefest Governor (or General rather now), having made proof of the *Spaniard*, *German*, *French*, and *English*, and agreeing with none of them, they alighted at last upon a Man of their own mould, Prince *Maurice*, now their General ; in whom concurr'd divers parts suitable to such a charge, having been train'd up in the Wars by his Father, who, with three of his Uncles and divers of his Kindred, sacrificed their Lives in the States Quarrel : he hath thriven well since he came to the Government ; he clear'd *Friesland*, *Overyssel*, and *Groningen* in less than eighteen months : He hath now continued their Governor and General by Sea and Land above thirty-three years ; he hath the election of Magistrates, the pardoning of Malefactors, and divers other Prerogatives ; yet they are
short

short of the reach of Sovereignty, and of the Authority of the antient Counts of *Holland*: Tho' I cannot say 'tis a mercenary employment, yet he hath a limited allowance; nor hath he any implicit command when he goes to the field, for either the Council of War marcheth with him, or else he receives daily directions from them: moreover, the States themselves reserve the power of nominating all Commanders in the Army, which being of sundry Nations, deprive him of those advantages he might have to make himself absolute. Martial Discipline is nowhere so regular as among the States; nowhere are there lesser insolences committed upon the Burgher, nor robberies upon the Country Boors; nor are the Officers permitted to insult over the common Soldier: When the Army marcheth, not one dares take so much as an apple off a tree or a root out of the earth in their Passage; and the reason is, they are punctually paid their Pay, or else I believe they would be insolent enough; and were not the Pay so certain, I think few or none would serve them. They speak of 60,000 they have in perpetual Pay by Land and Sea, at home, and in the *Indies*: The King of *France* was used to maintain a Regiment, but since *Henry the Great's* death the Payment hath been neglected. The means they have to maintain these Forces, to pay their Governor, to discharge all other expence, as the preservation of their Dikes, which comes to a vast expence yearly, is the antient revenue of the Counts of *Holland*, the impropriate Church-livings, Imposts upon all Merchandise, which is greater upon exported than imported Goods; Excise upon all Commodities, as well for necessity as pleasure; Taxes upon every Acre of Ground, which is such, that the whole Country returns into their hands every three years: Add hereunto the Art they use in their Bank by the rise and fall of Money, the fishing upon our Coasts, whither they send every Autumn above 700 Hulks or Busses, which in the Voyages they make return above a Million in Herrings; moreover, their fishing for green Fish and Salmon amounts to so much more; and for their Cheese and Butter,

'tis

'tis thought they vent as much every year as *Lisbon* doth Spices. This keeps the common Treasury always full, that upon any extraordinary service or design there is seldom any new Tax upon the People. Traffic is their general Profession, being all either Merchants or Mariners; and having no Land to manure, they furrow the Sea for their living: and this universality of Trade, and their Banks of Adventures, distributes the Wealth so equally, that few among them are exceeding rich or exceeding poor; Gentry among them is very thin, and as in all Democracies, little respected, and coming to dwell in Towns, they soon mingle with the Merchant, and so degenerate: Their Soil being all 'twixt Marsh and Meadow, is so fat in pasturage that one Cow will give eight Quarts of Milk a day; so that, as a Boor told me, in four little *dorps* near *Harlem* 'tis thought there is as much Milk milk'd in the year as there is Rhenish-Wine brought to *Dort*, which is the sole Staple of it. Their Towns are beautiful and neatly built, and with uniformity, that who sees one, sees all: In some Places, as in *Amsterdam*, the Foundation costs more than the Superstructure, for the Ground being soft, they are constrain'd to ram in huge Stakes of Timber (with Wool about it to preserve it from Putrefaction) till they come to a firm Basis; so that, as one said, Whosoever could see *Amsterdam* under ground should see a huge Winter-Forest.

Among all the confederate Provinces, *Holland* is most predominant, which, being but six hours' Journey in breadth, contains forty-nine wall'd Towns, and all these within a day's Journey one of another. *Amsterdam* for the present is one of the greatest mercantil Towns in *Europe*. To her is appropriated the *East* and *West-India* Trade, whither she sends yearly forty great Ships, with another Fleet to the *Baltic* Sea; but they send not near so many to the *Mediterranean* as *England*: Other Towns are passably rich, and stor'd with Shipping, but not one very poor; which proceeds from the wholesome Policy they use, to assign every Town some firm Staple Commodity; as to (their
Maiden-Town

Maiden-Town) *Dort* the *German* Wines and Corn, to *Middeburgh* the *French* and *Spanish* Wines, to *Trevere* (the Prince of *Orange's* Town) the *Scots* Trade: *Leyden*, in recompense of her long Siege, was erected to an University, which with *Franiker* in *Friesland* is all they have; *Harlem* for Knitting and Weaving hath some Privilege; *Rotterdam* hath the *English* Cloth: and this renders their Towns so equally rich and populous. They allow free harbour to all Nations, with liberty of Religion (the *Roman* only excepted) as far as the *Jew*, who hath two *Synagogues* allow'd him, but only in *Amsterdam*; which piece of Policy they borrow of the *Venetian*, with whom they have very intimate intelligence: only the *Jews* in *Venice*, in *Rome*, and other places go with some outward Mark of Distinction, but here they wear none: and these two Republics, that in the *East* and this in the *West*, are the two *Remora's*, that stick to the great Vessel of *Spain*, that it cannot sail to the Western Monarchy.

I have been long in the Survey of these Provinces, yet not long enough, for much more might be said, which is fitter for a Story than a Survey: I will conclude with a *mot* or two of the People, whereof some have been renown'd in time past for Feats of War. Among the States, the *Hollander* or *Batavian* hath been most known, for some of the *Roman* Emperors have had a selected Guard of them about their Persons for their Fidelity and Valour, as now the King of *France* hath of the *Swisse*. The *Frisians* also have been famous for those large Privileges wherewith *Charlemain* endow'd them; the *Flemins* also have been illustrious for the martial Exploits they achiev'd in the *East*, where two of the Earls of *Flanders* were crown'd Emperors. They have all a *Genius* inclin'd to Commerce, very intentive and witty in Manufactures, witness the Art of *Printing*, *Painting*, and *Colouring in Glass*; those curious Quadrants, Chimes, and Dials, those kind of Waggons which are used up and down Christendom, were first used by them; and for the Mariner's Compass, tho' the matter be disputable 'twixt the

the *Neapolitan*, the *Portugal*, and them, yet there is a strong argument on their side, in regard they were the first that subdivided the four Cardinal Winds to two and thirty, others naming them in their Language.

There is no part of *Europe* so haunted with all sorts of Foreigners as the *Netherlands*, which makes the Inhabitants, as well Women as Men, so well vers'd in all sorts of Languages, so that in Exchange-time one may hear seven or eight sorts of Tongues spoken upon their Bourses: nor are the Men only expert herein, but the Women and Maids also in their common Hostries; and in *Holland* the Wives are so well vers'd in Bargaining, Cyphering, and Writing, that in the absence of their Husbands in long Sea-voyages they beat the Trade at home, and their Words will pass in equal Credit: These Women are wonderfully sober, tho' their Husbands make commonly their Bargains in drink, and then are they more cautelous. This confluence of Strangers makes them very populous, which was the cause that *Charles* the Emperor said, That all the *Netherlands* seem'd to him but as one continued Town. He and his Grandfather *Maximilian*, notwithstanding the choice of Kingdoms they had, kept their Courts most frequently in them, which shew'd how highly they esteem'd them; and I believe, if *Philip II.* had visited them sometimes, Matters had not gone so ill.

There is no part of the Earth, considering the small Circuit of Country, which is estimated to be but as big as the fifth part of *Italy*, where one may find more differing Customs, Tempers and Humours of People than in the *Netherlands*: The *Walloon* is quick and sprightly, accostable and full of Compliment, and gaudy in Apparel, like his next Neighbour the *French*: The *Fleming* and *Brabanter*, somewhat more slow and more sparing of Speech: The *Hollander* slower than he, more surly and disrespectful of Gentry and Strangers, homely in his clothing, of very few words, and heavy in action; which may be well imputed to the quality of the Soil, which works so strongly upon the Humours,
that

that when People of a more vivacious and nimble Temper come to mingle with them, their Children are observ'd to partake rather of the Soil than the Sire: and so it is in all Animals besides.

Thus have I huddled up some Observations of the *Low-Countries*, beseeching your Lordship would be pleased to pardon the Imperfections, and correct the Errors of them; for I know none so capable to do it as your Lordship, to whom I am—A most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Antwerp, 1 May, 1622.

XVI.

To my Brother, Mr. Hugh Penry, upon his Marriage.

SIR,

YOU have had a good while the Interest of a Friend in me, but you have me now in a straiter Tie, for I am your Brother by your late Marriage, which hath turn'd Friendship into an Alliance; you have in your Arms one of my dearest Sisters, who I hope, nay I know will make a good Wife. I heartily congratulate this Marriage, and pray that a Blessing may descend upon it from that Place where all Marriages are made, which is from Heaven, the Fountain of all Felicity: to this Prayer, I think it no Prophaness to add the Saying of the *Lyric Poet Horace*, in whom I know you delight much; and I send it you as a kind of *Epithalamium*, and wish it may be verif'd in you both:—

Fœlices ter & amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis

Divulsus querimoniis

Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Thus English'd:—

That Couple's more than trebly blest,
Which nuptial Bonds do so combine,
That no distaste can them untwine,
Till the last day send both to rest.

So, my dear Brother, I much rejoice for this Alliance,
and

and wish you may increase and multiply to your Heart's content.—Your affectionate Brother,

J. H.

20 May 1622.

XVII.

To my Brother, Doctor Howell, from Brussels.

SIR,

I HAD yours in *Latin* at *Rotterdam*, whence I corresponded with you in the same Language; I heard, tho' not from you, since I came to *Brussels*, that our Sister *Anne* is lately marry'd to Mr. *Hugh Penry*: I am heartily glad of it, and wish the rest of our Sisters were so well bestow'd; for I know Mr. *Penry* to be a Gentleman of a great deal of solid Worth and Integrity, and one that will prove a great Husband and a good *Oeconomist*.

Here is News that *Mansfelt* hath receiv'd a foil lately in *Germany*, and that the Duke of *Brunswick*, *alias* Bishop of *Halverstadt*, hath lost one of his Arms: this makes them vapour here extremely, and the last Week I heard of a Play the *Jesuits* of *Antwerp* made, in derogation, or rather derision of the Proceedings of the Prince *Palsgrave*, where, among divers other Passages, they feign'd a Post to come puffing upon the Stage; and being ask'd what news, he answer'd, how the *Palsgrave* was like to have shortly a huge formidable Army, for the King of *Denmark* was to send him 100,000, the *Hollanders* 100,000, and the King of *Great Britain* 100,000; but being ask'd thousands of what? he reply'd, The first would send 100,000 *Red Herrings*, the second 100,000 *Cheeses*, and the last 100,000 Ambassadors; alluding to Sir *Richard Weston*, and Sir *Edward Conway*, my Lord *Carlisle*, Sir *Arthur Chichester*, and lastly the Lord *Digby*, who have been all employ'd in quality of Ambassadors in less than two years, since the beginning of these *German* Broils. Touching the last, having been with the Emperor and the Duke of *Bavaria*, and carry'd himself with such high Wisdom in his Negotiations with the one, and Stoutness with the other, and having preserv'd Count *Mansfelt's* Troops

Troops from disbanding, by pawning his own Argentry and Jewels, he pass'd this way, where they say the Arch-duke did esteem him more than any Ambassador that ever was in this Court; and the Report yet is very fresh of his high Abilities.

We are to remove hence in Coach towards *Paris* the next week, where we intend to winter, or hard by. When you have opportunity to write to *Wales*, I pray present my duty to my Father, and my love to the rest; and pray remember me also to all at the *Hill* and the *Dale*, especially to that most virtuous Gentleman, Sir *John Franklin*. So, my dear Brother, I pray God continue and improve His Blessings to us both, and bring us again together with comfort.—
Your Brother,

J. H.

10 June 1622.

XVIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard, at Worcester-House.

SIR,

FRRIENDSHIP is the great Chain of human Society, and intercourse of Letters is one of the chiefest links of that Chain: you know this as well as I; therefore I pray let our Friendship, let our Love, that nationality of *British* Love, that virtuous tie of *Academic* Love, be still strengthened (as heretofore) and receive daily more and more Vigor. I am now in *Paris*, and there is weekly opportunity to receive and send: and if you please to send, you shall be sure to receive, for I make it a kind of Religion to be punctual in this kind of Payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a *domestic* Member to that most noble Family of the *Worcesters*, and I hold it to be a very good Foundation for future Preferment; I wish you may be as happy in them, as I know they will be happy in you. *France* is now barren of News, only there was a shrewd Brush lately 'twixt the young King and his Mother, who having the Duke of *Epernon* and others for her Champions, met him in open Field about *Pont de Cé*, but she went away with the worst

worst; such was the rare dutifulness of the King, that he forgave her upon his Knees, and pardon'd all her Complices: and now there is an universal Peace in this Country, which 'tis thought will not last long, for there is a War intended against them of the Reform'd Religion; for this King, tho' he be slow in Speech, yet he is active in Spirit, and loves Motion. I am here comrade to a gallant young Gentleman, my old Acquaintance, who is full of excellent Parts, which he hath acquired by a choice breeding, the Baron his Father gave him, both in the University, and in the Inns of Court; so that, for the time, I envy no Man's happiness. So, with my hearty Commends, and much endear'd Love unto you, I rest—Yours whiles

JAM. HOWELL.

Paris, 3 Aug. 1621.

XIX.

*To the Honourable Sir Tho. Savage (after Lord Savage),
at his House upon Tower-Hill.*

HONOURABLE SIR,

THOSE many undeserv'd Favours for which I stand obliged to your self and my noble Lady, since the time I had the happiness to come first under your roof, and the command you pleased to lay upon me at my departure thence, call upon me at this time to give you account how Matters pass in *France*.

That which for the present affords most plenty of News, is *Rochell*, which the King threateneth to block up this Spring with an Army by Sea, under the Command of the Duke of *Nevers*, and by a Land Army under his own Conduct: both sides prepare, he to assault, the *Rochellers* to defend. The King declares that he proceeds not against them for their Religion, which he is still contented to tolerate, but for holding an Assembly against his Declarations. They answer, That their Assembly is grounded upon His Majesty's Royal Warrant, given at the dissolution of the last Assembly at *Lodun*, where he solemnly gave his word,

word, to permit them to re-assemble when they would six months after, if the Breaches of their Liberty and Grievances which they then propounded were not redress'd; and they say, this being unperform'd, it stands not with the sacred Person of a King to violate his Promise, being the first that ever he made them. The King is so incens'd against them, that their Deputies can have neither access to his Person, nor audience of his Council, as they stile themselves the Deputies of the Assembly at *Rockell*; but if they say they come from the whole Body of them of the *pretended Reform'd Religion*, he will hear them. The Breach between them is grown so wide, that the King resolves on a Siege. This Resolution of the King is much fomented by the *Roman* Clergy; especially by the *Celestines*, who have 200,000 Crowns of Gold in the Arsenal of *Paris*, which they would sacrifice all to this Service; besides, the Pope sent him a Bull to levy what Sums he would of the *Gallican* Church, for the advancement of his Design. This Resolution also is much push'd on by the Gentry, who, besides the particular Employments and Pay they shall receive hereby, are glad to have their young King train'd up in Arms, to make him a martial Man: but for the Merchant and poor Peasant, they tremble at the Name of this War, fearing their Teeth should be set on edge with those soure Grapes their Fathers tasted in the time of the *League*; for if the King begins with *Rockell*, 'tis fear'd all the four Corners of the Kingdom will be set on fire.

Of all the Towns of surety which they of the Religion hold, *Rockell* is the chiefest, a Place strong by Nature, but stronger by Art. It is a maritime Town, and landward they can by Sluices drown a League's distance; 'tis fortify'd with mighty thick Walls, Bastions, and Counterscarps, and those according to the modern Rules of Enginry. This, among other cautionary Towns, was granted by *Henry IV.* to them of the Religion for a certain term of years; which being expir'd, the King saith they are devolv'd again to the Crown, and so demands them. They of the Religion
pretend

pretend to have divers Grievances; first, they have not been paid these two years the 160,000 Crowns which the last King gave them annually, to maintain their Ministers and Garrisons: They complain of the King's Carriage lately at *Bearn* (*Henry the Great's Country*), which was merely Protestant, where he hath introduced two years since the publick Exercise of the *Mass*, which had not been sung there fifty years before; he alter'd also there the Government of the Country, and in lieu of a *Viceroy*, left a *Governor* only: And whereas *Navarrin* was formerly a Court of Parliament for the whole Kingdom of *Navar* (that's under *France*), he hath put it down and publish'd an Edict, That the *Navarrois* should come to *Toulouse*, the chief Town of *Languedoc*; and lastly, he left behind him a Garrison in the said Town of *Navarrin*. These and other Grievances they of the Religion proposed to the King lately, desiring His Majesty would let them enjoy still those Privileges his Predecessor *Henry III.* and his Father *Henry IV.* afforded them by Act of Pacification: But he made them a short Answer, That what the one did in this Point, he did it out of *fear*; what the other did, he did it out of *love*; but he would have them know, that he neither *lov'd* them nor *fear'd* them: so the business is like to bleed sore on both sides; nor is there yet any appearance of prevention.

There was a Scuffle lately here 'twixt the D. of *Nevers* and the Cardinal of *Guise*, who have had a long Suit in Law about an Abbey; and meeting the last Week about the Palace, from Words they fell to Blows, the Cardinal struck the Duke first, and so were parted; but in the Afternoon there appear'd on both sides no less than 3000 Horse in a Field hard by, which shews the populousness and sudden strength of this huge City: but the Matter was taken up by the King himself, and the Cardinal clapt up in the *Bastile*, where the King saith he shall abide to *ripen*; for he is but young, and they speak of a *Bull* that is to come from *Rome* to decardinalize him. I fear to have trespass'd too much upon your Patience, therefore I will conclude

conclude for the present, but will never cease to profess myself—Your thrice humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Paris, 18 Aug. 1622.

XX.

To D. Caldwell, Esq., from Poissy.

MY DEAR D.,

TO be free from *English*, and to have the more conveniency to fall close to our business, Mr. *Altham* and I are lately retir'd from *Paris* to this Town of *Poissy*, a pretty genteel place at the Foot of the great Forest of *St. Germain* upon the River *Sequana*, and within a mile of one of the King's chiefest standing Houses, and about fifteen miles from *Paris*. Here is one of the prime Nunneries of all *France*. *Lewis IX.*, who in the Catalogue of the *French* Kings, is call'd *St. Lewis*, which Title was confirm'd by the *Pope*, was baptiz'd in this little Town; and after his return from *Egypt* and other places against the *Saracens*, being ask'd by what Title he would be distinguish'd from the rest of his Predecessors after his death, he answer'd, That he desir'd to be call'd *Lewis of Poissy*. Reply being made, that there were divers other Places and Cities of renown, where he had perform'd brave Exploits, and obtain'd famous Victories, therefore it was more fitting that some of those places should denominate him: No, said he, I desire to be call'd *Lewis of Poissy*, because there I got the most glorious Victory that ever I had, for *there I overcame the Devil*; meaning he was christen'd there.

I sent you from *Antwerp* a silver *Dutch* Table-book, I desire to hear of the receipt of it in your next: I must desire you (as I did once at *Rouen*) to send me a dozen pair of the whitest Kidskin gloves for Women, and half a dozen pair of Knives, by the Merchant's Post; and if you want anything that *France* can afford, I hope you know what Power you have to dispose of—Yours, J. H.

7 Sep. 1622.

XXI.

To my Father, from Paris.

SIR, I was afraid I should never have had Ability to write to you again, I had lately such a dangerous Fit of Sickness; but I have now pass'd the Brunt of it, God hath been pleas'd to reprieve me, and reserve me for more days, which I hope to have Grace to number better. Mr. *Altham* and I having retir'd to a small Town from *Paris*, for more privacy, and sole conversation with the nation, I ty'd myself to a task for the reading of so many books in such a compass of time; and thereupon, to make good my word to myself, I us'd to watch many nights together, tho' it was in the depth of Winter; but returning to this Town, I took cold in the head, and so that mass of rheum which had gather'd by my former watching, return'd to an imposthume in my head, whereof I was sick above forty days: at the end they cauteriz'd and made an issue in my cheek, to make vent for the imposthume, and that sav'd my life. At first they let me blood, and I parted with above fifty ounces in less than a fortnight; for *Phlebotomy* is so much practis'd here, that if one's little finger ache, they presently open a vein; and to balance the blood on both sides, they usually let blood in both arms. And the commonness of the thing seems to take away all fear, insomuch that the very Women, when they find themselves indispos'd, will open a vein themselves; for they hold, that the blood, which hath a circulation, and fetcheth a round every twenty-four hours about the body, is quickly repair'd again. I was eighteen days and nights that I had no sleep, but short imperfect slumbers, and those too procur'd by potions: the tumor at last came so about the throat, that I had scarce vent left for respiration; and my body was brought so low with all sorts of Physic, that I appear'd like a mere *Skeleton*. When I was indifferently well recover'd, some of the Doctors and Chirurgeons that tended me, gave me a visit;

visit; and among other things, they fell into discourse of Wines which was the best, and so by degrees they fell upon other beverages; and one Doctor in the company who had been in *England*, told me that we have a Drink in *England* call'd Ale, which he thought was the wholesomest liquor that could go into one's Guts; for whereas the body of Man is supported by two columns, *viz.*, the natural heat and the radical moisture, he said, there is no Drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one, and the increase of the other, than Ale: for while the *Englishmen* drank only Ale, they were strong, brawny, able Men, and could draw an arrow an ell long; but when they fell to wine and beer, they are found to be much impair'd in their strength and age: so the Ale bore away the bell among the Doctors.

The next week we advance our course further into *France*, towards the river of *Loire* to *Orleans*, whence I shall continue to convey my duty to you. In the meantime I humbly crave your blessing, and your acknowledgment to God Almighty for my recovery; be pleas'd further to impart my love among my brothers and sisters, with all my kinsmen and friends in the Country: So I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

10 Dec. 1622.

XXII.

To Sir Tho. Savage, Knight and Baronet.

HONOURABLE SIR,

THAT of the 5th of this present which you pleas'd to send me was receiv'd, and I begin to think myself something more than I was, that you value so much the slender endeavours of my pen to do you service: I shall continue to improve your good opinion of me as opportunity shall serve.

Touching the great threats against *Rochell*, whereof I gave you an ample relation in my last, matters are become now more calm, and rather inclining to an accommodation, for 'tis thought a sum of money will make up the breach;
and

and to this end some think all these bravado's were made. The D. of *Luynes* is at last made *Ld. High Constable of France*, the prime Officer of the Crown; he hath a peculiar Court to himself, a guard of 100 Men in rich liveries, and 100,000 livres a year Pension. The old D. of *Lesdiguieres*, one of the ancientest Soldiers in *France*, and a Protestant, is made his Lieutenant.

But in regard all Christendom rings of this Favourite, being the greatest that ever was in *France*, since the *Maires of the Palace*, who came to be *Kings* afterwards, I will send you herein this Legend: He was born in *Provence*, and is a Gentleman by descent, tho' of a petty Extraction; in the last King's time he was preferr'd to be one of his *Pages*, who, finding him industrious, and a good waiter, allow'd him 300 Crowns Pension *per an.*, which he husbanded so well, that he maintain'd himself and his two brothers in passable good fashion therewith. The King observing that, doubled his Pension, and taking notice that he was a serviceable Instrument and apt to please, he thought him fit to be about his Son, in whose service he hath continued above fifteen years; and he hath *flown* so high into his Favour by singular dexterity and art he hath in *Faulconry*, and by shooting at birds flying, wherein the King took great pleasure, that he hath soar'd to this pitch of honour. He is a Man of a passable good understanding and forecast, of a mild comportment, humble and debonair to all, and of a winning conversation; he hath about him choice and solid heads, who prescribe to him rules of Policy, by whose Compass he steers his course, which it's likely will make him subsist long: He is now come to that transcendent altitude, that he seems to have mounted above the reach of Envy, and made all hopes of supplanting him frustrate, both by the politic guidance of his own actions, and the powerful alliances he hath got for himself and his two brothers: He is marry'd to the Duke of *Montbazon's* Daughter, one of the prime Peers of *France*; his second Brother *Cadenet* (who is reputed the wisest of the three) marry'd the Heiress
of

of *Picardy*, with whom he had £9000 lands a year ; his third Brother *Brand* to the great Heiress of *Luxemburgh*, of which House there have been five Emperors : so that these three Brothers and their Allies would be able to counterbalance any one Faction in *France*, the eldest and youngest being made Dukes and Peers of *France*, the other Marshal. There are lately two Ambassadors extraordinary come hither from *Venice* about the *Valtolin*, but their negotiation is at a stand, until the return of an Ambassador extraordinary who is gone to *Spain*. Ambassadors also are come from the *Hague* for payment of the *French* Regiment there, which hath been neglected these ten years ; and to know whether his Majesty will be pleas'd to continue their Pay any longer ; but their Answer is yet suspended : They have brought news that the seven ships which were built for His Majesty in the *Tessel* are ready ; to this he answer'd, that he desires to have ten more built ; for he intends to finish that design which his Father had a-foot a little before his Death, to establish a Royal Company of Merchants.

This is all the News that *France* affords for the present, the relation whereof, if it proves as acceptable as my endeavours to serve you herein are pleasing unto me, I shall esteem myself happy : so, wishing you and my noble Lady continuance of health, and increase of Honour, I rest—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Paris, 15 Dec. 1622.

XXIII.

To Sir John North, Knight.

SIR,

I CONFESS you have made a perfect conquest of me by your late Favours, and I yield myself your Captive : a day may come that will enable me to pay my ransom ; in the interim, let a most thankful acknowledgment be my Bail and Mainprise.

I am now remov'd from off the *Sein* to the *Loire*, to the fair Town of *Orleans* : there was here lately a mixt Procession

sion 'twixt Military and Ecclesiastic for the Maid of *Orleans*, which is perform'd every year very solemnly; her Statue stands upon the Bridge, and her Clothes are preserv'd to this day, which a young Man wore in the Procession; which makes me think that her Story, tho' it sound like a *Romance*, is very true. And I read it thus in two or three Chronicles: When the *English* had made such firm Invasions in *France*, that their Armies had march'd into the heart of the Country, besieged *Orleans*, and driven *Charles VII.* to *Bourges* in *Berry*, which made him to be call'd, for the time, King of *Berry*; there came to his Army a Shepherdess, one *Anne de Arque*, who with a confident look and language told the King, that she was design'd by Heaven to beat the *English*, and drive them out of *France*. Therefore she desired a Command in the Army, which by her extraordinary confidence and importunity she obtain'd; and putting on Man's apparel, she prov'd so prosperous, that the Siege was rais'd from before *Orleans*, and the *English* were pursu'd to *Paris*, and forced to quit that, and driven to *Normandy*: She us'd to go on with marvellous courage and resolution, and her word was *Hara ha*: but in *Normandy* she was taken Prisoner, and the *English* had a fair revenge upon her, for by an Arrest of the Parliament of *Rouen* she was burnt for a Witch. There is a great business now a-foot in *Paris*, call'd the *Polette*, which, if it take effect, will tend to correct, at leastwise to cover a great Error in the *French* Government: the custom is, that all the chief places of Justice thro'out all the eight Courts of Parliament in *France*, besides a great number of other Offices are set to sale by the King, and they return to him, unless the Buyer liveth forty days after his resignation to another. It is now propounded that these casual Offices shall be absolutely hereditary, provided that every Officer pay a yearly revenue to the King, according to the valuation of and perquisites of the Office: this business is now in hot agitation, but the issue is yet doubtful.

The last you sent I receiv'd by *Vacandary* in *Paris*: So
highly

highly honouring your excellent Parts and Merit, I rest, now that I understand *French* indifferently well, no more your (*she*) *Servant*, but—Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Orleans, 3 Mar. 1622.

XXIV.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight.

SIR,

WERE I to freight a Letter with Compliments, this Country would furnish me with variety, but of News a small store at this present; and for Compliment, it is dangerous to use any to you, who have such a piercing Judgment to discern semblances from realities.

The Queen-Mother is come at last to *Paris*, where she hath not been since *Ancre's* death; the King is also return'd post from *Bourdeaux*, having travers'd most part of his Kingdom: he settled Peace everywhere he pass'd, and quash'd divers Insurrections; and by his obedience to his Mother, and his lenity towards all his Partisans at *Pont de Ce*, where above 400 were slain, and notwithstanding that he was victorious, yet he gave a general Pardon; he hath gain'd much upon the affections of his People. His Council of State went ambulatory always with him, and as they say here, never did Men manage things with more wisdom. There is a War questionless a fermenting against the Protestants; the Duke of *Epernon*, in a kind of a *Rodomontado* way, desir'd leave of the King to block up *Rochell*, and in six weeks he would undertake to deliver her to his hands; but I believe he reckons without his Host. I was told a merry Passage of this little *Gascon* Duke, who is now the oldest Soldier in *France*; having come lately to *Paris*, he treated with a Pander to procure him a Courtesan, and if she was a *Damoisel* (a Gentlewoman) he would give so much, and if a *Citizen*, he would give so much: The Pander did his Office, but brought him a Citizen clad in *Damoisel's* apparel, so she and her Maquerel were paid accordingly.

The

The next day after, some of his Familiars having understood hereof, began to be pleasant with the Duke, and to jeer him, that he being a *Vieil Routier*, an old try'd Soldier, should suffer himself to be so cozen'd, as to pay for a Citizen after the rate of a Gentlewoman: The little Duke grew half wild hereupon, and commenced an Action of Fraud against the Pander; but what became of it I cannot tell you, but all *Paris* rang of it. I hope to return now very shortly to *England*, where, among the rest of my noble Friends, I shall much rejoice to see and serve you, whom I honour with no vulgar affection: So I am—Your true Servitor, J. H.

Orleans, 5 Mar. 1622.

XXV.

To my Cousin, Mr. Will. Martin, at Brussels.

DEAR COUSIN,

I FIND you are very punctual in your performances, and a precise observer of the promise you made here to correspond with Mr. *Altham* and me by Letters. I thank you for the variety of *German* News you imparted to me, which was so neatly couch'd and curiously knit together, that your Letter might serve for a pattern to the best Intelligencer. I am sorry the Affairs of the Prince *Palsgrave* go so untowardly; the wheel of War may turn, and that spoke which is now up may down again. For *French* Occurrences, there is a War certainly intended against them of the Religion here, and there are visible preparations a-foot already: Among others that shrink in the Shoulders at it, the King's Servants are not very well pleas'd with it, in regard, besides *Scots* and *Swissers*, there are divers of the King's Servants that are Protestants. If a Man go to *ragion' di stato*, to reason of State, the *French* King hath something to justify this design; for the Protestants being so numerous, and having near upon fifty presidiary wall'd Towns in their hands for caution, they have power to disturb *France* when they please, and being abetted by a foreign Prince, to give the
King

King Law; and you know as well as I, how they have been made use of to kindle a Fire in *France*: Therefore rather than they should be utterly suppress'd, I believe the *Spaniard* himself would reach them his *Ragged-staff* to defend them.

I send you here inclos'd another from Master *Altham*, who respects you dearly, and we remember'd you lately at *la pomme du pin* in the best Liquor of the *French* Grape. I shall be shortly for *London*, where I shall not rejoice a little to meet you. The *English* air may confirm what foreign begun, I mean our Friendship and Affections; and in *Me* (that I may return you in *English* the *Latin* Verses You sent me):—

*As soon a little Ant
Shall bib the Ocean dry,
A Snail shall creep about the World,
E'er these Affections die.*

So, my dear Cousin, may Virtue be your Guide, and Fortune your Companion.—Yours while

JAM. HOWELL.

Paris, 18 Mar. 1622.



SECTION III.

I.

To my Father.

SIR,

I AM safely return'd now the second time from beyond the Seas, but I have yet no Employment: God and good Friends, I hope, will shortly provide one for me.

The *Spanish* Ambassador, Count *Gondomar*, doth strongly negotiate a Match 'twixt our Prince and the *Infanta* of *Spain*; but at his first Audience there happen'd an ill-favour'd accident (pray God it prove no ill augury), for my Lord of *Arundel* being sent to accompany him to *Whitehall*, upon a *Sunday* in the afternoon, as they were going over the Terrass, it broke under them, but only one was hurt in the Arm. *Gondomar* said, that he had not car'd to have dy'd in so good Company: He saith, there is no other way to regain the *Palatinate* but by this Match, and to settle an eternal Peace in Christendom.

The Marquis of *Buckingham* continueth still in fulness of grace and favour; the Countess his Mother sways also much at Court: she brought Sir *Henry Montague* from delivering Law on the *King's-Bench*, to look to his Bags in the *Exchequer*, for she made him Lord High-Treasurer of *England*; but he parted with his white *Staff* before the year's end, tho' his Purse had bled deeply for it (above £20,000), which made a Lord of this Land to ask him at his return from Court, *Whether he did not find that Wood was extreme dear at Newmarket*, for there he received the white *Staff*. There is now a notable stirring Man in the Place, my Lord *Cranfield*, who, from walking about the *Exchange*, is come to sit Chief-Justice in the *Chequer-Chamber*,

Chamber, and to have one of the highest Places at the Council-Table: He is marry'd to one of the Tribe of Fortune, a Kinswoman of the Marquis of *Buckingham*. Thus there is rising and falling at Court; and as in our natural pace one foot cannot be up till the other be down, so it is in the affairs of the World commonly, one Man riseth at the fall of another.

I have no more to write at this time, but that with tender of my duty to you, I desire a continuance of your Blessing and Prayers.—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

London, 22 *Mar.* 1622.

II.

To the Honourable Mr. John Savage (now Earl of Rivers)
at Florence.

SIR,

MY love is not so short but it can reach as far as *Florence* to find you out, and farther too if occasion required; nor are these affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clamber o'er the *Alps* and *Appenin* to wait upon you, as they have adventur'd to do now in this paper. I am sorry I was not in *London* to kiss your hands before you set to Sea, and much more sorry that I had not the happiness to meet you in *Holland* or *Brabant*, for we went the very same road, and lay in *Dort* and *Antwerp*, in the same lodgings you had lain in a fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted of the sweetness of Travel, and that you have wean'd your affections from *England* for a good while; you must now think upon home, as (one said) good men think upon Heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their course; and yours, I understand, will be three years: in the meantime you must not suffer any melting tenderness of thoughts, or longing desires, to distract or interrupt you in that fair road you are in to Virtue, and to beautify within that comely Edifice which Nature hath built without you. I

know your Reputation is precious to you, as it should be to every noble Mind; you have expos'd it now to the hazard, therefore you must be careful it receive no taint at your return, by not answering that expectation which your Prince and noble Parents have of you. You are now under the chiefest clime of Wisdom, fair *Italy*, the Darling of Nature, the Nurse of Policy, the Theatre of Virtue: But tho' *Italy* give milk to *Virtue* with one dug, she often suffers *Vice* to suck at the other; therefore you must take heed you mistake not the dug: for there is an ill-favour'd Saying, That *Inglese Italionato è Diavolo incarnato*; an *Englishman Italianate* is a Devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity, and noble inclinations to virtue and honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the good-will of the *latter*, unless the *first* speak a good word for you. When you go to *Rome*, you may haply see the ruins of two Temples, one dedicated to *Virtue*, the other to *Honour*; and there was no way to enter into the last but thro' the first. Noble Sir, I wish your good very seriously, and if you please to call to memory, and examine the circumstance of things, and my carriage towards you since I had the happiness to be known first to your honourable Family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar way.

My Lord, your Grandfather was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while: By the next Shipping to *Leghorn*, among other things, he intends to send you a whole Brawn in collars. I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate service to Mr. *Thomas Savage*, and my kind respects to Mr. *Bold*. For *English News*, I know this packet comes freighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewell, noble Heir of Honour, and command always.—Your true Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 24 Mar. 1622.

III.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at St. Osith in Essex.

SIR,

I HAD yours upon *Tuesday* last, and whereas you are desirous to know the proceedings of the Parliament I am sorry I must write to you that matters begin to grow boisterous; the King retir'd not long since to *Newmarket*, not very well pleased, and this week there went thither twelve from the House of Commons, to whom Sir *Richard Weston* was the mouth: the King not liking the Message they brought, call'd them his Ambassadors, and in the large Answer which he hath sent to the Speaker, he saith, that he must apply to them a Speech of *Queen Elizabeth's* to an Ambassador of *Poland*, *Legatum expectavimus, Heraldum accepimus; We expected an Ambassador, we have receiv'd a Herald*: he takes it not well that they should meddle with the Match 'twixt his Son and the *Infanta*, alleging an example of one of the Kings of *France*, who would not marry his Son without the advice of his Parliament; but afterwards the King grew so despicable abroad, that no foreign State would treat with him about anything without his Parliament. Sundry other high passages there were as a caveat he gave them, not to touch the honour of the King of *Spain*, with whom he was so far engaged in a matrimonial Treaty, that he could not go back: he gave them also a check for taking cognisance of those things which had their motion in the ordinary Courts of Justice, and that Sir *Edward Coke* (tho' these words were not inserted in the Answer), whom he thought to be *the fittest Instrument for a Tyrant that ever was in England*, should be so bold as to call the *Prerogative* of the Crown a *great Monster*. The Parliament after this was not long-liv'd, but broke up in discontent; and upon the point of dissolution, they made a Protest against divers particulars in the aforesaid Answer of His Majesty's. My Lord *Digby* is preparing for *Spain* in quality of Ambassador Extraordinary, to perfect the Match

'twixt

'twixt our Prince and the Lady *Infanta* ; in which business *Gondomar* hath waded already very deep, and been very active, and ingratiated himself with divers Persons of Quality, Ladies especially : yet he could do no good upon the Lady *Hatton*, whom he desir'd lately, that in regard he was her next Neighbour (at *Ely-House*) he might have the Benefit of her Back-gate to go abroad into the Fields ; but she put him off with a Compliment : whereupon in a private Audience lately with the King, among other passages of merriment, he told him, that my Lady *Hatton* was a *strange Lady*, for she would not suffer her Husband, Sir Ed. Coke, to come in at her fore-door, nor him to go out at her back-door ; and so related the whole business. He was also dispatching a Post lately for *Spain* ; and the Post having receiv'd his Packet, and kiss'd his hands, he call'd him back, and told him he had forgot one thing, which was, That when he came to *Spain*, he should commend him to the Sun, for he had not seen him a great while, and in *Spain* he should be sure to find him. So, with my humble service to my Lord of *Colchester*, I rest—Your most humble Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 24 Mar. 1622.

IV.

To my Brother, Mr. Hugh Penry.

SIR,

THE *Welsh* Nag you sent me was deliver'd me in a very good plight, and I give you a thousand thanks for him ; I had occasion lately to try his mettle and his lungs, and every one tells me he is right, and of no mongrel Race, but a true Mountaineer ; for besides his toughness and strength of Lungs up a Hill, he is quickly curry'd, and content with short Commons : I believe he hath not been long a highway traveller ; for whereas other Horses, when they pass by an Inn or Alehouse, use to make towards them to give them a friendly visit, this Nag roundly goes on, and scorns to cast as much as a glance upon any of them ; which I know not whether I shall impute it to his ignorance, or height

height of Spirit; but conversing with the soft Horses in *England*, I believe he will quickly be brought to be more courteous.

The greatest News we have now, is the return of the Lord Bishop of *Landaff, Davenant, Ward, and Belcanquell*, from the Synod of *Dort*, where the Bishop had precedence given him according to his episcopal dignity. *Arminius* and *Vorstius* were sore baited there concerning Predestination, Election, and Reprobation; as also touching *Christ's* Death, and Man's Redemption by it; then concerning Man's Corruption and Conversion; lastly, concerning the Perseverance of the Saints. I shall have shortly the transaction of the Synod. The *Jesuits* have put out a jeering Libel against it, and these two Verses I remember in't:—

*Dordrecti Synodus ? nodus ; chorus integer ? æger ;
Conventus ? ventus ; Sessio stramen ? Amen.*

But I will confront this *Distich* with another I read in *France* of the *Jesuits* in the Town of *Dole*, towards *Lorain*; they had a great House given them call'd *L'arc* (*arcum*) and upon the River of *Loire*, *Henry IV.* gave them *La fleche*, *Sagittam* in *Latin*, where they have two stately Convents, that is, *Bow* and *Arrow*; whereupon one made these Verses:—

*Arcum Dola dedit, dedit illis alma sagittam
Francia ; quis chordam, quam meruere, dabit ?*

Fair *France* the *Arrow*, *Dole* gave them the *Bow* ;
Who shall the *String*, which they deserve, bestow ?

No more now, but that with my dear Love to my Sister,
I rest—Your most affectionate Brother, J. H.

Lond., 16 Apr. 1622.

V.

To the Lord Viscount Colchester.

MY GOOD LORD,

I RECEIV'D your Lordship's of the last Week, and according to your command I send here inclos'd the
Venetian

Venetian Gazette : for foreign *Aviso's* they write that *Mansfelt* hath been beaten out of *Germany*, and is come to *Sedan*, and 'tis thought the Duke of *Bovillon* will set him up again with a new Army : Marquis *Spinola* hath newly sat down before *Berghen op zoom* ; Your Lordship knows well what consequence that Town is of, therefore it is likely this will be a hot Summer in the *Netherlands*. The *French King* is in open War against them of the Religion ; he hath already clear'd the *Loire*, by taking *Jerseau* and *Saumur*, where Monsieur *Du Plessis* sent him the Keys, which are promis'd to be deliver'd him again, but I think *ad Græcas Calendas*. He hath been also before *St. John d'Angeli*, where the young Cardinal of *Guise* died, being struck down by the puff of a Cannon-bullet, which put him in a burning fever, and made an end of him. The last Town that's taken was *Clerac*, which was put to 50,000 Crowns ransom ; many were put to the Sword, and divers Gentlemen drown'd as they thought to scape ; this is the fifteenth cautionary Town the King hath taken : And now they say he marcheth towards *Montauban*, and so to *Montpellier* and *Nismes*, and then have at *Rochel*. My Lord *Hays* is by this time, 'tis thought, with the Army ; for Sir *Edward Herbert* is return'd, having had some clashings and counterbuffs with the Favourite *Luynes*, wherein he comported himself gallantly. There is a fresh Report blown over, that *Luynes* is lately dead in the Army of the Plague, some say of the Purples, the next Cousen-german to it ; which the Protestants give out to be the just Judgment of Heaven fallen upon him, because he incited his Master to these Wars against them. If he be not dead, let him die when he will, he will leave a fame behind him, to have been the greatest Favourite for the time that ever was in *France*, having from a simple *Falconer* come to be High Constable, and made himself and his younger Brother Grand Dukes and Peers ; and his second Brother *Cadenet* Marshal ; and all three married to Princely Families.

No more now, but that I most humbly kiss your Lordship's

ship's hands, and shall be always most ready and chearful to receive your Commandments, because I am—Your Lordship's obliged Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 12 Aug. 1623.

VI.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I WAS at a dead stand in the course of my Fortunes, when it pleas'd God to provide me lately an Employment to *Spain*, whence I hope there may arise both Repute and Profit. Some of the Cape Merchants of the *Turky* Company, among whom the chiefest were Sir *Robert Nap- per* and Captain *Leat*, propos'd to me, that they had a great business in the Court of *Spain* in Agitation many years, nor was it now their business, but the King's, in whose name it is follow'd: They could have Gentlemen of good Quality that would undertake it, yet if I would take it upon me, they would employ no other, and assur'd me that the Employment should tend both to my benefit and credit. Now the business is this: There was a great *Turky* Ship call'd the *Vineyard*, sailing thro' the *Straits* towards *Constantinople*, but by distress of weather she was forc'd to put into a little Port call'd *Milo* in *Sardinia*; the Searchers came aboard of her, and finding her richly laden, for her cargazon of broad-cloth was worth the first penny near upon £30,000, they cavill'd at some small proportion of Lead and Tin which they had only for the use of the Ship; which the Searchers alledg'd to be *ropa de contrabando*, prohibited Goods; for by Article of Peace, nothing is to be carry'd to *Turky* that may *arm* or *victual*. The Viceroy of *Sardinia* hereupon seized upon the whole Ship, and all her Goods, landed the Master and Men in *Spain*, who coming to Sir *Charles Cornwallis*, the Ambassador at that Court, Sir *Charles* could do them little good at present; therefore they came to *England*, and complain'd to the King and Council: His Majesty was so sensible hereof, that he sent a particular

particular Commission in his own Royal Name, to demand a restitution of the Ship and Goods, and Justice upon the Viceroy of *Sardinia*, who had so apparently broke the Peace, and wrong'd his Subjects. Sir *Charles* (with Sir *Paul Pindar* a-while) labour'd in the business, and commenced a Suit in Law, but he was call'd home before he could do anything to purpose. After him Sir *John Digby* (now Lord *Digby*) went Ambassador to *Spain*, and among other things he had that particular Commission from His Majesty invested in him, to prosecute the Suit in his own Royal Name: Thereupon he sent a well-qualify'd Gentleman, Mr. *Walsingham Gresly*, to *Sardinia*, who unfortunately meeting with some Men of War in the passage, was carry'd prisoner to *Algier*. My Lord *Digby* being remanded home, left the business in Mr. *Cottington's* hands, then Agent, but resum'd it at his return; yet it prov'd such a tedious intricate Suit, that he return'd again without finishing the work, in regard of the remoteness of the Island of *Sardinia*, whence the Witnesses and other Dispatches were to be fetch'd. The Lord *Digby* is going now Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of *Spain*, upon the business of the Match, the restitution of the *Palatinate*, and other high Affairs of State; therefore he is desirous to transmit the King's Commission touching this particular business to any Gentleman that is capable to follow it, and promiseth to assist him with the utmost of his power; and i'faith he hath good reason to do so, in regard he hath now a good round share himself in it. About this business I am now preparing to go to *Spain*, in company of the Ambassador; and I shall kiss the King's hands as his Agent touching this particular Commission. I humbly intreat that your Blessing and Prayers may accompany me in this my new Employment, which I have undertaken upon very good terms, touching expences and reward: So, with my dear love to my brothers and sisters, with other kindred and friends in the Country, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

8 Sept. 1622.

VII.

VII.

To Sir Tho. Savage, Knight and Baronet, at his House in Long-Melford.

HONOURABLE SIR,

I RECEIV'D your commands in a letter which you sent me by Sir *John North*, and I shall not fail to answer you in those particulars. It hath pleas'd God to dispose of me once more for *Spain*, upon a business which I hope will make me good returns: there have two Ambassadors and a Royal Agent follow'd it hitherto, and I am the fourth that is employ'd in it: I defer to trouble you with the particulars of it, in regard I hope to have the happiness to kiss your hand at *Tower-Hill* before my departure, which will not be till my Lord *Digby* sets forward. He goes in a gallant splendid Equipage, and one of the King's Ships is to take him in at *Plymouth*, and transport him to the *Corunna* or *St. Anderas*.

Since that sad disaster which befel Archbishop *Abbot*, to kill the man by the glancing of an arrow as he was shooting at a Deer (which kind of death befel one of our Kings once in *New Forest*) there hath been a Commission awarded to debate whether upon this fact, whereby he hath shed human blood, he be not to be depriv'd of his Archbishoprick, and pronounced irregular: some were against him; but Bishop *Andrews* and Sir *Henry Martin* stood stiffly for him, that in regard it was no spontaneous act, but a mere contingency, and that there is no degree of men but is subject to misfortunes and casualties, they declar'd positively that he was not to fall from his dignity or function, but should still remain a Regular, and in *statu quo prius*. During this Debate, he petitioned the King that he might be permitted to retire to his Alms-house at *Guilford* where he was born, to pass the remainder of his life; but he is now come to be again *rectus in curia*, absolutely quitted, and restored to all things: But for the wife of him who was kill'd, it was no misfortune to her, for he hath endow'd herself, and her children

children with such an estate, that they say her husband could never have got. So I humbly kiss your hands, and rest—Your most obliged Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 9 Nov. 1622.

VIII.

To Capt. Nich. Leat, at his House in London.

SIR,

I AM safely come to the Court of *Spain*; and altho' by reason of that misfortune which befel Mr. *Altham* and me, of wounding the Serjeants in *Lombard-Street*, we stay'd three weeks behind my Lord Ambassador, yet we came hither time enough to attend him to Court at his first Audience.

The *English* Nation is better look'd on now in *Spain* than ordinary, because of the hopes there are of a Match, which the Merchants and Commonalty much desire, tho' the Nobility and Gentry be not so forward for it: So that in this point the pulse of *Spain* beats quite contrary to that of *England*, where the People are averse to this Match, and the Nobility with most part of the Gentry inclinable.

I have perus'd all the Papers I could get into my hands, touching the business of the Ship *Vineyard*, and I find that they are higher than I in bulk, tho' closely press'd together: I have cast up what is awarded by all the sentences of view, and review, by the Council of State and War; and I find the whole sum, as well principal as interest upon interest, all sorts of damages, and processal charges, come to above two hundred and fifty thousand Crowns. The *Conde del Real*, quondam Viceroy of *Sardinia*, who is adjudg'd to pay most part of this money, is here; and he is *Major-domo*, Lord Steward to the *Infanta* Cardinal: If he hath where-with, I doubt not but to recover the money, for I hope to have come in a favourable conjuncture of time, and my Lord Ambassador, who is so highly esteem'd here, doth assure me of his best furtherance. So, praying I may prove

as

as successful as I shall be faithful in this great business, I rest—Yours to dispose of,

J. H.

Madrid, 28 Dec. 1622.

IX.

To Mr. Arthur Hopton, from Madrid.

SIR,

SINCE I was made happy with your Acquaintance, I have receiv'd sundry strong evidences of your Love and good Wishes unto me, which have ty'd me to you in no common obligation of thanks: I am in despair ever to cancel this bond, nor would I do it, but rather endear the engagement more and more.

The Treaty of the Match 'twixt our Prince and the Lady *Infanta* is now strongly a-foot: she is a very comely Lady, rather of a *Flemish* complexion than *Spanish*, fair-hair'd, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her Face: She is full and big-lipp'd; which is held a Beauty rather than a Blemish, or any Excess, in the *Austrian* Family; it being a thing incident to most of that Race; she goes now upon sixteen, and is of a tallness agreeable to those years. The King is also of such a complexion, and is under twenty; he hath two Brothers, *Don Carlos* and *Don Hernando*, who, tho' a Youth of twelve, yet he is Cardinal and Archbishop of *Toledo*; which, in regard it hath the Chancellorship of *Castile* annexed to it, is the greatest spiritual Dignity in Christendom after the Papacy, for it is valued at 300,000 Crowns *per annum*. *Don Carlos* is of a differing complexion from all the rest, for he is black-hair'd and of a *Spanish* hue; he hath neither Office, Command, Dignity, nor Title, but is an individual Companion to the King; and what Clothes soever are provided for the King, he hath the very same, and as often, from top to toe: he is the better belov'd of his People for his complexion; for one shall hear the *Spaniard* sigh and lament, saying, O when shall we have a King again of our own Colour!

I pray recommend me kindly to all at your House, and send me word when the young Gentlemen return from *Italy*. So with my most affectionate Respects to yourself, I rest—Your true friend to serve you,

J. H.

5 Jan. 1622.

X.

To Capt. Nic. Leat, from Madrid.

SIR,

YOURS of the 10th of this present I receiv'd by Mr. *Simon Digby*, with the inclos'd to your Son in *Alicant*, which is safely sent. Since my last to you, I had access to *Olivares*, the Favourite that rules all; I had also audience of the King, to whom I deliver'd two Memorials since, in His Majesty's Name of *Great Britain*, that a particular Junta of some of the Council of State and War might be appointed to determine the business. The last Memorial had so good success, that the Referees are nominated, whereof the chiefest is the Duke of *Infantado*. Here it is not the stile to claw and compliment with the King, or idolize him by *Sacred Sovereign*, and *Most Excellent Majesty*; but the *Spaniard*, when he petitions to his King, gives him no other Character but *Sir*, and so relating his business, at the end doth ask and demand Justice of him. When I have done with the *Viceroy* here, I shall hasten my dispatches for *Sardinia*. Since my last I went to liquidate the account more particularly, and I find that of the 250,000 Crowns, there are above forty thousand due to you; which might serve for a good Alderman's Estate.

Your Son in *Alicant* writes to me of another mischance that is befallen the Ship *Amity* about *Majorca*, whereof you were one of the Proprietaries; I am very sorry to hear of it, and touching any dispatches that are to be had hence, I shall endeavour to procure you them according to instructions.

Your cousin *Richard Altham* remembers his kind respects to you, and sends you many Thanks for the pains you took
in

in freeing us from that trouble which the Scuffle with the Serjeants brought upon us. So I rest—Yours ready to serve you,
J. H.

5 Jan. 1622.

XI.

To the Lord Viscount Colchester, from Madrid.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE grand business of the Match goes so fairly on, that a special *Junta* is appointed to treat of it, the Names whereof I send you here enclosed: they have proceeded so far, that most of the Articles are agreed upon. Mr. *George Gage* is lately come hither from *Rome*, a polite and prudent Gentleman, who hath negotiated some things in that Court for the advance of the business, with the Cardinals *Bandino*, *Ludovisio* and *la Susanna*, who are the main Men there, to whom the drawing of the Dispensation is referr'd.

The late taking of *Ormus* by the *Persian* from the Crown of *Portugal* keeps a great noise here, and the rather because the Exploit was done by the assistance of the *English* Ships that were then thereabouts. My Lord *Digby* went to Court, and gave a round satisfaction in this point; for it was no voluntary but a constrain'd act in the *English*, who being in the *Persian's* Port, were suddenly embargu'd for the Service: and the *Persian* herein did no more than what is usual among *Christian* Princes themselves, and which is oftener put in practice by the King of *Spain* and his *Viceroy*s than by any other, viz., to make an Embargue of any stranger's ship that rides within his Ports upon all occasions. It was fear'd this surprisal of *Ormus*, which was the greatest Mart in all the *Orient* for all sorts of Jewels, would have bred ill blood, and prejudiced the proceedings of the Match; but the *Spaniard* is a rational Man, and will be satisfy'd with Reason. Count *Olivares* is the main Man who sways all, and 'tis thought he is not so much affected to an Alliance with *England* as his Predecessor the Duke of *Lerma* was, who set it first a-foot twixt Prince
Henry

Henry and this *Queen of France*: The Duke of *Lerma* was the greatest *Privado*, the greatest Favourite that ever was in *Spain*, since *Don Alvaro de Luna*; he brought himself, the Duke of *Uzeda* his Son, and the Duke of *Cea* his Grandchild, to be all *Grandees of Spain*; which is the greatest Title that a *Spanish Subject* is capable of: they have a Privilege to stand cover'd before the King, and at their Election there's no other Ceremony but only these three words by the King, *Cobrese por Grande*, Cover yourself for a Grandee; and that's all. The Cardinal-Duke of *Lerma* lives at *Valladolid*, he officiates and sings Mass, and passes his old Age in Devotion and Exercises of Piety. It is a common, and indeed a commendable Custom among the *Spaniards*, when he hath passed his *Grand Climacteric*, and is grown decrepit, to make a voluntary resignation of Offices, be they never so great and profitable (tho' I cannot say *Lerma* did so), and sequestering and weaning themselves, as it were, from all mundane Negotiations and Incumbrances, to retire to some place of Devotion and spend the residue of their days in Meditation, and in preparing themselves for another World. *Charles* the Emperor shew'd them the way, who left the Empire to his Brother, and all the rest of his Dominions to his Son *Philip II.*, and so taking with him his two Sisters, he retir'd into a Monastery, they into a Nunnery. This does not suit with the Genius of an *Englishman*, who loves not to pull off his Clothes till he goes to bed. I will conclude with some Verses I saw under a huge *Rodomontado* Picture of the Duke of *Lerma*, wherein he is painted like a Giant, bearing up the Monarchy of *Spain*, that of *France*, and the *Popedom* upon his Shoulders, with this Stanza:

*Sobre los ombres d'este Atlante
Yazen en aquestos días
Estas tres Monarquias.*

Upon the Shoulders of this *Atlas* lies
The *Popedom*, and two mighty *Monarchies*.

So

So I most humbly kiss your Lordship's hands, and rest ever most ready—At your Lordship's Command, J. H.

3 Feb. 1622.

XII.

To my Father.

SIR,

ALL Affairs went on fairly here, 'specially that of the Match, when Master *Endymion Porter* brought lately my Lord of *Bristol* a Dispatch from *England* of a high nature, wherein the Earl is commanded to represent to this King, how much His Majesty of *Great Britain* since the beginning of these *German Wars* hath labour'd to merit well of this Crown, and of the whole House of *Austria*, by a long and lingring patience, grounded still upon assurances hence, that care should be had of his Honour, his Daughter's Jointure, and Grand-children's Patrimony; yet how crosly all things had proceeded in the Treaty at *Brussels*, managed by Sir *Rich. Weston*, as also that in the *Palatinate*, by the Lord *Chichester*; how in Treating-time the Town and Castle of *Heidelberg* were taken, *Manheim* besieged, and all Acts of Hostility used, notwithstanding the fair Professions made by this King, the *Infanta* at *Brussels*, and other his Ministers; how merely out of respect to this King he had neglected all martial means, which probably might have preserv'd the *Palatinate*; those thin Garrisons which he had sent thither, being rather for Honour's sake to keep a footing until a general accommodation, than that he rely'd any way upon their strength: And since that there are no other fruits of all this but reproach and scorn, and that those good Offices which he used towards the Emperor on the behalf of his Son-in-law, which he was so much encouraged by Letters from hence should take effect, have not sorted to any other issue than to a plain Affront, and a high injuring of both their Majesties, tho' in a differing degree: The Earl is to tell him, That His Majesty of *Great Britain* hopes and desires, that out of a true apprehension of these wrongs

wrongs offer'd unto them both, he will, as his dear and loving Brother, faithfully promise and undertake upon his Honour, confirming the same under his Hand and Seal, either that *Heidelberg* shall be within seventy days render'd into his hands; as also that there shall be within the said term of seventy days a Suspension of Arms in the *Palatinate*, and that a Treaty shall recommence upon such terms as he propounded in *November* last, which this King then held to be reasonable: And in case that this be not yielded to by the Emperor, that then this King join forces with His Majesty of *England* for the recovery of the *Palatinate*, which upon this trust hath been lost; or in case his Forces at this time be otherwise employ'd, that they cannot give His Majesty that Assistance he desires and deserves, that at least he will permit a free and friendly passage thro' his Territories, such Forces as His Majesty of *Great Britain* shall employ in *Germany*; Of all which, if the Earl of *Bristol* hath not from the King of *Spain* a direct Assurance under his Hand and Seal ten days after his Audience, that then he take his Leave, and return to *England* to His Majesty's presence; also, to proceed in the negotiation of the Match, according to former instructions.

This was the main substance of His Majesty's late Letter, yet there was a Postil added, that in case a rupture happen 'twixt the two Crowns, the Earl should not come instantly and abruptly away, but that he should send Advice first to *England*, and carry the Business so, that the World should not presently know of it.

Notwithstanding all these Traverses, we are confident here that the Match will take, otherwise my Cake is Dow. There was a great difference in one of the Capitulations 'twixt the two Kings, how long the Children which should issue of this Marriage were to continue *sub regimine Matris*, under the tutele of the Mother. This King demanded fourteen years at first, then twelve; but now he is come to nine, which is newly condescended unto. I receiv'd yours of the first of *September*, in another from Sir *James Crofts*, wherein
it

it was no small comfort to me to hear of your health. I am to go hence shortly for *Sardinia*, a dangerous Voyage, by reason of *Algier* Pirates. I humbly desire your prayers may accompany—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

Madrid, 23 Feb. 1622.

XIII.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight.

SIR,

YOURS of the 2d of *October* came to safe hand with the inclos'd: You write that there came Dispatches lately from *Rome*, wherein the Pope seems to endeavour to insinuate himself into a direct Treaty with *England*, and to negotiate immediately with our King touching the Dispensation, which he not only labours to evade, but utterly disclaims, it being by Article the task of this King to procure all Dispatches thence. I thank you for sending me this news. You shall understand there came lately an Express from *Rome* also to this Court, touching the business of the Match, which gave very good content; but the Dispatch and new Instructions which Mr. *Endymion Porter* brought my Lord of *Bristol* lately from *England* touching the Prince *Palatine*, fills us with apprehensions of fear: Our Ambassadors here have had audience of this King already about those Propositions, and we hope that Master *Porter* will carry back such thing as will satisfy. Touching the two points in the Treaty wherein the two Kings differ'd most, *viz.*, about the education of the Children, and the exemption of the *Infanta's* ecclesiastic servants from secular Jurisdiction; both these Points are clear'd; for the *Spaniard* is come from fourteen years to ten, and for so long time the *Infant* Princes shall remain under the Mother's Government. And for the other Point, the ecclesiastical Superior shall first take notice of the offence that shall be committed by any spiritual person belonging to the *Infanta's* family, and according to the merit thereof, either deliver him by degradation to the secular Justice, or banish him the Kingdom, according to

the quality of the delict : and it is the same that is practis'd in this Kingdom, and other parts that adhere to *Rome*.

The *Conde de Monterre* goes *Viceroy* to *Naples*, the *Marquis de Montesclaros* being put by, the gallanter Man of the two. I was told of a witty saying of his, when the Duke of *Lerma* had the vogue in this Court: for going one morning to speak with the Duke, and having danc'd attendance a long time, he peep'd thro' a slit in the hanging, and spy'd *Don Rodrigo Calderon*, a great Man (who was lately beheaded here for poisoning the late Queen-Dowager), delivering the Duke a paper upon his knees; whereat the *Marquis* smil'd, and said, *Voto a tal aquel hombre sube mas a las rodillas, que yo no hago a los pies*;—*I swear that Man climbs higher upon his knees, than I can upon my feet*. Indeed I have read it to be a true Court Rule, that *descendendo ascendendum est in Aula*; descending is the way to ascend at Court. There is a kind of humility and compliance that is far from any servile baseness or sordid flattery, and may be term'd discretion rather than adulation. I intend, God willing, to go for *Sardinia* this Spring; I hope to have better luck than Master *Walsingham Gresley* had, who some few years since, in his passage thither upon the same business that I have in agitation, met with some *Turks* Men of War, and so was carried slave to *Algier*. So, with my due respects to you, I rest—Your faithful Servant,

J. H.

Madrid, 12 March 1622.

XIV.

To Sir Francis Cottington, Secretary to His Highness the Prince of Wales, at St. James's.

SIR,

I BELIEVE it will not be unpleasing to you to hear of the procedure and success of that business wherein yourself hath been so long vers'd, I mean the great Suit against the *quondam Viceroy* of *Sardinia*, the *Conde del Real*. Count *Gondomar's* coming was a great Advantage unto me,

who

who hath done me many favours; besides a confirmation of the two Sentences of View and Review, and of the execution against the *Viceroy*, I have procur'd a Royal *Cedule* which I caus'd to be printed, and whereof I send you here inclos'd a Copy, by which *Cedule* I have power to arrest his very Person; and my Lawyer tells me there was never such a *Cedule* granted before. I have also by virtue of it priority of all other his Creditors; he hath made an imperfect overture of a Composition, and show'd me some trivial old-fashion'd Jewels, but nothing equivalent to the debt. And now that I speak of Jewels, the late surprizal of *Ormus* by the Assistance of our Ships sinks deep in their stomachs here, and we were afraid it would have spoil'd all proceedings; but my Lord *Digby*, now Earl of *Bristol* (for Count *Gondomar* brought him o'er his Patent), hath calm'd all things at his last Audience.

There were luminaries of joy lately here for the Victory that *Don Gonzalex de Cordova* got over Count *Mansfelt* in the *Netherlands*, with that Army which the D. of *Bovillon* had levied for him; but some say they have not much reason to rejoice, for tho' the *Infantry* suffer'd, yet *Mansfelt* got clear with all his *Horse* by a notable retreat; and they say here it was the greatest piece of Service and Art he ever did; it being a Maxim, That there is nothing so difficult in the Art of War as an honourable Retreat. Besides, the report of his coming to *Breda* caus'd Marquis *Spinola* to raise the Siege before *Berghen*, to burn his tents, and to pack away suddenly, for which he is much censur'd here.

Capt. *Leat* and others have written to me of the favourable report you pleas'd to make of my Endeavours here, for which I return you humble thanks: And altho' you have left behind you a multitude of Servants in this Court, yet if occasion were offer'd, none should be more forward to go on your Errand than—Your humble and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 15 Mar. 1622.

XV.

To the Honourable Sir Tho. Savage, Kt. and Bar.

HONOURABLE SIR,

THE great business of the Match was tending to a period, the Articles reflecting both upon Church and State being capitulated, and interchangeably accorded on both sides; and there wanted nothing to consummate all Things, when, to the wonderment of the World, the Prince and the Marquis of *Buckingham* arriv'd at this Court on *Friday* last, upon the close of the Evening: They alighted at my Lord of *Bristol's* House, and the Marquis (Mr. *Thomas Smith*) came in first with a Portmanteau under his Arm; then (Mr. *John Smith*) the Prince was sent for, who stay'd a while on t'other side of the Street in the dark. My Lord of *Bristol*, in a kind of Astonishment, brought him up to his Bed-chamber, where he presently call'd for Pen and Ink, and dispatch'd a Post that night to *England*, to acquaint His Majesty how in less than sixteen days he was come safely to the Court of *Spain*; that Post went lightly laden, for he carried but three Letters. The next day came Sir *Francis Cottington* and Mr. *Porter*, and dark rumours ran in every corner how some great Man was come from *England*; and some would not stick to say among the vulgar it was the King: but towards the evening on *Saturday* the Marquis went in a close Coach to Court, where he had private Audience of this King, who sent *Olivares* to accompany him back to the Prince, where he kneel'd and kiss'd his hands, and hugg'd his thighs, and deliver'd how unmeasurably glad his Catholick Majesty was of his coming, with other high Compliments, which Mr. *Porter* did interpret. About ten a'clock that night the King himself came in a close Coach with intent to visit the Prince, who hearing of it, met him half-way; and after salutations and divers embraces which pass'd in the first Interview, they parted late. I forgot to tell you that Count *Gondomar* being sworn Counsellor of
State

State that morning, having been before but one of the Council of War, he came in great haste to visit the Prince, saying he had strange news to tell him, which was, that an *Englishman* was sworn Privy Counsellor of *Spain*, meaning himself, who he said was an *Englishman* in his heart. On *Sunday* following the King in the Afternoon came abroad to take the Air, with the Queen, his two Brothers, and the *Infanta*, who were all in one Coach; but the *Infanta* sat in the Boot with a blue ribbon about her Arm, of purpose that the Prince might distinguish her: There were above twenty Coaches besides, of *Grandeess*, *Noblemen*, and *Ladies*, that attended them. And now it was publickly known among the vulgar, that it was the Prince of *Wales* who was come; and the confluence of People before my Lord of *Bristol's* House was so great and greedy to see the Prince, that to clear the way, Sir *Lewis Dives* went out and took coach, and all the crowd of People went after him: so the Prince himself a little after took coach, wherein there were the Earl of *Bristol*, Sir *Walter Ashton*, and Count *Gondomar*; and so went to the *Prado*, a place hard by, of purpose to take the Air, where they stayed till the King pass'd by. As soon as the *Infanta* saw the Prince, her colour rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of Love and Affection; for the Face is oftentimes a true Index of the Heart. Upon *Monday* morning after, the King sent some of his prime Nobles, and other Gentlemen, to attend the Prince in quality of Officers, as one to be his *Major-domo* (his Steward), another to be Master of the Horse, and so to inferior Officers; so that there is a compleat Court now at my Lord of *Bristol's* House: but upon *Sunday* next the Prince is to remove to the King's Palace, where there is one of the chief Quarters of the House providing for him. By the next opportunity you shall hear more. In the interim I take my leave, and rest—Your most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 27 Mar. 1623.

XVI.

To Sir Eubule Theolall, Knight, at Gray's-Inn.

SIR,

I KNOW the eyes of all *England* are earnestly fix'd now upon *Spain*, her best Jewel being here; but his journey was like to be spoil'd in *France*, for if he had staid but a little longer at *Bayonne*, the last Town of that Kingdom hitherwards, he had been discover'd; for Mons. *Gramond*, the Governor, had notice of him not long after he had taken Post. The People here do mightily magnify the Gallantry of the Journey, and cry out that he deserved to have the *Infanta* thrown into his Arms the first night he came; he hath been entertain'd with all the magnificence that possibly could be devis'd. On *Sunday* last in the morning betimes he went to St. *Hierom's* Monastery, whence the Kings of *Spain* use to be fetch'd the day they are crown'd; and thither the King came in person with his two Brothers, his eight Councils, and the flower of the Nobility; he rid upon the King's right hand thro' the heart of the Town under a great Canopy, and was brought so into his Lodgings in the King's Palace, and the King himself accompany'd him to his very Bedchamber. It was a very glorious sight to behold; for the custom of the *Spaniard* is, tho' he go plain in his ordinary habit, yet upon some Festival or cause of Triumph there's none goes beyond him in gaudiness.

We daily hope for the *Pope's Breve* or Dispensation to perfect the business, tho' there be dark whispers abroad that it is come already; but that upon this unexpected coming of the Prince, it was sent back to *Rome*, and some new Clauses thrust in for their further advantage. Till this dispatch comes, matters are at a kind of stand; yet His Highness makes account to be back in *England* about the latter end of *May*. God Almighty turn all to the best, and to what shall be most conducive to His Glory. So with
my

my due Respects unto you, I rest—Your much obliged
Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 1 April 1623.

XVII.

To Captain Leat.

SIR,

HAVING brought up the Law to the highest point against the *Viceroy* of *Sardinia*, and that in an extraordinary manner, as may appear unto you by that printed *Cedule* I sent you in my last, and finding an apparent disability in him to satisfy the debt, I thought upon a new design, and fram'd a Memorial to the King, and wrought good strong means to have it seconded, that in regard that predatory act of seizing upon the Ship *Vineyard* in *Sardinia*, with all her goods, was done by His Majesty's *Viceroy*, his Sovereign Minister of State, one that immediately represented his own Royal Person, and that the said *Viceroy* was insolvent, I desir'd His Majesty would be pleas'd to grant a Warrant for the relief of both Parties, to lade so many thousand *Sterils*, or measures of Corn, out of *Sardinia* and *Sicily* custom-free. I had gone far in the business, when Sir *Francis Cottington* sent for me, and required me in the Prince's Name to proceed no further herein till he was departed: so his Highness's presence here hath turn'd rather to my disadvantage than otherwise. Among other *Grandexas* which the King of *Spain* conferr'd upon our Prince, one was the releasement of Prisoners, and that all Petitions of grace should come to him for the first month; but he hath been wonderfully sparing in receiving any, especially from any *English*, *Irish*, or *Scot*. Your Son *Nicholas* is come hither from *Alicant* about the Ship *Amity*, and I shall be ready to second him in getting satisfaction: so I rest—Yours ready to serve you,

J. H.

Madrid, 3 June 1623.

XVIII.

To Captain Tho. Porter.

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

MY last to you was in *Spanish*, in answer to one of yours in the same Language; and among that confluence of *English* Gallants who, upon the occasion of His Highness being here, are come to this Court, I fed myself with hopes a long while to have seen you; but I find now that those hopes were imp'd with false feathers. I know your heart is here, and your best affections; therefore I wonder what keeps back your Person: but I conceive the reason to be, that you intend to come like yourself, to come Commander-in-chief of one of the Castles of the Crown, one of the Ships Royal: If you come to this Shore-side, I hope you will have time to come to the Court; I have at any time a good Lodging for you, and my Landlady is none of the meanest, and her Husband hath many good parts: I heard her setting him forth one day, and giving this Character of him: *Mi marido es buen musico, buen esgrimidor, buen escrivano, excellente arithmetico, salvo que no multiplica*;—My Husband is a good Musician, a good Fencer, a good Horseman, a good Penman, and an excellent *Arithmetician*, only he cannot multiply. For outward usage, there is all industry used to give the Prince and his Servants all possible contentment; and some of the King's own Servants wait upon them at Table in the Palace, where, I am sorry to hear, some of them jeer at the *Spanish* fare, and use other slighting speeches and demeanor. There are many excellent Poems made here since the Prince's arrival, which are too long to couch in a Letter; yet I will venture to send you this one Stanza of *Lope de Vegas*:—

*Carlos Estuardo Soy
Que siendo Amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'España voy
Por ver mi Estrella Maria.*

There

There are Comedians once a week come to the Palace, where, under a great Canopy, the Queen and the *Infanta* sit in the middle, our Prince and *Don Carlos* on the Queen's right hand, the King and the little Cardinal on the *Infanta's* left hand. I have seen the Prince have his Eyes immovably fix'd upon the *Infanta* half an hour together in a thoughtful speculative posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it: it was no handsome comparison of *Olivares*, that he watch'd her as a cat doth a Mouse. Not long since the Prince, understanding that the *Infanta* was used to go some mornings to the *Casa de Campo*, a Summer-house the King hath on t'other side the River, to gather *May-dew*, he rose betimes and went thither, taking your Brother with him; they were let into the House, and into the Garden, but the *Infanta* was in the Orchard: and there being a high partition-wall between, and the door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the wall, and sprung down a great height, and so made towards her; but she spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek, and ran back: the old Marquis that was then her Guardian came towards the Prince, and fell on his knees, conjuring His Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his Head if he admitted any to her company; so the door was open'd, and he came out under that wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long hour together in a close Coach, in the open street, to see her as she went abroad: I cannot say that the Prince did ever talk with her privatly, yet publickly often, my Lord of *Bristol* being Interpreter; but the King always sat hard by to overhear all. Our Cousin *Archy* hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his Fool's-coat where the *Infanta* is with her *Menina's* and Ladies of Honour, and keeps a-blowing and blustering among them, and flurts out what he lists.

One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was that the D. of *Bavaria* with less than 15,000 Men, after a long toilsome March, should dare to encounter the *Palsgrave's* Army, consisting of above 25,000, and to give them

them an utter discomfiture, and take *Prague* presently after: Whereunto *Archy* answer'd, that he would tell them a stranger thing than that: Was it not a strange thing, quoth he, that in the Year 88 there should come a Fleet of 140 Sail from *Spain* to invade *England*, and that ten of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest? By the next opportunity I will send you the *Cordouan* Pockets and Gloves you writ for of *Francisco Moreno's* perfuming. So may my dear Captain live long, and love his—

J. H.

Madrid, 10 July 1623.

XIX.

To my Cousin, Tho. Guin, Esq., at his House at Trecastle.

COUSIN,

I RECEIV'D lately one of yours, which I cannot compare more properly than to a Posie of curious flowers, there was therein such variety of sweet strains and dainty expressions of Love: and tho' it bore an old date, for it was forty days before it came safe to hand, yet the flowers were still fresh, and not a whit faded, but did cast as strong and fragrant a scent as when your hands bound them up first together, only there was one flower that did not savour so well, which was the undeserved Character you please to give of my small abilities, which in regard you look upon me thro' the prospective of affection, appear greater to you than they are of themselves; yet, as small as they are, I would be glad to employ them all to serve you upon any occasion.

Whereas you desire to know how matters pass here, you shall understand that we are rather in assurance, than hopes, that the Match will take effect, when one dispatch more is brought from *Rome*, which we greedily expect. The *Spaniards* generally desire it; they are much taken with our Prince, with the bravery of his journey, and his discreet comportment since; and they confess there was never Princess courted with more gallantry. The Wits of the Court here have made divers Encomiums of him, and of his affection

affection to the *L. Infanta*. Among others, I send you a *Latin Poem* of one *Marnierius*, a *Valencian*, to which I add this ensuing *Hexastic* ; which, in regard of the difficulty of the Verse, consisting of all *Ternaries* (which is the hardest way of versifying), and of the exactness of the translation, I believe will give you content :—

*Fax grata est, gratum est vulnus, mihi grata catena est,
Me quibus astringit, lædit & urit Amor ;
Sed flammam extinguï, sanari vulnera, solvi
Vincla, etiam ut possem non ego posse velim :
Mirum equidem genus hoc morbi est, incendia & ictus
Vinclaque, vinctus adhuc, læsus & ustus, amo.*

Grateful's to me the fire, the wound, the chain,
By which *Love* burns, *Love* binds and giveth pain ;
But for to quench this fire, these bonds to lose,
These wounds to heal, I would not could I choose :
Strange sickness, where the wounds, the bonds, the fire
That burns, that bind, that hurt, I must desire.

In your next, I pray, send me your opinion of these Verses, for I know you are a *Critic* in Poetry. Mr. *Vaughan* of the *Golden-Grove* and I were Comrades and Bedfellows here many months together : his Father, Sir *John Vaughan*, the Prince his Controller, is lately come to attend his Master. My Lord *Carlisle*, my Lord of *Holland*, my Lord of *Rochfort*, my Lord of *Denbigh*, and divers others are here ; so that we have a very flourishing Court, and I could wish you were here to make one of the number. So, my dear Cousin, I wish you all happiness, and our noble Prince a safe and successful return to *England*.—Your most affectionate Cousin,

J. H.

Madrid, 13 Aug. 1623.

XX.

To my noble Friend, Sir John North.

SIR,

THE long-look'd-for Dispensation is come from *Rome*,
but I hear it is clogg'd with new Clauses ; and one
is,

is, That the *Pope*, who allegeth that the only aim of the Apostolicall See in granting this Dispensation was the advantage and ease of the *Catholics* in the King of *Great Britain's* Dominions, therefore he desired a valuable Caution for the performance of those Articles which were stipulated in their favour; this hath much puzzled the business, and Sir *Francis Cottington* comes now over about it: Besides, there is some distaste taken at the Duke of *Buckingham* here, and I heard this King should say he would treat no more with him, but with the Ambassadors, who, he saith, have a more plenary Commission, and understand the business better. As there is some darkness happen'd 'twixt the two Favourites, so matters stand not right 'twixt the Duke and the Earl of *Bristol*; but God forbid that a business of so high a consequence as this, which is likely to tend so much to the universal good of Christendom, to the restitution of the *Palatinate* and the composing those broils in *Germany*, should be ranvers'd by differences 'twixt a few private Subjects, though now public Ministers.

Mr. *Washington*, the Prince his Page, is lately dead of a Calenture, and I was at his burial under a Fig-tree behind my Lord of *Bristol's* House. A little before his death one *Ballard*, an *English* Priest, went to tamper with him; and Sir *Edmund Varney* meeting him coming down the stairs, out of *Washington's* Chamber, they fell from words to blows, but they were parted. The business was like to gather very ill blood, and to come to a great height, had not Count *Gondomar* quash'd it, which I believe he could not have done, unless the times had been favourable; for such is the reverence they bear to the Church here, and so holy a conceit they have of all Ecclesiastics, that the greatest *Don* in *Spain* will tremble to offer the meanest of them any outrage or affront. Count *Gondomar* hath also help'd to free some *English* that were in the *Inquisition* in *Toledo* and *Sevill*; and I could allege many instances how ready and chearful he is to assist any *Englishman* whatsoever, notwithstanding the base affronts he hath often received of the
London

London Buys, as he calls them. At his last return hither, I heard of a merry Saying of his to the Queen, who discoursing with him about the greatness of *London*, and whether it was as populous as *Madrid*; Yes, *Madame*, and more populous when I came away, tho' I believe there's scarce a Man left there now but all Women and Children; for all the Men both in Court and City were ready booted and spurred to go away. And I am sorry to hear how other Nations do much tax the *English* of their incivility to public Ministers of State, and what Ballads and Pasquils, and Fopperies and Plays, were made against *Gondomar* for doing his Master's business. My Lord of *Bristol* coming from *Germany* to *Brussels*, notwithstanding that at his arrival thither the news was fresh that he had relieved *Frankindale* as he pass'd, yet he was not a whit the less welcome, but valued the more both by the Archdutchess her self and *Spinola*, with all the rest; as also that they knew well that the said Earl had been the sole adviser of keeping Sir *Robert Mansel* abroad with that Fleet upon the Coast of *Spain*, till the *Palsgrave* should be restor'd. I pray, Sir, when you go to *London-Wall*, and *Tower-Hill*, be pleased to remember my humble Service, where you know it is due. So I am—
Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Madrid, 15 Aug. 1623.

XXI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Colchester.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,

I RECEIV'D the Letter and Commands your Lordship pleased to send me by Mr. *Walsingham Gresley*; and House of the *West-Indies* in *Sevill*, I cannot procure it for love or money, upon any terms; tho' I have done all possible diligence therein: And some tell me it is dangerous, and no less than Treason in him that gives the copy of them
to

to any, in regard 'tis counted the greatest Mystery of all the *Spanish* Government.

That difficulty which happen'd in the business of the Match of giving caution to the *Pope* is now overcome: for whereas our King answer'd, That he could give no other caution than his Royal Word and his Son's, exemplify'd under the Great Seal of *England*, and confirmed by his Council of State, it being impossible to have it done by Parliament, in regard of the averseness the Common People have to the Alliance; and whereas this gave no satisfaction to *Rome*, the King of *Spain* now offers himself for caution, for putting in execution what is stipulated in behalf of the *Roman Catholics*, thro'out His Majesty of *Great Britain's* Dominions. But he desires to consult his Ghostly Fathers, to know whether he may do it without wronging his Conscience: hereupon there hath been a *Junta* form'd of Bishops and Jesuits, who have been already a good while about it; and the Bishop of *Segovia*, who is, as it were, Lord-Treasurer, having written a Treatise lately against the Match, was outed of his Office, banish'd the Court, and confin'd to his Diocese. The Duke of *Buckingham* hath been ill-indispos'd a good while, and lies sick at Court, where the Prince hath no public exercise of Devotion, but only Bedchamber Prayers; and some think that his Lodging in the King's House is like to prove a disadvantage to the main business: for whereas most sorts of People here hardly hold us to be *Christians*, if the Prince had a Palace of his own, and been permitted to have used a room for an open Chapel to exercise the Liturgy of the Church of *England*, it would have brought them to have a better opinion of us; and to this end there were some of our best Church-plate and Vestments brought hither, but never us'd. The slow pace of this *Junta* troubles us a little, and to the *Divines* there are some *Civilians* admitted lately: and the *quære* is this, Whether the King of *Spain* may bind himself by Oath in the behalf of the King of *England*, to perform such and such Articles that are agreed on in favour of the *Roman Catholics*

Catholicks by virtue of this Match, whether the King may do this *salvâ conscientiâ*.

There was a great Show lately here of baiting of Bulls with Men, for the entertainment of the Prince; it is the chiefest of all *Spanish* Sports; commonly there are Men kill'd at it, therefore there are Priests appointed to be there ready to confess them. It hath happen'd oftentimes that a Bull hath taken up two men upon his horns with their guts dangling about them; the horsemen run with lances and swords, the foot with goads. As I am told, the *Pope* hath sent divers *Bulls* against this sport of Bulling, yet it will not be left, the Nation hath taken such an habitual delight in it. There was an ill-favour'd accident like to have happen'd lately at the King's House, in that part where my Lord of *Carlisle* and my Lord *Denbigh* were lodg'd; for my Lord *Denbigh* late at night taking a pipe of Tobacco in a *Balcony*, which hung over the King's Garden, he blew down the ashes, which falling upon some parch'd combustible matter, began to flame and spread: but Mr. *Davis*, my Lord of *Carlisle's* Barber, leap'd down a great height and quench'd it. So, with my continuance of my most humble Service, I rest ever ready—At your Lordship's Command,

J. H.

Madrid, 16 Aug. 1623.

XXII.

To Sir James Crofts, from Madrid.

SIR,

THE Court of *Spain* affords now little news; for there is a *Remora* sticks to the business of the Match, till the *Junta* of Divines give up their Opinion: But from *Turky* there came a Letter this week, wherein there is the strangest and almost tragical news, that in my small reading no Story can parallel, or shew with more pregnancy the instability and tottering estate of human Greatness, and the sandy Foundation whereon the vast *Ottoman* Empire is rear'd: for *Sultan Osman*, the *Grand Turk*, a Man according to the humour

humour of that Nation, warlike and fleshed in blood, and a violent hater of *Christians*, was in the flower of his years, in the heat and height of his courage, knock'd in the head by one of his own Slaves, and one of the meanest of them, with a Battle-axe, and the Murderer never after proceeded against or question'd.

The ground of this Tragedy was the late ill success he had against the *Pole*, wherein he lost about 100,000 Horse for want of forage, and 80,000 Men for want of fighting; which he imputed to the cowardice of his *Janizaries*, who rather than bear the brunt of the Battell, were more willing to return home to their Wives and merchandizing; which they are now permitted to do, contrary to their first Institution, which makes them more worldly, and less venturous. This disgraceful return from *Poland* stuck in *Osman's* stomach, and so he studied a way to be reveng'd of the *Janizaries*; therefore by the Advice of his *Grand Visier* (a stout gallant Man, who had been one of the chief *Beglerbegs* in the East), he intended to erect a new Soldiery in *Asia* about *Damasco*, of the *Coords*, a frontier People, and consequently hardy and inur'd to Arms. Of these he proposed to entertain 40,000 as a Lifeguard for his Person, tho' the main design was to suppress his lazy and lustful *Janizaries*, with Men of fresh new Spirits.

To disguise this Plot, he pretended a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, to visit *Mahomet's* Tomb, and reconcile himself to the Prophet, who he thought was angry with him, because of his late ill success in *Poland*; but this colour was not specious enough, in regard he might have perform'd this Pilgrimage with a smaller Train and Charge; therefore it was propounded that the *Emir* of *Sidon* should be made to rise up in Arms, that so he might go with a greater Power and Treasure; but this Plot was held disadvantageous to him, in regard his *Janizaries* must then have attended him: so he pretends and prepares only for the Pilgrimage, yet he makes ready as much Treasure as he could make, and to that end he melts his Plate, and furniture of Horses, with
divers

divers Church-lamps: this fomented some jealousy in the *Janizaries*, with certain words which should drop from him, that he would find Soldiers shortly should whip them. Hereupon he had sent over to *Asia's* side his Pavilions, many of his Servants, with his Jewels and Treasure, resolving upon the Voyage; notwithstanding that divers Petitions were deliver'd him from the Clergy, the Civil Magistrate, and the Soldiery, that he should desist from the Voyage, but all would not do: thereupon, on the point of his departure, the *Janizaries* and *Spahies* came in a tumultuary manner to his Seraglio, and in a high insolent language dissuaded him from the Pilgrimage, and demanded of him his ill Counsellors. The first he granted, but for the second, he said that it stood not with his Honour to have his nearest Servants torn from him so, without any legal proceeding; but he assur'd them that they should appear in the *Divan* the next day, to answer for themselves: but this not satisfying, they went away in a fury, and plunder'd the *Grand Visier's* Palace, with divers others. *Osman* hereupon was advised to go from his private Gardens that night to the *Asian* Shore, but his destiny kept him from it: so the next morning they came arm'd to the Court (but having made a Covenant not to violate the Imperial Throne) and cut in pieces the *Grand Visier*, with divers other great Officers; and not finding *Osman*, who had hid himself in a small lodge in one of his Gardens, they cry'd out, they must have a *Musulman* Emperor: therefore they broke into a Dungeon, and brought out *Mustapha*, *Osman's* Uncle, whom he had clapp'd there at the beginning of the Tumult, and who had been King before, but was depos'd for his simplicity, being a kind of *Santon*, or holy Man, that is, 'twixt an *Innocent* and an *Idiot*; this *Mustapha* they did reinthronize, and place in the *Ottoman* Empire.

The next day they found out *Osman*, and brought him before *Mustapha*, who excused himself with Tears in his Eyes for his rash attempts, which wrought tenderness in some, but more scorn and fury in others; who fell upon

the *Capi Aga*, with other Officers, and cut them in pieces before his Eyes. *Osman* thence was carried to Prison, and as he was getting on horseback, a common Soldier took off his Turban, and clapp'd his upon *Osman's* Head, who in his passage begg'd a draught of Water at a Fountain. The next day, the new *Visier* went with an Executioner to strangle him, in regard there were two younger Brothers more of his to preserve the *Ottoman's* Race; where, after they had rush'd in, he being newly awak'd, and staring upon them, and thinking to defend himself, a robust boisterous Rogue knock'd him down, and so the rest fell upon him, and strangled him with much ado.

Thus fell one of the greatest Potentates upon Earth, by the hands of a contemptible Slave, for there is not a free-born Subject in all that vast Empire: Thus fell he that entitles himself Most Puissant and Highest Monarch of the *Turks*, King above all Kings, a King that dwelleth upon the earthly Paradise, Son of *Mahomet*, Keeper of the Grave of the Christian God, Lord of the Tree of Life, and of the River *Flisky*, Prior of the Earthly Paradise, Conqueror of the *Macedonians*, the Seed of Great *Alexander*, Prince of the Kingdoms of *Tartary*, *Mesopotamia*, *Media*, and of the Martial *Mammalucks*, *Anatolia*, *Bithynia*, *Asia*, *Armenia*, *Servia*, *Thracia*, *Morea*, *Valachia*, *Moldavia*, and of all Warlike *Hungary*, Sovereign Lord and Commander of all *Greece*, *Persia*, both the *Arabias*, the most noble Kingdom of *Egypt*, *Tremisen*, and *African* Empire of *Trabesond*, and the most glorious *Constantinople*, Lord of all the White and Black Seas, of the Holy City *Mecca* and *Medina*, shining with divine Glory; Commander of all things that are to be commanded, and the strongest and mightiest Champion of the wide World; a Warrior appointed by Heaven in the edge of the Sword, a Persecutor of his Enemies, a most perfect Jewel of the Blessed Tree, the Chiefest Keeper of the Crucify'd God, &c., with other such bombastical Titles.

This *Osman* was a man of goodly constitution, an amiable aspect, and of excess of Courage, but sordidly covetous; which

which drove him to violate the Church, and to melt the Lamps thereof, which made the *Mufti* say, That this was a due judgment fallen upon him from Heaven for his Sacrilege. He us'd also to make his Person too cheap, for he would go ordinarily in the night-time with two Men after him, like a Petty-constable, and peep into the *Cauph-houses* and *Cabarets*, and apprehend Soldiers there: And these two things, it seems, were the cause, that when he was so assaulted in the Seraglio, not one of his domestick Servants, whereof he had 3000, would lift up an arm to help him.

Some few days before his death he had a strange dream, for he dreamed that he was mounted upon a great *Camel*, who would not go neither by fair nor foul means; and lighting off him, and thinking to strike him with his Scimiter, the body of the Beast vanish'd, leaving the head and the bridle only in his hands. When the *Mufti* and the *Hoggies* could not interpret this dream, *Mustapha* his Uncle did it; for he said, the *Camel* signify'd his Empire, his mounting of him his excess in Government, his lighting down his deposing. Another kind of prophetic Speech dropt from the *Grand Visier* to Sir *Tho. Roe*, our Ambassador there, who having gone a little before this Tragedy to visit the said *Visier*, told him what whisperings and mutterings there were in every corner for this *Asiatic Voyage*, and what ill consequences might ensue from it: therefore it might well stand with his great wisdom to stay it; but if it held, he desir'd him to leave a charge with the *Chimacham*, his Deputy, that the *English Nation* in the Port should be free from outrages: whereunto the *Grand Visier* answer'd, Trouble not yourself about that, for I will not remove so far from *Constantinople*, but I will leave one of my Legs behind to serve you; which prov'd too true; for he was murder'd afterwards, and one of his Legs was hung up in the Hippodrome.

This fresh Tragedy makes me give over wondering at anything that ever I heard or read, to shew the lubricity of *mundan Greatness*, as also the fury of the *Vulgar*, which,
like

like an impetuous Torrent, gathers strength by degrees as it meets with divers Dams, and being come to the height, cannot stop itself: for when this rage of the Soldiers began first, there was no design at all to violate or hurt the Emperor, but to take from him his ill Counsellors; but being once a-foot, it grew by insensible degrees to the utmost of outrages.

The bringing out of *Mustapha* from the Dungeon where he was prisoner, to be Emperor of the *Musulmans*, put me in mind of what I read in Mr. *Camden* of our late Queen *Elizabeth*, how she was brought from the Scaffold to the *English* Throne.

They who profess to be Criticks in Policy here, hope that this murdering of *Osman* may in time breed good blood, and prove advantageous to Christendom: for tho' this be the first Emperor of the *Turks* that was dispatch'd so, he is not like to be the last, now that the Soldiers have this Precedent: others think that if that design in *Asia* had taken, it had been very probable the *Constantinopolitans* had hois'd up another King, and so the Empire had been dismembred, and by this division had lost strength, as the *Roman* Empire did, when it was broken into East and West.

Excuse me that this my Letter is become such a Monster, I mean that it hath pass'd the size and ordinary proportion of a Letter; for the matter it treats of is monstrous; besides, it is a rule, that Historical Letters have more liberty to be long than others. In my next you shall hear how matters pass here; and in the meantime, and always, I rest—Your Honour's most devoted Servitor,

J. H.

17 Aug. 1623.

XXIII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Tho. Savage, Kt. and Bar.

HONOURABLE SIR,

THE procedure of things in relation to the grand business of the Match was at a kind of stand, when the long winded *Junta* deliver'd their opinions, and fell at last upon this

this result, that his Catholick Majesty, for the satisfaction of *St. Peter*, might oblige himself in the behalf of *England*, for the performance of those Capitulations which related to the *Roman* Catholicks in that Kingdom; and in case of non-performance, then to right himself by war; since that the matrimonial Articles were solemnly sworn to by the K. of *Spain* and His Highness, the two Favourites, our two Ambassadors, the Duke of *Infantado*, and other Counsellors of State being present: Hereupon the 8th of *September* next is appointed to be the day of *Desposorios*, the day of *Affiance*, or the Betrothing-day. There was much gladness express'd here, and Luminaries of Joy were in every great Street thro'out the City: But there is an unlucky Accident hath interven'd, for the King gave the Prince a solemn visit since, and told him Pope *Gregory* was dead, who was so great a friend to the Match; but in regard the business was not yet come to perfection, he could not proceed further in it till the former Dispensation were ratified by the new Pope *Urban*, which to procure he would make it his own task, and that all possible expedition should be us'd in't, and therefore desir'd his patience in the interim. The Prince answer'd, and press'd the necessity of his speedy return with divers reasons; he said there was a general kind of murmuring in *England* for his so long Absence, that the King his Father was old and sickly, that the Fleet of his Ships were already, he thought, at Sea to fetch him, the winter drew on, and withal, that the Articles of the Match were sign'd in *England* with this Proviso, That if he be not come back by such a month, they should be of no validity. The King reply'd, That since His Highness was resolv'd upon so sudden a departure, he would please to leave a Proxy behind to finish the Marriage, and he would take it for a favour if he would depute *Him* to personate him; and ten days after the Ratification shall come from *Rome* the business shall be done, and afterwards he might send for his Wife when he pleas'd. The Prince rejoin'd, that among those multitudes of royal Favours which he
had

had receiv'd from His Majesty, this transcended all the rest; therefore he would most willingly leave a Proxy for His Majesty, and another for Don *Carlos* to this effect: So they parted for that Time without the least umbrage of discontent, nor do I hear of any engender'd since. The last month, 'tis true, the *Junta* of Divines dwelt so long upon the business, that there were whisperings that the Prince intended to go away disguis'd as he came; and the Question being ask'd by a Person of Quality, there was a brave Answer made, That if Love brought him thither, it is not Fear shall drive him away.

There are preparations already afoot for his return, and the two Proxies are drawn and left in my Lord of *Bristol's* hands. Notwithstanding this ill-favour'd stop, yet we are all here confident the business will take effect: In which hopes I rest—Your most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Madrid, 18 Aug. 1623.

XXIV.

To Capt. Nich. Leat, at his House in London.

SIR,

THIS Letter comes to you by Mr. *Richard Altham*; of whose sudden departure hence I am very sorry, it being the late death of his Brother Sir *James Altham*. I have been at a stand in the business a good while, for His Highness's coming hither was no Advantage to me in the Earth. He hath done the *Spaniards* divers courtesies, but he hath been very sparing in doing the *English* any. It may be, perhaps, because it may be a diminution of honour to be beholden to any foreign Prince to do his own Subjects favours; but my business requires no favour; all I desire is Justice, which I have not obtain'd yet in reality.

The Prince is preparing for his Journey; I shall to it again closely when he is gone; or make a shaft or a bolt of it. The Pope's death hath retarded the proceedings of the Match, but we are so far from despairing of it, that one may have wagers 30 to 1 it will take effect still. He that deals

deals with this Nation must have a great deal of phlegm ; and if this grand business of State, the Match, suffer such protractions and puttings off, you need not wonder that private Negotiations, as mine is, should be subject to the same inconveniences. There shall be no means left unattempted that my best industry can find out to put a period to it ; and when His Highness is gone, I hope to find my Lord of *Bristol* more at leisure to continue his favour and furtherance, which hath been much already : So I rest—
Yours ready to serve you, J. H.

Madrid, 19 Aug. 1623.

XXV.

To Sir James Crofts.

SIR,

THE Prince is now upon his Journey to the Sea-side, where my Lord of *Rutland* attends for him with a Royal Fleet : There are many here shrink in their shoulders, and are very sensible of his departure, and the Lady *Infanta* resents it more than any ; she hath caus'd a Mass to be sung every day ever since for his good Voyage : The *Spaniards* themselves confess there was never Princess so bravely woo'd. The King and his two Brothers accompany'd His Highness to the *Escorial*, some twenty miles off, and would have brought him to the Sea-side, but that the Queen is big, and hath not many days to go. When the King and he parted, there pass'd wonderful great Endearments and Embraces in divers postures between them a long Time ; and in that place there is a Pillar to be erected as a Monument to Posterity. There are some *Grandees*, and Count *Gondomar* with a great Train besides, gone with him to the *Marine*, to the Sea-side, which will be many days' journey, and must needs put the King of *Spain* to a mighty Expense, besides his seven months' Entertainment here. We hear that when he pass'd thro' *Valladolid*, the D. of *Lerma* was retired thence for the Time by special command from the King, lest he might have discourse with the Prince, whom

whom he extremely desired to see; this sunk deep into the old Duke, insomuch that he said, that of all the Acts of Malice which *Olivares* had ever done him, he resented this more than any. He bears up yet under his Cardinal's Habit, which hath kept him from many a foul storm that might have fallen upon him else from the temporal Power. The Duke of *Uzeda*, his Son, finding himself decline in favour at Court, hath retir'd to the Country, and dy'd soon after of discontentment: during his sickness the Cardinal wrote this short weighty Letter unto him: *Dixen me, que Mareys de necio; por mi, mas temo mis años que mis Enemigos.*—*Lerma*. I shall not need to English it to you, who is so great a Master of the Language. Since I began this Letter we understand the Prince is safely embark'd, but not without some danger of being cast away, had not Sir *Sackvil Trever* taken him up; I pray God send him a good Voyage, and us no ill news from *England*. My most humble Service at *Tower-hill*, so I am—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 21 Aug. 1623.

XXVI.

To my Brother, Dr. Howel.

MY BROTHER,

SINCE our Prince's departure hence the Lady *Infanta* studieth *English* apace, and one Mr. *Wadsworth* and Father *Boniface*, two *Englishmen*, are appointed her Teachers, and have Access to her every Day: We account her, as it were, our Princess now; and as we give, so she takes that Title. Our Ambassadors, my Lord of *Bristol* and Sir *Walter Ashton*, will not stand now cover'd before her when they have Audience, because they hold her to be their Princess: She is preparing divers Suits of rich Clothes for His Highness of perfum'd Amber Leather, some embroider'd with Pearl, some with Gold, some with Silver: Her Family is a settling apace, and most of her Ladies and Officers are known already. We want nothing now but
one

one Dispatch more from *Rome*, and then the Marriage will be solemniz'd, and all Things consummated: Yet there is one Mr. *Clerk* (with the lame Arm) that came hither from the Sea-side as soon as the Prince was gone; he is one of the D. of *Buckingham's* Creatures, yet he lies at the E. of *Bristol's* House, which we wonder at, considering the darkness that happen'd 'twixt the Duke and the Earl: We fear that this *Clerk* hath brought something that may puzzle the business. Besides, having occasion to make my Address lately to the *Venetian* Ambassador, who is interested in some part of that great Business for which I am here, he told me confidently it would be no Match, nor did he think it was ever intended. But I want faith to believe him yet, for I know St. *Mark* is no friend to it, nor *France*, nor any other Prince or State besides the King of *Denmark*, whose Grandmother was of the House of *Austria*, being Sister to *Charles* the Emperor. Touching the Business of the *Palatinate*, our Ambassadors were lately assur'd by *Olivares* and all the Counsellors here, and that in this King's Name, that he would procure His Majesty of *Great Britain* entire satisfaction herein; and *Olivares* giving them the joy, intreated them to assure their King upon their honour, and upon their lives, of the reality hereof: For the *Infanta* herself (said he) hath stirr'd in it, and makes it now her own business; for it was a firm Peace and Amity (which he confess'd could never be without the Accommodation of Things in *Germany*) as much as an Alliance, which his Catholick Majesty aim'd at. But we shall know shortly now what to trust to, we shall walk no more in mists, tho' some give out yet that our Prince shall embrace a Cloud for *Juno* at last.

I pray present my Service to Sir *John Franklin* and Sir *John Smith*, with all at the Hill and Dale; and when you send to *Wales* I pray convey the inclos'd to my Father. So, my dear Brother, I pray God bless us both, and bring us again joyfully together—Your very loving Brother,

J. H.

Madrid, 12 Aug. 1623.

XXVII.

XXVII.

To my noble Friend Sir John North, Knight.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D lately one of yours, but it was of a very old date: We have our Eyes here now all fix'd upon *Rome*, greedily expecting the Ratification; and lately a strong rumour ran it was come, insomuch that Mr. *Clerk*, who was sent hither from the Prince, being a-shipboard (and now lies sick at my Lord of *Bristol's* House of a Calenture), hearing of it, he desir'd to speak with him, for he had something to deliver him from the Prince; my Lord Ambassador being come to him, Mr. *Clerk* deliver'd a Letter from the Prince, the contents whereof were, That whereas he had left certain *Proxies* in his hand to be deliver'd to the King of *Spain* after the Ratification was come, he desir'd and requir'd him not to do it till he should receive further order from *England*. My Lord of *Bristol* hereupon went to Sir *Walter Aston*, who was in joint Commission with him for concluding the Match; and shewing him the Letter, what my Lord *Aston* said I know not, but my Lord of *Bristol* told him, That they had a Commission-Royal under the Broad Seal of *England* to conclude the Match; he knew as well as he how earnest the King their Master hath been any time these ten years to have it done, how there could not be a better pawn for the surrendry of the *Palatinate*, than the *Infanta* in the Prince's Arms, who could never rest till she did the work, to merit the love of our Nation: he told him also how their own particular Fortunes depended upon it; besides, if he should delay one moment to deliver the *Proxy* after the Ratification was come, according to agreement, the *Infanta* would hold herself so blemish'd in her honour, that it might overthrow all things. Lastly, he told him, That they incurr'd the hazard of their heads, if they should suspend the executing His Majesty's Commision upon any order but from that Power which gave it, who was the King himself. Hereupon both the Ambassadors proceeded

proceeded still in preparing matters for the solemnizing of the Marriage; the Earl of *Bristol* had caused above thirty rich Liveries to be made of watched Velvet, with silver Lace up to the very Capes of the Cloaks, the best sorts whereof were valued at £80 a Livery: My Lord *Aston* had also provided new Liveries; and a fortnight after the said politick Report was blown up, the Ratification came indeed complete and full; so the Marriage-day was appointed, a Terras cover'd all over with Tapestry was raised from the King's Palace to the next Church, which might be about the same extent as from *White-Hall* to *Westminster-Abbey*; and the King intended to make his Sister a *Wife*, and his Daughter (whereof the Queen was deliver'd a little before) a *Christian* upon the same day; the Grandees and great Ladies had been invited to the Marriage, and order was sent to all the Port-Towns to discharge their great Ordnance, and sundry other things were prepar'd to honour the Solemnity: but when we were thus at the height of our hopes, a day or two before, there came Mr. *Killegree*, *Gresley*, *Wood*, and *Davies*, one upon the neck of another, with a new Commission to my Lord of *Bristol* immediately from His Majesty, countermanding him to deliver the *Proxy* aforesaid, until a full and absolute satisfaction were had for the surrendry of the *Palatinate* under this King's Hand and Seal, in regard he desir'd his Son should be marry'd to *Spain*, and his Son-in-law re-marry'd to the *Palatinate* at one time. Hereupon all was dash'd in pieces, and that frame which was rearing so many years was ruin'd in a moment. This News struck a damp in the hearts of all People here, and they wish'd that the Postilions that brought it had all broke their necks in the way.

My Lord of *Bristol* hereupon went to Court to acquaint the King with his new Commission, and so propos'd the restitution of the *Palatinate*: The King answer'd, 'Twas none of his to give; 'tis true, he had a few Towns there, but he held them as Commissioner only for the Emperor, and he could not command an Emperor; yet if His Majesty
of

of *Great Britain* would put a Treaty a-foot, he would send his own Ambassador to join. In the *Interim* the Earl was commanded not to deliver the aforesaid *Proxy* of the Prince, for the *Desposorios* or Espousal, until *Christmas* (and herein it seems His Majesty with you was not well inform'd, for those Powers of *Proxies* expir'd before). The King here said further, That if his Uncle the Emperor, or the Duke of *Bavaria*, would not be conformable to reason, he would raise as great an Army for the Prince *Palsgrave* as he did under *Spinola*, when he first invaded the *Palatinate*; and to secure this, he would engage his Contratation-house of the *West-Indies*, with his Plate-Fleet, and give the most binding Instrument that could be under his Hand and Seal. But this gave no satisfaction; therefore my Lord of *Bristol*, I believe, hath not long to stay here, for he is commanded to deliver no more Letters to the *Infanta*, nor demand any more audience, and that she should be no more stiled Princess of *England* or *Wales*. The aforesaid Caution which this King offer'd to my Lord of *Bristol* made me think of what I read of his Grandfather *Philip II.*, who having been marry'd to our *Q. Mary*, and it being thought she was with child of him, and was accordingly pray'd for at *Paul's Cross*, tho' it prov'd afterwards but a tympany, *K. Philip* propos'd to our Parliament, that they would pass an Act that he might be Regent during his or her Minority that should be born, and would give good caution to surrender the Crown when *he* or *she* should come to age. The motion was hotly canvass'd in the House of Peers, and like to pass, when the Lord *Paget* rose up and said, *I, but who shall sue the King's Bond?* So the business was dash'd. I have no more news to send you now, and I am sorry I have so much, unless it were better; for we that have business to negotiate here are like to suffer much by this rupture: Welcome be the will of God, to whose benediction I commend you, and rest—Your most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 25 Aug. 1623.

XXVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford.

MY GOOD LORD,

THO' this Court cannot afford now such comfortable news in relation to *England* as I could wish, yet such as it is, you shall receive. My Lord of *Bristol* is preparing for *England*. I waited upon him lately when he went to take his leave at Court; and the King washing his hands, took a ring from off his own finger, and put upon his, which was the greatest honour that ever he did any Ambassador, as they say here; he gave him also a Cupboard of Plate, valued at 20,000 Crowns: There were also large and high promises made him, that in case he feared to fall upon any rock in *England*, by reason of the Power of those who malign'd him, if he would stay in any of his Dominions, he would give him means and honour equal to the highest of his Enemies. The Earl did not only wave, but disdain'd these Propositions made to him by *Olivares*, and said he was so confident of the King his Master's Justice and high Judgment, and of his own innocency, that he conceiv'd no Power could be able to do him hurt. There hath occur'd nothing lately in this Court worth the Advertisement: They speak much of the strange carriage of that boisterous Bishop of *Halverstadt* (for so they term him here), that having taken a place where there were two Monasteries of Nuns and Friars, he caus'd divers Feather-beds to be ripp'd, and all the feathers to be thrown in a great Hall whither the Nuns and Friars were thrust naked with their bodies oil'd and pitch'd, and to tumble among these feathers; which makes them here presage him an ill death. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest—Your very humble Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 26 Aug. 1623.

XXIX.

To Sir John North.

SIR,

I HAVE many thanks to render you for the favour you lately did to a Kinsman of mine, Mr. *Vaughan*, and for divers others, which I defer till I return to that Court, and that I hope will not be long. Touching the procedure of matters here, you shall understand, that my Lord *Aston* had special audience lately of the King of *Spain*, and afterwards presented a Memorial, wherein there was a high complaint against the miscarriage of the two *Spanish* Ambassadors now in *England*, the Marquis of *Inojosa* and *Don Carlos Coloma*; the substance of it was, That the said Ambassadors, in a private audience His Majesty of *Great Britain* had given them, inform'd him of a pernicious Plot against his Person and Royal Authority, which was, That at the beginning of your now Parliament the Duke of *Buckingham*, with other his complices, often met and consulted in a clandestine way, how to break the Treaty both of *Match* and *Palatinate*; and in case His Majesty was unwilling thereunto, he should have a Country-house or two to retire unto for his recreation and health, in regard the Prince is now of years and judgment fit to govern. His Majesty so resented this, that the next day he sent them many thanks for the care they had of him, and desir'd them to perfect the work, and now that they had detected the Treason, to discover also the Traitors; but they were shy in that point. The King sent again, desiring them to send the names of the Conspirators in a paper sealed up by one of their own Confidants, which he should receive with his own hands and no soul should see it else; advising them withal, that they should not prefer this discovery before their own honours, to be accounted false Accusers: they reply'd, That they had done enough already by instancing in the Duke of *Buckingham*, and it might easily be guess'd who were his Confidants and Creatures. Hereupon His Majesty put those whom

whom he had any grounds to suspect to their Oaths: And afterwards sent my Lord *Conway* and Sir *Francis Cottington* to tell the Ambassadors that he had left no means unessay'd to discover the Conspiracy; that he had found upon Oath such a clearness of ingenuity in the Duke of *Buckingham*, that satisfy'd him of his innocency: Therefore he had just cause to conceive that this information of theirs proceeded rather from malice, and some political ends, than from truth; and in regard they would not produce the Authors of so dangerous a Treason, they made themselves to be justly thought the Authors of it: And therefore, tho' he might by his own Royal Justice and the Law of Nations, punish this excess and insolence of theirs, and high wrong they had done to his best Servants, yea to the Prince his Son, for thro' the sides of the Duke they wounded him, in regard it was impossible that such a design should be attempted without his privity, yet he would not be his own Judge herein, but would refer them to the King their Master, whom he conceiv'd to be so just, that he doubted not but he would see him satisfy'd; and therefore he would send an Express to him thereabouts, to demand Justice and Reparation. This business is now in agitation, but we know not what will become of it. We are all here in a sad disconsolate condition, and the Merchants shake their heads up and down out of an apprehension of some fearful War to follow: So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest—Your very humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Madrid, 26 Aug. 1623.

XXX.

To Sir Kenelme Digby, Knight.

SIR,
YOU have had knowledge (none better) of the progression and growings of the *Spanish Match* from time to time; I must acquaint you now with the Rupture and utter Dissolution of it, which was not long a doing: for it was done in one Audience that my Lord of *Bristol* had lately
at

at Court, whence it may be inferr'd, that 'tis far more easy to pull down than rear up; for that Structure which was so many years a rearing was dash'd, as it were, in a trice: Dissolution goeth a faster pace than Composition. And it may be said, that the civil actions of men, 'specially great affairs of Monarchs (as this was) have much analogy, in degrees of progression, with the natural production of man. To make man, there are many acts must precede; first a meeting and copulation of the Sexes, then Conception, which requires a well-disposed Womb to retain the prolific Seed, by the constriction and occlusion of the orifice of the Matrix; which Seed being first, and afterwards Cream, is by a gentle ebullition coagulated, and turn'd to a crudded lump, which the Womb by virtue of its natural heat prepares to be capable to receive form, and to be organiz'd: whereupon Nature falls a-working to delineate all the Members, beginning with those that are most noble; as the Heart, the Brain, the Liver, whereof *Galen* would have the Liver, which is the shop and source of the blood, and *Aristotle* the Heart, to be the first fram'd, in regard 'tis *primum vivens & ultimum moriens*. Nature continues in this labour, until a perfect shape be introduced; and this is call'd *Formation*, which is the third act, and is a production of an organical Body out of the spermatick Substance, caus'd by the plastick virtue of the vital Spirits: and sometimes this act is finish'd thirty days after the conception, sometimes fifty, but most commonly in forty-two or forty-five, and is sooner done in the Male. This being done, the Embryo is animated with three Souls; the first with that of Plants called the vegetable Soul, then with a sensitive, which all brute Animals have, and lastly the rational Soul is infus'd; and these three in Man are like *Trigonus* in *Tetragono*; the two first are generated *ex Traduce*, from the seed of the Parents, but the last is by immediate infusion from God: and 'tis controverted 'twixt Philosophers and Divines when this infusion is made.

This is the fourth act that goeth to make a Man, and is called

called *Animation*; and as the Naturalists allow *Animation* double the time that *Formation* had from the Conception, so they allow to the ripening of the *Embryo* in the Womb, and to the birth thereof, treble the time which *Animation* had; which happeneth sometimes in nine, sometimes in ten months. This *Grand* business of the *Spanish Match* may be said to have had such degrees of progression; first there was a meeting and coupling on both sides, for a *Junta* in *Spain*, and some select Counsellors of State were appointed in *England*. After this Conjunction the business was conceiv'd, then it receiv'd form, then life (tho' the quickening was slow), but having had near upon ten years in lieu of ten months to be perfected, it was unfortunately strangled when it was ripe ready for birth; and I would they had never been born that did it, for it is like to be out of my way £3000. And as the *Embryo* in the Womb is wrapp'd in three membranes or tunics, so this great business, you know better than I, was involv'd in many difficulties, and died so entangled before it could break thro' them.

There is a buzz here of a Match 'twixt *England* and *France*; I pray God send it a speedier *Formation* and *Animation* than this had, and that it may not prove an abortive.

I send you herewith a Letter from the Paragon of the *Spanish Court*, *Donna Anna Maria Manrique*, the Duke of *Marquedas's* sister, who respects you in a high degree; she told me this was the first Letter she ever writ to Man in her life, except the Duke her brother; she was much solicited to write to Mr. *Thomas Cary*, but she would not. I did also your Message to the *Marquesa d'Inojosa*, who put me to sit a good while with her upon *Estrado*, which was no simple favour: you are much in both these Ladies' books, and much spoken of by divers others in this Court. I could not recover your Diamond Hatband which the *Picaroon* snatch'd from you in the Coach, tho' I us'd all means possible, as far as book, bell, and candle, in point of Excommunication against the party in all the *Churches* of *Madrid*, by which means you know divers things are recover'd. So

I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest—Your most faithful Servitor,
J. H.

Post.—Yours of Mar. 2 came safe to hand.

Madrid.

XXXI.

To my Cousin, Mr. J. Price (now Knight), at the Middle-Temple, from Madrid.

COUSIN, suffer my Letter to salute you first in this *Distich*:

*A Thamesi Tagus quot leucis flumine distat,
Oscula tot manibus porto, Pricæ tuis.*

As many miles *Thames* lies from *Tagus* Strands,
I bring so many kisses to thy hands.

MY DEAR JACK,

IN the large Register or *Almanack* of my Friends in *England*, you are one of the chiefest *Red Letters*, you are one of my *Festival Rubriques*: for whenever you fall upon my Mind, or my Mind falls upon you, I keep Holiday all the while; and this happens so often, that you leave me but a few Working-days thro'out the whole year, fewer far than this Country affords; for in their *Kalendar* above five months of the twelve are dedicated to some Saint or other, and kept Festival; a religion that the *London* Apprentices would like well.

I thank you for yours of the third current, and the ample Relations you give me of *London* Occurrences, but principally for the powerful and sweet assurances you give me of your Love, both in Verse and Prose. All businesses here are off the hinges; for one late Audience of my Lord of *Bristol* pull'd down what was so many years a raising. And as *Thomas Aquinas* told an Artist of a costly curious Statue in *Rome*, that by some accident while he was a trimming it, fell down, and so broke to pieces, *Opus triginta annorum destruxisti*, Thou hast destroy'd the work of thirty years; so it may be said, that a work near upon ten years is now suddenly

suddenly shatter'd to peices. I hope by God's Grace to be now speedily in *England*, and to re-enjoy your most dear Society : In the meantime may all happiness attend you.

Ad Litteram.

Ocius ut grandire gradus oratio, possis

Prosa, tibi binos jungimus ecce pedes :

That in thy journey thou may'st be more fleet,
To thy dull Prose I add these *Metric* feet.

Resp.

*Ad mare cum venio, quid agam ? Repl. tum præpete penna
Te ferat, est lator nam levis ignis, Amor.*

But when I come to Sea, how shall I shift ?
Let *Love* transport thee then, for *Fire* is swift.

—Your most affectionate Cousin,

J. H.

30 Mar. 1624.

XXXII.

To the Lord Viscount Colchester, from Madrid.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

YOUR Lordship's of the third current came to safe hand, and being now upon point of parting with this Court, I thought it worth the labour to send your Lordship a short Survey of the Monarchy of *Spain*; a bold undertaking, your Lordship will say, to comprehend within the narrow bounds of a Letter such a huge bulk ; but as in the boss of a small Diamond-ring one may discern the image of a mighty Mountain, so I will endeavour that your Lordship may behold the power of this great King in this Paper.

Spain hath been always esteem'd a Country of ancient renown ; and as it is incident to all other, she hath had her vicissitudes and turns of Fortune: She hath been thrice o'ercome ; by the *Romans*, by the *Goths*, and by the *Moors*: The middle Conquest continueth to this day ; for this King and most of the Nobility profess themselves to have descended of the *Goths*: The *Moors* kept here about 700 years ; and it is a remarkable Story how they got in first, which was thus

thus upon good Record. There reign'd in *Spain* Don *Rodrigo*, who kept his Court then at *Malaga*; he employ'd the Conde Don *Julian* Ambassador to *Barbary*, who had a Daughter (a young beautiful Lady), that was Maid of Honour to the Queen: The King spying her one Day refreshing herself under an Arbor, fell enamour'd with her, and never left till he had deflower'd her. She resenting much the dishonour, writ a Letter to her Father in *Barbary* under this Allegory, *That there was a fair green Apple upon the Table, and the King's Poniard fell upon't and cleft it in two.* Don *Julian*, apprehending the meaning, got Letters of revocation and came back to *Spain*, where he so comply'd with the King, that he became his Favourite: Among other Things he advis'd the King, That in regard he was now in Peace with all the World, he would dismiss his Gallies and Garrisons that were up and down the Sea-coasts, because it was a superfluous charge. This being done, and the Country left open to any to invade, he prevail'd with the King to have leave to go with his Lady to see their friends in *Tarragona*, which was 300 miles off. Having been there a while, his Lady made semblance to be sick, and so sent to petition the King that her Daughter *Donna Cava* (whom they had left at Court to satiate the King's lust) might come to comfort her a while: *Cava* came, and the Gate thro' which she went forth is call'd after her name to this day in *Malaga*: Don *Julian* having all his chief Kindred there, he sail'd over to *Barbary*, and afterwards brought over the King of *Morocco*, and others with an Army, who suddenly invaded *Spain*, lying armless and open, and so conquer'd it. Don *Rodrigo* died gallantly in the Field, but what became of Don *Julian*, who for a particular Revenge betray'd his own Country, no Story makes mention. A few years before this happen'd, *Rodrigo* came to *Toledo*, where under the great Church there was a Vault with huge Iron-doors, and none of his Predecessors durst open it, because there was an old Prophecy, *That when that Vault was opened Spain should be conquer'd.* *Rodrigo*, slighting the Prophecy, caus'd

caus'd the doors to be broke open, hoping to find there some Treasure; but when he enter'd, there was nothing found but the Pictures of *Moors*, of such Men that a little after fulfill'd the Prophecy.

Yet this last Conquest of *Spain* was not perfect, for divers parts North-west kept still under Christian Kings, specially *Biscay*, which was never conquer'd, as *Wales* in *Britany*; and the *Biscayners* have much Analogy with the *Welsh* in divers Things: They retain to this day the original Language of *Spain*, they are the most mountainous People, and they are reputed the ancientest Gentry; so that when any is to take the Order of Knighthood, there are no Inquisitors appointed to find whether he be clear of the blood of the *Moors*, as in other places. The King, when he comes upon the confines, pulls off one shoe before he can tread upon any *Biscay* Ground: And he hath good reason to esteem that Province, in regard of divers Advantages he hath by it; for he hath his best Timber to build Ships, his best Marines, and all his Iron thence.

There were divers bloody Battels 'twixt the remnant of *Christians* and the *Moors*, for 700 years together; and the *Spaniards* getting ground more and more, drave them at last to *Granada*, and thence also, in the time of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, quite over to *Barbary*: Their last King was *Chico*, who when he fled from *Granada* crying and weeping, the People upbraided him, *That he might well weep like a Woman, who could not defend himself and them like a Man.* This was that *Ferdinand* who obtain'd from *Rome* the Title of *Catholick*, tho' some Stories say, that many Ages before *Ricaredus*, the first Orthodox King of the *Goths*, was stil'd *Catholicus* in a *Provincial Synod* held at *Toledo*, which was continued by *Alphonsus* I., and then made hereditary by this *Ferdinand*. This absolute Conquest of the *Moors* happen'd about *Henry VII.*'s Time, when the foresaid *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* had by Alliance join'd *Castile* and *Aragon*; which with the discovery of the *West-Indies*, which happen'd a little after, was the first foundation of that Greatness where-
unto

unto *Spain* is now mounted. Afterwards there was an Alliance with *Burgundy* and *Austria*; by the first House seventeen Provinces fell to *Spain*; by the second *Charles V.* came to be Emperor: And remarkable it is how the House of *Austria* came to that height from a mean Earl; the Earl of *Hapsburg* in *Germany*, who having been one day a-hunting, he overtook a Priest who had been with the Sacrament to visit a poor sick body; the Priest being tir'd, the Earl lighted off his Horse, help'd up the Priest, and so waited upon him a-foot all the while, till he brought him to the Church: The Priest giving him his Benediction at his going away, told him, that for this great Act of humility and piety, *His Grace should be one of the greatest that ever the world had*; and ever since, which is some 240 years ago, the Empire hath continued in that house, which afterwards was call'd the House of *Austria*.

In *Philip II.*'s Time the *Spanish* Monarchy came to its highest pitch, by the conquest of *Portugal*, whereby the *East-Indies*, sundry Islands in the *Atlantick* Sea, and divers places in *Barbary*, were added to the Crown of *Spain*. By these steps this Crown came to this Grandeur; and truly, give the *Spaniard* his due, he is a mighty Monarch; he hath Dominions in all parts of the World (which none of the four Monarchies had), both in *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* (which he hath solely to himself), tho' our *Henry VII.* had the first proffer made him: So the Sun shines all the four-and-twenty hours of the natural day upon some part or other of his Countries, for part of the *Antipodes* are subject to him. He hath eight Viceroy's in *Europe*, two in the *East-Indies*, two in the *West*, two in *Africk*, and about thirty Provincial Sovereign Commanders more; yet, as I was told lately, in a Discourse 'twixt him and our Prince at his being here, when the Prince fell to magnify his spacious Dominions, the King answer'd, Sir, *'tis true, it hath pleased God to trust me with divers Nations and Countries, but of all these there are but two which yield me any clear revenues, viz., Spain and my West-Indies; nor all*
Spain

Spain neither, but Castile only; the rest do scarce quit cost, for all is drunk up 'twixt Governors and Garrisons: yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagate the Christian Religion, and to employ my Subjects. For the last, it must be granted that no Prince hath better means to breed brave Men, and more variety of Commands to heighten their Spirits with no petty but princely Employments.

This King, besides, hath other means to oblige the Gentry to him, by such a huge number of *Commendams*, which he hath in his gift to bestow on whom he pleases of any of the three Orders of Knighthood; which *England* and *France* want. Some Noblemen in *Spain* can spend £50,000, some forty, some thirty, and divers £20,000 *per ann.* The Church here is exceeding rich, both in revenues, plate, and buildings; one cannot go to the meanest Country Chapel but he will find Chalices, Lamps, and Candlesticks of Silver. There are some Bishopricks of £30,000 *per ann.* and divers of £10,000, and *Toledo* is £100,000 yearly revenue. As the Church is rich, so it is mightily reverenc'd here, and very powerful; which made *Philip II.* rather depend upon the Clergy than the secular Power. Therefore I do not see how *Spain* can be called a poor Country, considering the revenues aforesaid of Princes and Prelates; nor is it so thin of People as the World makes it, and one reason may be that there are sixteen Universities in *Spain*, and in one of these there were 15,000 Students at one time when I was there, I mean *Salamanca*; and in this Village of *Madrid* (for the King of *Spain* cannot keep his constant Court in any City) there are ordinarily 600,000 Souls. 'Tis true, that the Colonizing of the *Indies* and the Wars of *Flanders* have much drain'd this Country of People; since the expulsion of the *Moors* it is also grown thinner, and not so full of Corn; for those *Moors* would grub up Wheat out of the very Tops of the craggy Hills; yet they us'd another Grain for their Bread: So that the *Spaniard* had nought else to do but to go with his Ass to the Market, and buy Corn of the *Moors*. There liv'd here also in Times past

a great number of *Jews*, till they were expell'd by *Ferdinand*; and, as I have read in an old *Spanish* Legend, the cause was this: The King had a young Prince to his Son, who was us'd to play with a *Jewish* Doctor that was about the Court, who had a ball of gold in a string hanging down his breast: The little Prince one day snatch'd away the said golden ball, and carried it to the next room; the ball being hollow, open'd, and within there was painted our *Saviour* kissing a *Jew's* tail. Hereupon they were all suddenly distress'd and exterminated; yet I believe in *Portugal* there lurks yet good store of them.

For the Soil of *Spain*, the fruitfulness of their Vallies recompences the sterility of their Hills; Corn is their greatest want, and want of Rain is the cause of that, which makes them have need of their Neighbours: Yet as much as *Spain* bears is passing good, and so is everything else for the quality; nor hath any one a better horse under him, a better cloak on his back, a better sword by his side, better shoes on his feet, than the *Spaniard*: Nor doth any drink better wine, or eat better fruit than he, nor flesh for the quantity.

Touching the People, the *Spaniard* looks as high, tho' not so big as a *German*; his excess is in too much gravity, which some, who know him not well, hold to be pride; he cares not how little he labours, for poor *Gascons* and *Morisco* slaves do most of his work in field and vineyard: He can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day, or upon a stage, that all the world might be witnesses of his valour; so that you shall seldom hear of *Spaniards* employ'd in Night-service, nor shall one hear of a Duel here in an Age. He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to Government; for the proudest Don of *Spain*, when he is prancing upon his Ginnet in the street, if an *Alguazil* (a Sergeant) shew him his *Vare*, that is, a little white staff he carrieth as a badge of his Office, my Don will down presently off his horse, and yield himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality

quality, that when he giveth Alms he pulls off his Hat, and puts it in the beggar's hand with a great deal of humility. His gravity is much lessen'd since the late Proclamation came out against ruffs, and the King himself shew'd the first example; they were come to that height of excess herein, that twenty shillings were us'd to be paid for starching of a ruff: And some, tho' perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet he would have a toting huge swelling ruff about his neck. He is sparing in his ordinary diet, but when he makes a feast he is free and bountiful. As to temporal Authority, specially Martial, so is he very obedient to the Church, and believes all with an implicit faith. He is a great servant of Ladies, nor can he be blam'd, for, as I said before, he comes of a *Goatish* race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly careful of the repute of any Woman (a Civility that we much want in *England*). He will speak high words of Don *Philippo* his King, but will not endure a stranger should do so: I have heard a *Biscayner* make a *Rodomantado*, that he was as good a Gentleman as Don *Philippo* himself, for Don *Philippo* was half a *Spaniard*, half a *German*, half an *Italian*, half a *Frenchman*, half I know not what, but he was a pure *Biscayner* without mixture. The *Spaniard* is not so smooth and oily in his Compliment as the *Italian*; and tho' he will make strong protestations, yet he will not swear out Compliments like the *French* and *English*: As I heard when my Lord of *Carlisle* was Ambassador in *France*, there came a great Monsieur to see him, and having a long time banded, and sworn Compliments one to another who should go first out at a door, at last my Lord of *Carlisle* said, *ô Monseigneur, ayez pitie de mon ame*, O my Lord, have pity upon my soul.

The *Spaniard* is generally given to gaming, and that in excess; he will say his Prayers before, and if he win he will thank God for his good fortune after. Their common game at Cards (for they very seldom play at Dice) is *Primera*, at which the King never shews his game, but
throws

throws his cards with their faces down on the table. He is merchant of all the Cards and Dice thro' all the Kingdom; he hath them made for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelvecence; so that 'tis thought he hath £30,000 a year by this trick at Cards. The *Spaniard* is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel in the very dirt when the *Ave Mary* bell rings; and some, if they spy two straws or sticks lie cross-wise in the street, they will take them up and kiss them, and lay them down again. He walks as if he march'd, and seldom looks on the ground, as if he contemn'd it. I was told of a *Spaniard*, who having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rose up, and in a disdainful manner said, *Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra*; This it is to walk upon earth. The *Labradores* and Country Swains here are sturdy and Rational Men, nothing so simple or servile as the *French* Peasant who is born in chains. 'Tis true, the *Spaniard* is not so conversable as other Nations (unless he hath travell'd), else he is like *Mars* among the Planets, impatient of Conjunction: Nor is he so free in his gifts and rewards; as the last Summer it happen'd that Count *Gondomar*, with Sir *Francis Cottington*, went to see a curious House of the Constable of *Castile's*, which had been newly built here; the Keeper of the House was very officious to shew him every room, with the Garden, Grottos, and Aqueducts, and presented him with some Fruit; *Gondomar* having been a long time in the House, coming out, put many Compliments of thanks upon the Man, and so was going away; Sir *Francis* whisper'd him in the Ear, and ask'd him whether he would give the Man anything that took such pains: Oh, quoth *Gondomar*, well remember'd; Don *Francisco*, have you ever a double Pistole about you? If you have, you may give it him, and then you pay him after the English manner; I have paid him already after the Spanish. The *Spaniard* is much improv'd in Policy since he took footing in *Italy*, and there is no Nation agrees with him better. I will conclude this Character with a saying that he hath—

*No ay hombre debaxo d'el Sol,
Como el Italiano y el Espanol.*

Whereunto a *Frenchman* answer'd—

*Dizes la verdad, y tienes razon,
El uno es puto, el otro ladron.*

English'd thus—

Beneath the Sun there's no such Man,
As is the *Spaniard* and *Italian*.

The Frenchman answers—

Thou tell'st the truth, and reason hast,
The first's a *Thief*, a *Buggerer* the last.

Touching their Women, Nature hath made a more visible distinction 'twixt the two Sexes here than elsewhere; for the Men for the most part are swarthy and rough, but the Women are of a far finer mould; they are commonly little: And whereas there is a Saying that makes a compleat Woman, let her be *English* to the neck, *French* to the waste, and *Dutch* below; I may add, for hands and feet let her be *Spanish*, for they have the least of any. They have another Saying, A *Frenchwoman* in a dance, a *Dutchwoman* in the kitchen, an *Italian* in a window, an *England-woman* at board, and the *Spanish* a-bed. When they are married, they have a privilege to wear high shoes, and to paint, which is generally practised here; and the Queen useth it herself. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our *English*; for if a Lady go along the street (and all Women going here veil'd, and their habit so generally alike, one can hardly distinguish a Countess from a Cobler's Wife), if one should cast out an odd ill-sounding word, and ask her a favour, she will not take it ill, but put it off, and answer you with some witty retort. After thirty they are commonly past Child-bearing, and I have seen Women in *England* look as youthful at fifty as some here at twenty-five. Money will do miracles here in purchasing the favour of Ladies, or anything else; tho' this be the Country of Money, for it furnisheth well near all the World besides, yea their very Enemies, as
the

the *Turk* and *Hollander*; insomuch that one may say, the *Coin* of *Spain* is as *Catholic* as her *King*. Yet tho' he be the greatest King of gold and silver Mines in the World (I think), yet the common current *Coin* here is *Copper*: And herein I believe the *Hollander* hath done him more mischief by counterfeiting his *Copper* Coins than by their Arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious ways, as in hollow Sows of Tin and Lead, hollow Masts, in Pitch Buckets under water, and other ways. But I fear to be injurious to this great King, to speak of him in so narrow a compass; a great King indeed, tho' the *French* in a slighting way compare his Monarchy to a *Beggar's Cloak made up of Patches*: They are *Patches* indeed, but such as he hath not the like: The *East-Indies* is a Patch embroider'd with Pearls, Rubies, and Diamonds: *Peru* is a Patch embroider'd with massy Gold, *Mexico* with Silver, *Naples* and *Milan* are Patches of Cloth of Tissue; and if these Patches were in one piece, what would become of his Cloak embroider'd with *Flower-de-luces*?

So, desiring your Lordship to pardon this poor imperfect Paper, considering the high quality of the Subject, I rest—
Your Lordship's most humble Servitor, J. H.

Madrid, 1 Feb. 1623.

XXXIII.

To Mr. Walsingham Gresley, from Madrid.

DON BALCHASAR,

I THANK you for your Letter in my Lord's last Packet, wherein, among other passages, you write to me the circumstances of Marquis *Spinola's* raising his Leaguer, by flatting and firing his works before *Berghen*. He is much tax'd here, to have attempted it, and to have bury'd so much of the King's Treasure before that Town in such costly Trenches. A Gentleman came hither lately, who was at the Siege all the while, and he told me one strange Passage; how Sir *Ferdinando Cary*, a huge corpulent Knight, was shot thro' his Body; the Bullet entring at the Navel, and coming out

out at his Back, kill'd his Man behind him; yet he lives still, and is like to recover. With this miraculous Accident, he told me also a merry one; how a Captain that had a wooden Leg booted over, had it shatter'd to pieces by a Cannon-bullet: His Soldiers crying, *A Surgeon, a Surgeon*, for the Captain; No, no, said he, *A Carpenter, a Carpenter will serve the turn*. To this pleasant Tale I'll add another that happen'd lately in *Alcala* hard by, of a *Dominican* Fryar, who in a solemn Procession which was held there upon *Ascension-day* last, had his Stones dangling under his habit cut off instead of his Pocket by a Cut-purse.

Before you return hither, which I understand will be speedily, I pray bestow a visit on our Friends in *Bishopsgate-street*. So I am—Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

3 Feb. 1623.

XXXIV.

To Sir Robert Napier, Kt., at his House in Bishopsgate-street.

SIR,

THE late breach of the *Match* hath broke the neck of all businesses here, and mine suffers as much as any: I had Access lately to *Olivares*, once or twice; I had Audience also of the King, to whom I presented a Memorial that intimated *Letters of Mart*, unless satisfaction were had from his *Viceroy*, the *Conde del Real*. The King gave me a gracious Answer, but *Olivares* a churlish one, viz., *That when the Spaniards had justice in England, we should have justice here*. So that notwithstanding I have brought it to the highest point and pitch of perfection in Law that could be, and procur'd some dispatches, the like whereof were never granted in this Court before, yet I am in despair now to do any good. I hope to be shortly in *England*, by God's grace, to give you and the rest of the Proprietaries a punctual Account of all things: And you may easily conceive how sorry I am that matters succeeded not according to your expectation

expectation, and my endeavours: But I hope you are none of those that measure things by the Event. The Earl of *Bristol*, Count *Gondomar*, and my Lord Ambassador *Aston* did not only do courtesies, but they did co-operate with me in it, and contribute their utmost endeavours. So I rest—
Yours to serve you, J. H.

Madrid, 18 Feb. 1623.

XXXV.

To Mr. A. S., in Alicant.

MUCH endear'd Sir, *Fire*, you know, is the common Emblem of *Love*; but without any disparagement to so noble a *Passion*, methinks it might be compar'd also to *Tinder*, and *Letters* are the properest matter whereof to make this *Tinder*: *Letters* again are fittest to kindle, and re-accend this *Tinder*; they may serve both for *Flint*, *Steel*, and *Match*. This Letter of mine comes therefore of set purpose to strike some sparkles into yours, that it may glow and burn, and receive ignition, and not lie dead, as it hath done a great while. I make my Pen to serve for an instrument to stir the *Cinders* wherewith your old *Love* to me hath been cover'd a long time; therefore I pray let no *Couvrez-feu*-Bell have power hereafter to rake up, and choke with the Ashes of Oblivion, that clear Flame wherewith our Affections did use to sparkle so long by correspondence of Letters, and other Offices of Love.

I think I shall sojourn yet in this Court these three months; for I will not give over this great business while there is the least breath of hope remaining.

I know you have choice matters of Intelligence sometimes from thence; therefore I pray impart some unto us, and you shall not fail to know how matters pass here weekly. So, with my *Besamanos* to *Francisco Imperial*, I rest—
Yours most affectionately to serve you, J. H.

Madrid, 3 Mar. 1623.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

To the Honourable Sir T. S., at Tower-hill.

SIR,

I WAS yesterday at the *Escurial* to see the Monastery of St. *Laurence*, the eighth wonder of the World; and truly, considering the Site of the place, the State of the thing, and the Symmetry of the structure, with divers other rarities, it may be call'd so; for what I have seen in *Italy* and other places are but baubles to it. It is built amongst a company of craggy barren hills, which makes the Air the hungrier and wholsomer: It is all built of Free-stone and Marble, and that with such solidity and moderate height, that surely *Philip II.*'s chief design was to make a sacrifice of it to Eternity, and to contest with the Meteors, and *Time* itself. It cost eight Millions, it was twenty-four years a building, and the Founder himself saw it finish'd, and enjoy'd it twelve years after, and carry'd his Bones himself thither to be buried.

The reason that mov'd King *Philip* to waste so much Treasure, was a vow he had made at the battell of St. *Quintin*, where he was forc'd to batter a Monastery of St. *Laurence* Friers, and if he had the Victory, he would erect such a Monastery to St. *Laurence*, that the World had not the like; therefore the form of it is like a Gridiron, the handle is a huge Royal Palace, and the body a vast Monastery or Assembly of quadrangular Cloysters; for there are as many as there be months in the year. There be a hundred Monks, and every one hath his man and his mule, and a multitude of Officers. Besides, there are three Libraries there full of the choicest Books for all Sciences. It is beyond expression what Grots, Gardens, Walks, and Aqueducts there are there, and what curious Fountains in the upper Cloysters, for there be two stages of Cloysters: In fine, there is nothing that's vulgar there. To take a view of every Room in the House, one must make account to go ten miles; there is a Vault call'd the *Pantheon* under the
highest

highest Altar, which is all pav'd, wall'd, and arch'd with Marble; there be a number of huge silver Candlesticks, taller than I am; Lamps three yards' compass, and divers Chalices and Crosses of massy Gold: There is one Quire made all of burnish'd Brass, Pictures and Statues like Giants, and a world of glorious things, that purely ravish'd me. By this mighty Monument, it may be inferr'd, that *Philip II.*, tho' he was a little man, yet had he vast gigantick thoughts in him, to leave such a huge Pile for posterity to gaze upon, and admire his memory. No more now, but that I rest—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 9 Mar. 1623.

XXXVII.

To the Lord Viscount Col, from Madrid.

MY LORD,

YOU writ to me not long since, to send you an Account of the Duke of *Ossuna's* death, a little man, but of great fame and fortunes, and much cried up, and known up and down the World. He was revok'd from being Viceroy of *Naples* (the best employment the K. of *Spain* hath for a Subject) upon some disgust: And being come to this Court, when he was brought to give an Account of his Government, being troubled with the Gout, he carry'd his sword in his hand instead of a staff; the King misliking of the manner of his posture, turn'd his back to him, and so went away: Thereupon he was overheard to mutter, *Esto es para servir muchachos; This it is to serve boys.* This coming to the King's ear, he was apprehended and committed prisoner to a Monastery not far off, where he continued some years, until his beard came to his girdle; then growing very ill, he was permitted to come to his house in this Town, being carry'd in a bed upon men's shoulders, and so died some years ago. There were divers Accusations against him; amongst the rest, I remember these, That he had kept the Marquis de *Campolataro's* wife, sending her husband

husband out of the way upon employment: That he had got a bastard of a *Turkish* woman, and suffer'd the child to be brought up in the *Mahometan* religion: That being one day at High-Mass, when the Host was elevated, he drew out of his pocket a piece of Gold, and held it up, intimating that that was his God: That he had invited some of the prime Courtesans of *Naples* to a Feast, and after dinner made a Banquet for them in his Garden, where he commanded them to strip themselves stark naked, and go up and down, while he shot Sugar-plums at them out of a Trunk, which they were to take up from off their high Chapins; and such like extravagancies. One (among divers others) witty passage was told me of him, which was, that when he was Viceroy of *Sicily*, there died a great rich Duke, who left but one Son, whom, with his whole estate, he bequeath'd to the Tutele of the Jesuits; and the words of the Will were, *When he is pass'd his minority (Darete al mio figliuolo quel que voi volete), you shall give my Son what you will.* It seems the Jesuits took to themselves two parts of three of the estate, and gave the rest to the heir. The young Duke complaining hereof to the Duke of *Ossuna*, then Viceroy, he commanded the *Jesuits* to appear before him: He ask'd them how much of the Estate they would have; they answer'd, two parts of three, which they had almost employ'd already to build Monasteries and an Hospital, to erect particular Altars, and Masses, to sing Dirges, and *Refrigeriums* for the Soul of the deceased Duke. Hereupon the Duke of *Ossuna* caus'd the Will to be produc'd, and found therein the words afore recited, *When he is pass'd his minority, you shall give my Son of my Estate what you will.* Then he told the *Jesuits*, You must, by vertue and tenor of these words, give *what you will* to the Son, which by your own confession is two parts of three. And so he determin'd the business.

Thus have I in part satisfied your Lordship's desire, which I shall do more amply when I shall be made happy to attend you in Person, which I hope will be ere it be

long. In the *interim*, I take my leave of you from *Spain*, and rest—Your Lordship's most ready and humble Servitor,
J. H.

Madrid, 13 Mar. 1623.

XXXVIII.

To Simon Digby, *Esq.*

SIR,

I THANK you for the several sorts of *Cyphers* you sent me to write by, which were very choice ones, and curious. *Cryptology*, or epistolizing in a clandestine way, is very ancient: I read in *A. Gellius*, that *C. Cæsar* in his Letters to *Caius Oppius* and *Ballus Cornelius*, who were two of his greatest Confidants in managing his private Affairs, did write in *Cyphers* by a various transportation of the Alphabet; whereof *Proclus Grammaticus, de occulta literarum significatione Epistolarum C. Cæsaris*, writes a curious Commentary. But methinks that certain kind of *Hieroglyphics*, the celestial Signs, the seven Planets, and other Constellations, might make a curious kind of *Cypher*, as I will more particularly demonstrate to you in a Scheme, when I shall be happy with your Conversation. So I rest—Your assured Servitor,
J. H.

Madrid, 15 Mar. 1623.

XXXIX.

To Sir James Crofts, *from Bilboa.*

SIR,

BEING safely come to the *Marine*, in convoy of His Majesty's Jewels, and being to sojourn here some days, the conveniency of this Gentleman (who knows, and much honoureth you), he being to ride Post thro' *France*, invited me to send you this.

We were but five Horsemen in all our seven days' journey, from *Madrid* hither, and the charge Mr. *Wiches* had is
valued

valued at 400,000 Crowns; but 'tis such safe travelling in *Spain*, that one may carry Gold in the palm of his hand, the Government is so good. When we had gain'd *Biscay* Ground, we pass'd one day thro' a Forest; and lighting off our Mules to take a little Repast under a Tree, we took down our *Alforjas*, and some bottles of wine (and you know 'tis ordinary here to ride with one's victuals about him), but as we were eating, we spy'd two huge Wolves, who stared upon us a while, but had the good manners to go away. It put me in mind of a pleasant Tale I heard Sir *Tho. Fairfax* relate of a Soldier in *Ireland*, who having got his Passport to go for *England*, as he pass'd thro' the Wood with his Knapsack upon his back, being weary, he sat down under a Tree, where he open'd his Knapsack, and fell to some victuals he had; but on a sudden he was surpriz'd with two or three Wolves, who coming towards him, he threw them scraps of bread and cheese, till all was gone; then the Wolves making a nearer Approach to him, he knew not what shift to make, but by taking a pair of Bag-pipes which he had, and as soon as he began to play upon them the Wolves ran all away as if they had been scar'd out of their wits; Whereupon the Soldier said, *A pox take you all, if I had known you had lov'd Musick so well, you should have had it before dinner.*

If there be a Lodging void at the three *Halbards-heads*, I pray be pleas'd to cause it to be reserv'd for me. So I rest
—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

6 Sept. 1624.



SECTION IV.

I.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I AM newly return'd from *Spain*. I came over in convoy of the Prince's Jewels, for which one of the Ships-Royal with the Catch were sent under the command of Captain *Love*: We landed at *Plymouth*, whence I came by Post to *Theobalds* in less than two nights and a day, to bring His Majesty news of their safe Arrival. The Prince had newly got a fall off a Horse, and kept his Chamber. The Jewels were valued at above £100,000. Some of them a little before the Prince's departure had been presented to the *Infanta*, but she waving to receive them, yet with a civil Compliment, they were left in the hands of one of the Secretaries of State for her use upon the Wedding-day; and it was no unworthy thing in the *Spaniard* to deliver them back, notwithstanding that the Treaties both of *Match* and *Palatinate* had been dissolv'd a pretty while before by Act of Parliament, that a War was threaten'd, and Ambassadors revok'd. There were Jewels also among them to be presented to the King and Queen of *Spain*, to most of the Ladies of Honour, and the Grandees. There was a great Table-Diamond for *Olivares* of eighteen Carrats weight; but the richest of all was to the *Infanta* herself, which was a chain of great Orient Pearl, to the number of 276, weighing nine Ounces. The *Spaniards*, notwithstanding they are the Masters of the Staple of Jewels, stood astonish'd at the beauty of these, and confess'd themselves to be put down.

Touching the Employment upon which I went to *Spain*, I had my charges born all the while, and that was all; had it taken effect, I had made a good business of it: But 'tis no wonder

wonder (nor can it be, I hope, any disrepute to me) that I could not bring to pass what three Ambassadors could not do before me.

I am now casting about for another Fortune, and some hopes I have of Employment about the D. of *Buckingham*. He sways more than ever; for whereas he was before a Favourite to the King, he is now a Favourite to Parliament, People, and City, for breaking the Match with *Spain*. Touching his own Interest, he had reason to do it, for the *Spaniards* love him not: But whether the public Interest of the State will suffer in it or no, I dare not determine; for my part, I hold the *Spanish* Match to be better than their Powder, and their Wares better than their Wars; and I shall be ever of that mind, That *no Country is able to do England less hurt, and more good than Spain*, considering the large Traffic and Treasure that is to be got thereby.

I shall continue to give you Account of my Courses when opportunity serves, and to dispose of matters so, that I may attend you this Summer in the country. So, desiring still your Blessing and Prayers, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

10 Dec. 1624.

II.

To R. Brown, Esq., from London.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is no Seed so fruitful as that of Love: I do not mean that gross carnal Love which propagates the World, but that which preserves it; to wit, Seeds of Friendship, which hath little commerce with the Body, but is a thing divine and spiritual. There cannot be a more pregnant proof hereof than those Seeds of Love, which I have long since cast into your Breast, which have thriven so well, and in that exuberance, that they have been more fruitful to me than that Field in *Sicily* call'd *Le trecente cariche*, The Field of 300 Loads, so call'd because it returns the Sower 300 for one yearly; so plentiful hath your Love been to me. But among other sweet Fruits it hath born, those

those precious Letters which you have sent me from time to time, both at home and abroad, are not of the least value: I did always hug and highly esteem them, and you in them, for they yielded me both Profit and Pleasure.

That Seed which you have also sown in me hath fructify'd something, but it hath not been able to make you such rich returns, or afford so plentiful a crop; yet I dare say this crop, how thin soever, was pure and free from tares, from cockle or darnel, from flattery or falsehood, and what it shall produce hereafter shall be so; nor shall any injury of the Heavens, as Tempest, or Thunder and Lightning (I mean no cross or affliction whatsoever), be able to blast and smut it, or hinder it to grow up and fructify still.

This is the third time God Almighty hath been pleas'd to bring me back to the sweet bosom of my dear Country from beyond the Seas; I have been already comforted with the sight of many of my choice Friends, but I miss you extremely: Therefore I pray make haste, for *London* streets, which you and I have trod together so often, will prove tedious to me else. Among other things, *Black-Friars* will entertain you with a Play spick and span new, and the *Cockpit* with another; nor, I believe, after so long Absence, will it be an unpleasing object for you to see—Your

J. H.

20 Jan. 1624.

III.

To the Lord Viscount Colchester.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

MY last to your Lordship was in *Italian*, with the *Venetian Gazetta* inclos'd. Count *Mansfelt* is upon point of parting, having obtain'd, it seems, the sum of his desires: He was lodg'd all the while in the same Quarter of *St. James's* which was appointed for the *Infanta*: He supp'd yesternight with the Council of War, and he hath a grant of 12,000 Men *English* and *Scots*, whom he will have ready in the Body of an Army against the next Spring;
and

and they say that *England, France, Venice, and Savoy* do contribute for the maintenance thereof £60,000 a month. There can be no conjecture, much less any judgment, made yet of his design; most think it will be for relieving *Breda*, which is straitly begirt by *Spinola*, who gives out, that he hath her already as a bird in a cage, and will have her, maugre all the opposition in *Christendom*; yet there is fresh news come over, that Prince *Maurice* hath got on the back of him, and hath beleaguer'd him, as he hath done the Town, which I want faith to believe yet, in regard of the huge circuit of *Spinola's* Works, for his circumvallations are cry'd up to be near upon twenty miles. But while the *Spaniard* is spending Millions here for getting small Towns, the *Hollander* gets Kingdoms of him elsewhere; he hath invaded and taken lately from the *Portugal* part of *Brazil*, a rich Country for Sugars, Cottons, Balsams, Dying-wood, and divers Commodities besides.

The Treaty of Marriage 'twixt our Prince and the youngest Daughter of *France* goes on apace, and my Lords of *Carlisle* and *Holland* are in *Paris* about it; we shall see now what difference there is 'twixt the *French* and *Spanish* pace. The two *Spanish* Ambassadors have been gone hence long since; they say they are both in prison, one in *Burgos* in *Spain*, the other in *Flanders*, for the scandalous information they made here against the D. of *Buckingham*; about which, the day before their departure hence, they desir'd to have one private Audience more, but His Majesty deny'd them. I believe they will not continue long in disgrace, for matters grow daily worse and worse 'twixt us and *Spain*: For divers Letters of Mart are granted our Merchants, and Letters of Mart are commonly the forerunners of a War. Yet they say *Gondomar* will be on his way hither again about the *Palatinate*; for the K. of *Denmark* appears now in his Niece's quarrel, and arms apace.

No more now, but that I kiss your Lordship's hands, and rest—Your most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

London, 5 Feb. 1624.

IV.

To my Cousin, Mr. Rowland Gwin.

COUSIN,

I WAS lately sorry, and I was lately glad, that I heard you were ill, that I heard you are well.—Your affectionate Cousin,
J. H.

V.

To Thomas Jones, Esq.

TOM,

IF you are in health 'tis well; we are here all so; and we should be better had we your company: Therefore I pray leave the smutty Air of *London*, and come hither to breathe sweeter, where you may pluck a Rose, and drink a Cillibub.—Your faithful Friend,
J. H.

Kentis, 1 June 1625.

VI.

To D. C.

THE bearer hereof hath no other Errand but to know how you do in the Country, and this Paper is his credential Letter; Therefore I pray hasten his dispatch, and, if you please, send him back, like the Man in the Moon, with a basket of your Fruit on his back.—Your true Friend,
J. H.

Lond., 10 Aug. 1625.

VII.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D yours of the third of *February*, by the hands of my Cousin *Thomas Gwin* of *Trecastle*.

It was my fortune to be on *Sunday* fortnight at *Theobalds*, where his late Majesty K. *James* departed this life, and went to his last rest upon the *day of rest*, presently after Sermon was done. A little before break of day he sent for the Prince, who rose out of his Bed, and came in his Nightgown.

gown. The King seem'd to have some earnest thing to say to him, and so endeavour'd to raise himself upon his Pillow ; but his Spirits were so spent, that he had not strength to make his words audible. He died of a Fever which began with an Ague, and some *Scotch* Doctors mutter at a Plaister the Countess of *Buckingham* applied at the outside of his Stomach : 'Tis thought the last breach of the Match with *Spain* which for many years he had so vehemently desir'd, took too deep an impression in him ; and that he was forc'd to rush into a War now in his declining Age, having liv'd in a continual uninterrupted Peace his whole life, except some collateral Aids he had sent his Son-in-law. As soon as he expir'd the Privy Council sat, and in less than a quarter of an hour King *Charles* was proclaim'd at *Theobalds* Court-gate, by Sir *Edw. Zouch* Knight Marshal, Mr. Secretary *Conway* dictating to him, *That whereas it had pleas'd God to take to his mercy our most gracious Sovereign K. James of famous memory, We proclaim Prince Charles, his rightful and indubitable Heir, to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.* The Knight Marshal mistook, saying *his rightful and dubitable Heir*, but he was rectify'd by the Secretary. This being done, I took my Horse instantly, and came to *London* first except one, who was come a little before me, insomuch that I found the Gates shut. His now Majesty took Coach, and the D. of *Buckingham* with him, and came to St. *James's* ; in the evening he was proclaim'd at *Whitehall-gate* in *Cheapside*, and other places in a sad shower of Rain : And the Weather was suitable to the condition wherein he finds the Kingdom, which is cloudy : for he is left engag'd in a War with a potent Prince, the People by long desuetude unapt for Arms, the Fleet-Royal in quarter repair, himself without a Queen, his Sister without a Country, the Crown pitifully laden with Debts, and the Purse of the State lightly balasted, tho' it never had better opportunity to be rich than it had these last twenty years. But God Almighty, I hope, will make him emerge, and pull this Island out of all the plunges, and preserve us from worser times.

The Plague is begun in *White-chapel*, and, as they say, in the same house, on the same day of the month, with the same number that dy'd twenty-two years since, when *Q. Elizabeth* departed.

There are great Preparations for the Funeral, and there is a design to buy all the Cloth for Mourning white, and then to put it to the Dyers in gross, which is like to save the Crown a good deal of Money; the Drapers murmur extremely at the Lord *Cranfield* for it.

I am not settled yet in any stable Condition, but I lie wind-bound at the *Cape of good Hope*, expecting some gentle gale to launch out into any Employment.

So, with my Love to all my Brothers and Sisters at the *Bryn*, and near *Brecknock*, I humbly crave a continuance of your Prayers and Blessing to—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

11 Dec. 1625.

VIII.

To Dr. Prichard.

SIR,

SINCE I was beholden to you for your many Favours in *Oxford* I have not heard from you (*ne gry quidem*); I pray let the wonted Correspondence be now reviv'd, and receive new vigour between us.

My Lord Chancellor *Bacon* is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, tho' he had a great Wit, did argue no great Wisdom; it being one of the essential Properties of a wise Man, to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it had been the fortunes of all *Poets* commonly to die beggars; but for an *Orator*, a *Lawyer*, and *Philosopher*, as he was, to die so, 'tis rare. It seems the same fate befel him that attended *Demosthenes*, *Seneca*, and *Cicero* (all great Men), of whom, the two first fell by *Corruption*. The fairest Diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the Pelf of Fortune, as also out of an excess of Generosity, which
appear'd

appear'd, as in divers other passages, so once when the King had sent him a Stag, he sent up for the Under-keeper, and having drunk the King's health to him in a great Silver-gilt bowl, he gave it him for his Fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to K. *James*, not long before his death, and concludes, Help me, dear Sovereign Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I, who have been born to a *Bag*, be not now in my Age forc'd in effect to bear a *Wallet*; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live. Which words, in my opinion, argu'd a little Abjection of Spirit, as his former Letter to the Prince did of Profaneness; wherein he hop'd, that as the *Father* was his *Creator*, the *Son* will be his *Redeemer*. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount *Verulam*, who was a rare Man; a Man *Reconditæ scientiæ, & ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this Isle. They say he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as Sir *Edward Coke* was the last Lord Chief Justice of *England*; for ever since they have been term'd *Lord Chief Justices of the King's-bench*: So hereafter they shall be only *Keepers of the Great Seal*, which, for Title and Office, are deposable; but they say the *Lord Chancellor's* Title is indelible.

I was lately at *Gray's-Inn* with Sir *Eubule*, and he desir'd me to remember him to you, as I do also salute *Meum Prichardum ex imis præcordiis, Vale κεφαλή μοι προσφιλεστάτη*.—Yours affectionately, while J. H.

London, 6 Jan. 1625.

IX.

To my Well-beloved Cousin, Mr. T. V.

COUSIN,

YOU have a great Work in hand, for you write to me, that you are upon a Treaty of Marriage; a great work indeed, and a work of such consequence, that it may make you or mar you; it may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth, or comfortable to you: For all civil Actions

Actions that are incident to Man, there's not any that tends more to his infelicity or happiness; therefore it concerns you not to be over-hasty herein, nor to take the *Ball before the Bound*: You must be cautious how you thrust your neck into such a yoke, whence you will never have power to withdraw it again; for the *Tongue* useth to tie so hard a knot, that the *Teeth* can never untie, no not *Alexander's* Sword can cut asunder amongst us *Christians*. If you are resolv'd to marry, *Choose where you love, and resolve to love your Choice*; let *Love* rather than *Lucre* be your guide in this Election, tho' a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part I had rather the latter should be wanting than the first: The one is the *Pilot*, the other but the *Ballast* of the Ship, which should carry us to the Harbour of a happy life. If you are bent to wed, I wish you another gess Wife than *Socrates* had; who when she had scolded him out of doors, as he was going thro' the Portal, threw a Chamber-pot of stale Urine upon his Head; whereat the Philosopher, having been silent all the while, smilingly said, *I thought after so much Thunder we should have Rain*. And as I wish you may not light upon such a *Xantippe* (as the wisest Men have had ill luck in this kind, as I could instance in two of our most eminent Lawyers, *C. B.*), so I pray that God may deliver you from a Wife of such a generation, that *Strowd*, our Cook here at *Westminster*, said his Wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the Preacher) he had on Sunday, in the Afternoon, gone out of the Church to a Tavern, and returning towards the evening pretty well heated with Canary, to look to his Roast, and his Wife falling to read him a loud lesson in so furious a manner, as if she would have basted him instead of the Mutton, and among other revilings, telling him often, That the *Devil*, the *Devil* would fetch him, at last he broke out of a long silence, and told her, I prithee, good Wife, hold thyself content; for I know the *Devil* will do me no hurt, for I have marry'd his Kinswoman. If you light upon such a Wife (a Wife that hath more bone than flesh), I wish you may have the same measure of patience
that

that *Socrates* and *Strowd* had, to suffer the *grey Mare* sometimes to be the *better Horse*. I remember a *French* proverb :

*La Maison est miserable et méchante,
Où la Poule plus haut que le Cocq chante.*

That House doth every day more wretched grow,
Where the Hen louder than the Cock doth crow.

Yet we have another *English* Proverb almost counter to this, That it is better to marry a Shrew than a Sheep ; for tho' silence be the dumb Orator of Beauty, and the best Ornament of a Woman, yet a phlegmatic dull Wife is fulsome and fastidious.

Excuse me, Cousin, that I jest with you in so serious a business : I know you need no Counsel of mine herein : you are discreet enough of yourself ; nor, I presume, do you want Advice of Parents, which by all means must go along with you. So, wishing you all conjugal Joy, and an happy *Confarreation*, I rest—Your affectionate Cousin,

J. H.

London, 5 Feb. 1625.

X.

To my noble Lord, the Lord Clifford, from London.

MY LORD,

THE Duke of *Buckingham* is lately return'd from *Holland*, having renew'd the Peace with the *States*, and articled with them for a continuation of some Naval Forces for an expedition against *Spain*, as also having taken up some money upon private Jewels (not any of the Crown's), and lastly, having comforted the Lady *Elizabeth* for the decease of his late Majesty her Father, and of Prince *Frederick* her eldest Son, whose disastrous manner of death, among the rest of her sad Afflictions, is not the least : For, passing over *Haerlem Mere*, a huge Inland Slough, in company of his Father, who had been at *Amsterdam*, to look how his Bank of Money did thrive, and coming (for
more

more frugality) in the common Boat, which was o'erset with Merchandize, and other Passengers, in a thick Fog, the Vessel turn'd o'er, and so many perish'd; the Prince *Palsgrave* sav'd himself by swimming, but the young Prince clinging to the Mast, and being entangled among the Tacklings, was half drown'd, and half frozen to death: A sad destiny!

There is an open Rupture 'twixt us and the *Spaniard*, tho' he gives out that he never broke with us to this day. Count *Gondomar* was on his way to *Flanders*, and thence to *England* (as they say), with a large Commission to treat for a surrender of the *Palatinate*, and so to piece matters together again; but he died in the Journey, at a place call'd *Bunnol*, of pure Apprehensions of Grief, it is given out.

The Match 'twixt His Majesty and the Lady *Henrietta Maria*, youngest Daughter to *Henry* the Great (the eldest being married to the K. of *Spain*, and the second to the D. of *Savoy*), goes roundly on, and is in a manner concluded; whereat the Count of *Soissons* is much discontented, who gave himself hopes to have her, but the hand of Heaven had predestin'd her for a higher Condition.

The *French* Ambassadors who were sent hither to conclude the business, having private Audience of his late Majesty a little before his death, he told them pleasantly, that he would make war against the Lady *Henrietta*, because she would not receive the two Letters which were sent her, one from himself, and the other from his Son, but sent them to her Mother; yet he thought he should easily make Peace with her, because he understood she had afterwards put the latter Letter in her Bosom, and the first in her Coshionet; whereby he gather'd, that she intended to reserve his Son for her Affection, and him for Counsel.

The Bishop of *Lucon*, now Cardinal *de Richlieu*, is grown to be the sole Favourite of the King of *France*, being brought in by the Queen-Mother, who hath been very active in advancing the Match; but 'tis thought the Wars will break
out

out afresh against them of the Religion, notwithstanding the ill fortune the King had before *Montauban* few years since, where he lost above 500 of his Nobles, whereof the great Duke of *Main* was one: And having lain in Person before the Town many months, and receiv'd some Affronts, as that inscription upon their Gates shews, *Roy sans foy, ville sans peur; A King without faith, a Town without fear;* yet he was forc'd to raise his Works, and raise his Siege.

The Letter which Mr. *Ellis Hicks* brought them of *Mountauban* from *Rochell*, thro' so much danger, and with so much gallantry, was an infinite Advantage to them; for whereas there was a politic report rais'd in the King's Army, and blown into *Mountauban*, that *Rochell* was yielded to the Count of *Soissons*, who lay then before her, this Letter did inform the contrary, and that *Rochel* was in as good a plight as ever: Whereupon they made a sally the next day upon the King's Forces, and did him a great deal of spoil.

There be Summons out for a Parliament. I pray God it may prove more prosperous than the former.

I have been lately recommended to the D. of *Buckingham*, by some noble Friends of mine that have intimacy with him; about whom, tho' he hath three Secretaries already, I hope to have some employment; for I am weary of walking up and down so idly upon *London* Streets.

The Plague begins to rage mightily. God avert his Judgments, that menace so great a Mortality, and turn not away his Face from this poor Island: So I kiss your Lordship's hand, in quality of—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

25 Feb. 1625.

XI.

To Rich. Altham, Esq.

SIR,

THE *Echo* wants but a *Face*, and the *Looking-glass* a *Voice*, to make them both living creatures, and to become the same bodies they represent; the one by repercussion of sound, the other by reflection of sight. Your most ingenious

ingenious Letters to me from time to time do far more lively represent you than either *Echo* or *Chrystal* can do; I mean, they represent the better and nobler part of you, to wit, the inward Man; they clearly set forth the notions of your mind, and the motions of your soul, with the strength of your imagination: For, as I know your exterior Person by your *lineaments*, so I know you as well inwardly by your *lines*, and by those lively expressions you give of yourself; insomuch that I believe if the interior Man within you were as visible as the outward (as once *Plato* wish'd, that *Virtue* might be seen with the corporeal eyes), you would draw all the World after you; or if your well-born thoughts, and the words of your Letters, were echo'd in any place, where they might rebound and be made audible, they are compos'd of such sweet and charming strains of Ingenuity and Eloquence, that all the *Nymphs* of the Woods and the Valleys, the *Dryades*, yea, the *Graces* and *Muses* would pitch their Pavilions there; nay, *Apollo* himself would dwell longer in that place with Rays, and make them reverberate more strongly than either upon *Pindus*, or *Parnassus*, or *Rhodes* itself, whence he never removes his Eye, as long as he is above this *Hemisphere*. I confess my Letters to you, which I send by way of correspondence, come far short of such *Virtue*; yet are they the true Ideas of my Mind, and that real and inbred Affection I bear you. One should never teach his *Letter* or his *Lacquey* to lye; I observe that rule; but besides my Letters, I wish there were a *Crystal-case-ment* in my Breast, thro' which you might behold the motions of my Heart.

—*Utinamq. oculos in pectore posses incessere*; then should you clearly see without any deception of sight how truly I am, and how intirely—Yours, J. H.

27 Feb. 1625.

And to answer you in the same strain of verse you sent me:

*First, shall the Heavens' bright Lamp forget to shine,
The Stars shall from the azur'd Sky decline;*

First,

*First, shall the Orient with the West shake hand,
The Centre of the World shall cease to stand :
First Wolves shall league with Lambs, the Dolphins fly,
The Lawyer and Physician Fees deny,
The Thames with Tagus shall exchange her Bed,
My Mistress' locks, with mine, shall first turn red ;
First, Heaven shall lie below, and Hell above,
Ere I inconstant to my Altham prove.*

XII.

*To the Right Hon. my Lord of Carlingford, after Earl of
Carberry, at Golden-Grove, 28 May 1625.*

MY LORD,

WE have gallant news now abroad, for we are sure to have a new Queen ere it be long ; both the Contract and Marriage was lately solemnized in *France*, the one the 2d of this Month in the *Louvre*, the other the 11th day following in the great Church of *Paris*, by the Cardinal of *Roche-foucault* : there was some clashing 'twixt him and the Archbishop of *Paris*, who alleged 'twas his duty to officiate in that Church ; but the dignity of Cardinal, and the Quality of his Office, being the King's great Almoner, which makes him chief Curate of the Court, gave him the Prerogative. I doubt not but your Lordship hath heard of the Capitulations ; but for better assurance, I will run them over briefly.

The King of *France* obliged himself to procure the Dispensation ; the Marriage should be celebrated in the same form as that of Queen *Margaret*, and of the Duchess of *Bar* ; her Dowry should be 40,000 Crowns, six Shillings a-piece, the one Moiety to be paid the day of the Contract, the other twelve months after. The Queen shall have a Chapel in all the King's Royal Houses, and anywhere else, where she shall reside within the Dominions of His Majesty of *Great Britain*, with free exercise of the *Roman Religion*, for herself, her Officers, and all her Household, for the Celebration of the *Mass*, the Predication of the Word, Adminis-

tration of the Sacraments, and power to procure Indulgences from the Holy Father. To this end she shall be allow'd twenty-eight Priests, or Ecclesiastics in her House, and a Bishop in quality of Almoner, who shall have jurisdiction over all the rest, and that none of the King's Officers shall have power over them, unless in case of Treason ; therefore all her Ecclesiastics shall take the Oath of Fidelity to His Majesty of *Great Britain* : there shall be a Cemetery or Church-yard clos'd about to bury those of her Family. That in consideration of this Marriage, all *English* Catholics, as well Ecclesiastics as Lay, who shall be in any Prison merely for Religion, since the last Edict, shall be set at liberty.

This is the eighth Alliance we have had with *France* since the Conquest ; and as it is the best that could be made in *Christendom*, so I hope it will prove the happiest. So I kiss your hands, being—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,
J. H.

London, 1 Mar. 1625.

XIII.

To the Honourable Sir Tho. Sa.

SIR,

I CONVERS'D lately with a Gentleman that came from *France*, who among other things discours'd much of the Favourite *Richelieu*, who is like to be an active Man, and hath great designs. The two first things he did was to make sure of *England*, and the *Hollander* : he thinks to have us safe enough by this Marriage ; and *Holland*, by a late League, which was bought with a great Sum of Money ; for he hath furnish'd the States with a Million of Livres, at two Shillings a-piece in present, and 600,000 Livres every year of these two that are to come ; provided that the States repay these sums two years after they are in peace or truce. The King press'd much for Liberty of Conscience to *Roman Catholics* among them, and the Deputies promised to do all they could with the States-General about it ; they artickled likewise for the *French* to be associated with them in the Trade to the *Indies*.

Monsieur

Monsieur is lately marry'd to *Mary of Bourbon*, the Duke of *Montpensier's* Daughter; he told her, *That he would be a better Husband than he had been a Sutor to her*; for he hung off a good while. This Marriage was made by the King, and Monsieur hath for his Appenage 100,000 Livres annual Rent from *Chartres* and *Blois*, 100,000 Livres Pension, and 500,000 to be charged yearly upon the General Receipts of *Orleans*, in all about 70,000 pounds. There was much ado before this Match could be brought about; for there were many Opposers, and there be dark whispers, that there was a deep Plot to confine the King to a Monastery, and that Monsieur should govern; and divers great ones have suffer'd for it, and more are like to be discover'd. So I take my leave for the present, and rest—Your very humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 10 Mar. 1626.

XIV.

To the Lady Jane Savage, Marchioness of Winchester.

EXCELLENT LADY,

I MAY say of your Grace, as it was said once of a rare *Italian Princess*, that you are the greatest Tyrant in the World, because you make all those that see you your slaves, much more them that know you, I mean those that are acquainted with your inward disposition, and with the Faculties of your Soul, as well as the Phisnomy of your Face; for Virtue took as much pains to adorn the one, as Nature did to perfect the other. I have had the happiness to know both, when your Grace took pleasure to learn *Spanish*: at which time, when my Betters far had offer'd their service in this kind, I had the honour to be commanded by you often. He that hath as much experience of you as I have had will confess, that the Handmaid of God Almighty was never so prodigal of her Gifts to any, or labour'd more to frame an exact model of female Perfection: nor was Dame Nature only busied in this Work, but all the Graces did consult and co-operate with her; and they wasted so much

much of their Treasure to enrich this one Piece, that it may be a good reason why so many lame and defective fragments of Women-kind are daily thrust into the World.

I return you here inclos'd the Sonnet your Grace pleas'd to send me lately, rendred into *Spanish*, and fitted for the same Air it had in *English*, both for cadence and number of feet. With it I send my most humble thanks, that your Grace would descend to command me in anything that might conduce to your contentment and service; for there is nothing I desire with a great Ambition (and herein I have all the World my *Rival*) than to be accounted, Madam—Your Grace's most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 15 Mar. 1626.

XV.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lord Clifford.

MY LORD,

I PRAY be pleas'd to dispense with this slowness of mine in answering yours of the first of this present.

Touching the domestick Occurrences, the Gentleman who is Bearer hereof, is more capable to give you Account by *Discourse* than I can in *Paper*.

For foreign tidings, your Lordship may understand, that the Town of *Breda* hath been a good while making her last Will and Testament; but now there is certain news come, that she hath yielded up the ghost to *Spinola's* hands after a tough siege of thirteen months, and a circumvallation of near upon twenty miles' compass.

My Lord of *Southampton* and his eldest Son sicken'd at the siege, and died at *Berghen*; the adventurous Earl *Henry* of *Oxford*, seeming to tax the Prince of *Orange* of slackness to fight, was set upon a desperate work, where he melted his grease, and so being carry'd to the *Hague*, he died also. I doubt not but you have heard of Grave *Maurice's* death, which happen'd when the Town was past cure, which was his more than the States; for he was Marquis of *Breda*, and had near upon 30,000 Dollars annual rent from her: There fore

fore he seem'd in a kind of sympathy to sicken with this Town, and died before her. He had provided plentifully for his natural Children; but could not, tho' much importun'd by Dr. *Roseus*, and other Divines, upon his Death-bed, be induc'd to make them legitimate by marrying the Mother of them: For the Law there is, that if one hath got Children of any Woman, tho' unmarry'd to her, yet if he marry her never so little before his death, he makes her honest and them all legitimate. But it seems the Prince postponed the love he bore to this Woman and Children, to that which he bore to his Brother *Henry*; for had he made the Children legitimate, it had prejudic'd the Brother in point of Command and Fortunes: Yet he had provided plentifully for them and the Mother.

Grave *Henry* hath succeeded him in all things, and is a gallant Gentleman, of a *French* Education and Temper; he charg'd him at his death to marry a young Lady, the Count of *Solme's* Daughter attending the Queen of *Bohemia*, whom he had long courted: which is thought will take speedy effect.

When the Siege before *Breda* had grown hot, Sir *Edw. Vere* being one day attending Prince *Maurice*, he pointed at a rising Place call'd *Terhay*, where the Enemy had built a Fort (which might have been prevented). Sir *Edw.* told him, he fear'd that Fort would be the cause of the loss of the Town: the *Grave* spatter'd and shook his Head, saying, 'Twas the greatest error he had committed since he knew what belonged to a Soldier; as also in managing the Plot for surprizing the Citadel of *Antwerp*; for he repented that he had not employed *English* and *French* in lieu of the slow *Dutch*, who aim'd to have the sole honour of it, and were not so fit instruments for such a nimble piece of service. As soon as Sir *Charles Morgan* gave up the Town, *Spinola* caus'd a new Gate to be erected, with this inscription in great golden Characters:

Philippo *quarto regnante*,
Clarâ Eugeniâ Isabellâ *gubernante*,

Ambrosio

Ambrosio Spinolâ *obsidente*,
Quatuor Regibus contra conantibus,
Breda capta fuit Idibus, &c.

'Tis thought *Spinola*, now that he hath recovered the Honour that he lost before *Berghen op Zoom* three years since, will not long stay in *Flanders*, but retire. No more now, but that I am resolv'd to continue ever—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 19 *Mar.* 1626.

XVI.

To Mr. R. Sc., at York.

SIR,

I SENT you one of the 3d current, but 'twas not answer'd; I sent another of the 13th like a second Arrow, to find out the first, but I know not what's become of either: I send this to find out the other two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my Quiver. If you forget me, I have cause to complain, and more if you remember me: To forget, may proceed from the frailty of Memory; not to answer me when you mind me is pure neglect, and no less than a piacle. So I rest—Yours easily to be recover'd,

J. H.

Ira furor brevis, brevis est mea littera, cogor,
Ira correptus, corripuisse stylum.

Lond., 19 *July*, the 1st of the *Dogdays*, 1626.

XVII.

To Dr. Field, Lord Bishop of Landaff.

MY LORD,

I SEND youmy humble Thanks for those worthy hospitable Favours you were pleased to give me at your Lodgings in *Westminster*. I had yours of the 5th of this present, by the hand of Mr. *Jonath. Field*. The News which fills every corner of the Town at this time, is the sorry and unsuccessful return that *Wimbleton's* Fleet hath made from *Spain*: it was a Fleet that deserved to have had

a better destiny, considering the strength of it, and the huge charge the Crown was at: for besides a Squadron of sixteen *Hollanders*, whereof Count *William*, one of Prince *Maurice's* natural Sons, was Admiral, there were above eighty of ours, the greatest joint naval Power (of ships without Gallies) that ever spread sail upon Salt-water; which makes the World abroad to stand astonished how so huge a Fleet could be so suddenly made ready. The sinking of the *Long Robin* with 170 Souls in her, in the *Bay of Biscay*, ere she had gone half the Voyage, was no good Augury: And the Critics of the Time say, there were many other things that promis'd no good fortune to this Fleet; besides, they would point at divers errors committed in the conduct of the main design: first, the odd choice that was made of the Admiral, who was a mere Landman; which made the Seamen much slight him, it belonging properly to Sir *Robert Mansel*, Vice-Admiral of *England*, to have gone, in case the High-Admiral went not: then they speak of the uncertainty of the Enterprize, and that no place was pitch'd upon to be invaded, till they came to the height of the South Cape, and in sight of shore, where the Lord *Wimbledon* first called a Council of War, where some would be for *Malaga*, others for *St. Mary-Port*, others for *Gibraltar*, but most for *Cales*; and while they were thus consulting, the Country had an Alarm given them. Add hereunto the blazing abroad of this Expedition ere the Fleet went out of the *Downs*; for *Mercurius Gallobelgicus* had it in print, that it was for the *Streights-Mouth*: Now, 'tis a Rule, that great designs of State should be Mysteries till they come to the very act of performance, and then they should turn to *Exploits*. Moreover, when the local attempt was resolved on, there were seven Ships (by the advice of one Capt. *Love*) suffer'd to go up the River, which might have been easily taken; and being rich, 'tis thought they would have defrayed well-near the charge of our Fleet; which Ships did much infest us afterwards with their Ordnance, when we had taken the Fort of *Puntall*. Moreover, the disorderly

orderly carriage and excess of our Landmen (whereof there were 10,000) when they were put ashore, who broke into the Fryars' Caves, and other Cellars of sweet Wines, where many hundreds of them being surprized, and found dead-drunk, the *Spaniards* came and tore off their Ears and Noses, and pluck'd out their Eyes: And I was told of one merry Fellow escaping, that kill'd an Ass for a Buck. Lastly, it is laid to the Admiral's charge, that my Lord *De la Ware's* Ship being infected, he gave order that the sick Men should be scatter'd into divers Ships, which dispers'd the Contagion exceedingly, so that some thousands died before the Fleet return'd, which was done in a confused manner, without any observance of Sea-orders. Yet I do not hear of any that will be punish'd for these miscarriages, which will make the dishonour fall more foully upon the State. But the most fortunate Passage of all was, that tho' we did nothing by Land that was considerable, yet if we had stayed but a day or two longer, and spent time at Sea, the whole Fleet of Galeons from *Nova Hispania* had fallen into our own mouths, which came presently in, close along the Coasts of *Barbary*; and in all likelihood we might have had the opportunity to have taken the richest Prize that ever was taken on salt Water. Add hereunto, that while we were thus Masters of those Seas, a Fleet of fifty Sail of *Brasil* Men got safe into *Lisbon*, with four of the richest *Caracks* that ever came from the *East-Indies*.

I hear my Lord of *St. David's* is to be remov'd to *Bath* and *Wells*, and it were worth your Lordship's coming up to endeavour the succeeding of him. So I humbly rest—
Your Lordship's most ready Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 20 Nov. 1626

XVIII.

To my Lord D. of Buckingham's Grace at New-market.

MAY it please your Grace to peruse and pardon these few Advertisements, which I would not dare to present

present, had I not hopes that the Goodness which is concomitant with your Greatness would make them venial.

My Lord, a Parliament is at hand; the last was *boisterous*; God grant that this may prove more calm: A rumour runs that there are Clouds already ingendred, which will break out into a storm in the *lower Region*, and most of the drops are like to fall upon your Grace. This, tho' it be but vulgar Astrology, is not altogether to be condemn'd; tho' I believe that His Majesty's Countenance reflecting so strongly upon your Grace, with the brightness of your own Innocency, may be able to dispel and scatter them to nothing.

My Lord, you are a great Prince, and all Eyes are upon your Actions; this makes you more subject to envy, which like the Sun-beams beats always upon Rising-grounds. I know your Grace hath many sage and solid Heads about you; yet I trust it will prove no offence, if out of the late relation I have to your Grace by the recommendation of such noble Personages, I put in also my *Mite*.

My Lord, under favour, it were not amiss if your Grace would be pleased to part with some of those Places you hold, which have least relation to the Court; and it would take away the mutterings that run of multiplicity of Offices; and in my shallow apprehension, your Grace might stand more firm without an *Anchor*: The Office of High-Admiral, in these times of action, requires one whole Man to execute it; your Grace hath another Sea of business to wade thro', and the voluntary resigning of this Office would fill all Men, yea, even your Enemies, with admiration and affection, and make you more a Prince than detract from your Greatness. If any ill Successes happen at Sea (as that of the Lord *Wimbleton's* lately), or if there be any murmur for Pay, your Grace will be free from all imputations; besides, it will afford your Grace more leisure to look into your own affairs, which lie confus'd and unsettled. Lastly (which is not the least thing) this act will be so plausible, that it may much advantage His Majesty in point of Subsidy.

Secondly,

Secondly, It were expedient (under correction) that your Grace would be pleased to allot some set Hours for audience and access of Suitors; and it would be less cumber to yourself and your servants, and give more content to the World, which often mutters for difficulty of access.

Lastly, It were not amiss that your Grace would settle a standing Mansion-house and Family, that Suitors may know whither to repair constantly, and that your Servants, every one in his Place, might know what belongs to his place, and attend accordingly: for tho' confusion in a great Family carry a kind of State with it, yet Order and Regularity gains a greater opinion of Virtue and Wisdom: I know your Grace doth not (nor needs not) affect Popularity. It is true that the People's love is the strongest Citadel of a sovereign Prince, but to a great Subject it hath often prov'd fatal; for he who pulleth off his *Hat* to the People, giveth his *Head* to the Prince; and it is remarkable what was said of a late unfortunate Earl, who, a little before *Q. Elizabeth's* death, had drawn the Axe upon his own neck, *That he was grown so popular, that he was too dangerous for the Times, and the Times for him.*

My Lord, now that your Grace is threatened to be heav'd at, it should behove every one that oweth you duty and good-will, to reach out his hand some way or other to serve you: Among these, I am one that presumes to do it, in this poor impertinent Paper; for which I implore pardon, because I am, my Lord—Your Grace's most humble and faithful Servant,

J. H.

London, 13 Feb. 1626.

XIX.

To Sir J. S., Knight.

SIR,

THERE is a Saying which carries no little weight with it, that *Parvus amor loquitur, ingens stupet*; *Small love speaks, while great love stands astonished with silence*: The one keeps a tattling, while the other is struck dumb with amazement

amazement ; like deep Rivers, which to the eye of the beholder seem to stand still, while small shallow Rivulets keep a noise ; or like empty Casks, that make an obstreperous hollow sound, which they would not do were they replenished and full of substance. 'Tis the condition of my love to you, which is so great, and of that profoundness, that it hath been silent all this while, being stupify'd with the contemplation of those high Favours, and sundry sorts of Civilities, wherewith I may say you have overwhelmed me. This deep Ford of my affection and gratitude to you, I intend to cut out hereafter into small currents (I mean into Letters), that the course of it may be heard, tho' it make but a small bubbling noise, as also that the clearness of it may appear more visible.

I desire my service be presented to my noble Lady, whose fair hands I humbly kiss ; and if she want anything that *London* can afford, she need but command her and—Your most faithful and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 11 Feb. 1626.

XX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to promise, and that portion of Obedience I owe to your commands, I send your Lordship these few Avisos, some whereof I doubt not but you have receiv'd before, and that by abler Pens than mine ; yet your Lordship may happily find herein something that was omitted by others, or the former news made clearer by circumstance.

I hear Count *Mansfelt* is in *Paris*, having now receiv'd three routings in *Germany* ; 'tis thought the *French King* will piece him up again with new recruits. I was told, that as he was seeing the two Queens one day at dinner, the Queen-Mother said, They say, Count *Mansfelt* is here among this Crowd ; I do not believe it, quoth the young Queen, for whensoever he seeth a *Spaniard*, he runs away.

Matters go untowardly on our side in *Germany*, but the
King

King of *Denmark* will shortly be in the field in person; and *Bethlem Gabor* hath been long expected to do something, but some think he will prove but a Bugbear. Sir *Ch. Morgan* is to go to *Germany* with 6000 Auxiliaries to join with the *Danish Army*.

The Parliament is adjourn'd to *Oxford*, by reason of the sickness, which increaseth exceedingly; and before the King went out of Town, there dy'd 1500 that very week, and two out of *Whitehall* it self.

There is high clashing again 'twixt my Lord Duke and the Earl of *Bristol*; they recriminate one another of divers things: the Earl accuseth him, among other matters, of certain Letters from *Rome*, of putting His Majesty upon that hazardous Journey to *Spain*, and of some miscarriages at his being in that Court. There be Articles also against the Lord *Conway*, which I send your Lordship here inclos'd.

I am for *Oxford* the next week, and thence for *Wales*, to fetch my good old Father's Blessing: at my return, if it shall please God to reprieve me in these dangerous times of Contagion, I shall continue my wonted Service to your Lordship, if it may be done with safety. So I rest—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 15 Mar. 1626.

XXI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount C.

MY LORD,

SIR *John North* deliver'd me one lately from your Lordship, and I send my humble thanks for the Venison you intend me. I acquainted your Lordship, as opportunity serv'd, with the nimble Pace the *French Match* went on, by the successful negotiation of the Earls of *Carlisle* and *Holland* (who out-went the *Monsieurs* themselves in Courtship), and how in less than nine Moons, this great Business was propos'd, pursu'd, and perfected; whereas the Sun had leisure enough to finish his annual Progress from one end of the *Zodiac* to the other so many years, before that

that of *Spain* could come to any shape of perfection. This may serve to shew the difference 'twixt the two Nations, the *leaden-heel'd* pace of the one, and the *quicksilver'd* motions of the other: It shews also how the *French* is more generous in his proceedings, and not so full of scruples, reservations, and jealous as the *Spaniard*, but deals more frankly, and with a greater confidence and gallantry.

The Lord D. of *Buckingham* is now in *Paris*, accompanied with the Earl of *Montgomery*, and he went in a very splendid Equipage: The *Venetian* and *Hollander*, with other States that are no Friends to *Spain*, did some good offices to advance this Alliance; and the new Pope propounded much towards it: But *Richelieu*, the new Favourite of *France*, was the *Cardinal* Instrument in it.

This Pope *Urban* grows very active, not only in things present, but ripping up of old matters, for which there is a select Committee appointed to examine Accounts and Errors past, not only in the time of his immediate predecessor, but others. And one told me of a merry Pasquil lately in *Rome*; That whereas there are two great Statues, one of *Peter*, the other of *Paul*, opposite one to the other upon a Bridge, one had clapp'd a pair of Spurs upon St. *Peter's* heels; and St. *Paul* asking him whither he was bound, he answer'd, I apprehend some danger to stay now in *Rome*, because of this new Commission, for I fear they will question me for denying my Master. Truly, brother *Peter*, I shall not stay long after you, for I have as much cause to doubt that they will question me for persecuting the *Christians* before I was converted. So I take my leave, and rest—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 3 May 1626.

XXII.

To my Brother, Mr. Hugh Penry.

SIR,

I THANK you for your late Letter, and the several good Tidings sent me from *Wales*: In requital I can send you

you gallant news, for we have now a most noble new Queen of *England*, who in true Beauty is beyond the long-woo'd *Infanta*; for she was of a fading flaxen-hair, big-lipp'd, and somewhat heavy-ey'd; but this Daughter of *France*, this youngest Branch of *Bourbon* (being but in her Cradle when the great *Henry* her Father was put out of the world), is of a more lovely and lasting Complexion, a dark brown; she hath Eyes that sparkle like Stars; and for her Physiognomy, she may be said to be a Mirror of Perfection: She had a rough Passage in her transfretation to *Dover* Castle, and in *Canterbury* the King bedded first with her; there were a goodly train of choice Ladies attended her coming upon the Bowling-green on *Barham* Downs upon the way, who divided themselves into two rows, and they appear'd like so many Constellations; but methought the Country Ladies out-shined the Courtiers. She brought over with her two hundred thousand Crowns in gold and silver, as half her Portion, and the other Moiety is to be paid at the year's end. Her first suit of Servants (by Article) are to be *French*, and as they die *English* are to succeed; she is also allow'd twenty-eight Ecclesiasticks of any Order, except *Jesuits*; a Bishop for her Almoner, and to have private exercise of her Religion for her and her Servants.

I pray convey the inclos'd to my Father by the next conveniency, and pray present my dear love to my Sister; I hope to see you at *Dyvinmock* about *Michaelmas*, for I intend to wait upon my Father, and I will take my *Mother* in the way, I mean *Oxford*. In the interim I rest—Your most affectionate Brother,

J. H.

Lond., 16 May 1626.

XXIII.

To my Uncle, Sir Sackvill Trevor, from Oxford.

SIR,

I AM sorry I must write to you the sad tidings of the dissolution of the Parliament here, which was done suddenly. Sir *John Elliot* was in the heat of a high Speech against the

the D. of *Buckingham*, when the Usher of the Black Rod knock'd at the door, and signify'd the King's pleasure, which struck a kind of consternation in all the House. My Lord Keeper *Williams* hath parted with the Broad Seal, because, as some say, he went about to cut down the Scale by which he rose; for some, it seems, did ill offices 'twixt the Duke and him. Sir *Thomas Coventry* hath it now; I pray God he be tender of the King's Conscience, whereof he is Keeper rather than of the Seal.

I am bound to-morrow upon a journey towards the Mountains, to see some Friends in *Wales*, and to bring back my Father's blessing: For better Assurance of Lodging where I pass, in regard of the Plague, I have a Post-warrant as far as *St. David's*, which is far enough, you'll say, for the King hath no ground further on this Island. If the Sickness rage in such extremity at *London*, the Term will be held at *Reading*.

All your Friends here are well, but many look blank because of the sudden rupture of the Parliament. God Almighty turn all to the best, and stay the fury of this Contagion, and preserve us from further judgments. So I rest—Your most affectionate Nephew,

J. H.

Oxford, 6 Aug. 1626.

XXIV.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I WAS now the fourth time at a dead stand in the course of my Fortune: for tho' I was recommended to the Duke, and received many noble Respects from him; yet I was told by some who are nearest him, that somebody hath done me ill offices, by whispering in his ear that I was too much *Digbyfied*; and so they told me positively, that I must never expect any Employment about him of any Trust. While I was in this suspense, Mr. Secretary *Conway* sent for me, and proposed to me that the King had occasion to send a Gentleman to *Italy* in nature of a moving Agent; and

and tho' he might have choice of Persons of good Quality that would willingly undertake this Employment, yet understanding of my Breeding, he made the first proffer to me, and that I should go as the King's Servant, and have an Allowance accordingly. I humbly thank'd him for the good opinion he pleased to conceive of me, being a stranger to him, desir'd some time to consider of the proposition, and of the nature of the Employment; so he granted me four days to think upon't, and two of them are pass'd already. If I may have a Support accordingly, I intend by God's Grace (desiring your Consent and Blessing to go along) to apply myself to this Course, but before I part with *England*, I intend to send you further notice.

The Sickness is miraculously decreased in this City and Suburbs; for from 5200, which was the greatest number that dy'd in one Week, and that was some forty days since, they are now fallen to 300. It was the violent'st fit of Contagion that ever was for the time in this Island, and such as no Story can' parallel: but the Ebb of it was more swift than the Tide. My Brother is well, and so are all your Friends here, for I do not know any of your Acquaintance that is dead of this furious Infection. Sir *John Walter* ask'd me lately how you did, and wish'd me to remember him to you. So, with my love to all my Brothers and Sisters, and the rest of my Friends who made so much of me lately in the Country, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

7 Aug. 1626.

XXV.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Conway, Principal Secretary of State to His Majesty, at Hampton-Court.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

SINCE I last attended your Lordship here, I summon'd my thoughts to Council, and convass'd to and fro within myself the business you pleas'd to impart to me, for going upon the King's Service into *Italy*; I consider'd therein

therein many particulars: First, The weight of the Employment, and what maturity of judgment, discretion, and parts are requir'd in him that will personate such a Man. Next, The difficulties of it; for one must send sometimes light out of darkness, and, like the Bee, suck Honey out of bad, as out of good Flowers. Thirdly, The danger which the Undertaker must converse withal, and which may fall upon him by interception of Letters, or other cross Casualties. Lastly, The great expence it will require, being not to remain sedentary in one place as other Agents, but to be often in itinerary motion.

Touching the first, I refer myself to your Honour's favourable opinion, and the character which my Lord S. and others shall give of me: For the second, I hope to overcome it: For the third, I weigh it not, so I may merit of my King and Country: For the last, I crave leave to deal plainly with your Lordship, that I am a Cadet, and have no other patrimony or support but my Breeding; therefore I must breathe by the Employment. And, my Lord, I shall not be able to perform what shall be expected at my hands under £100 a quarter, and to have Bills of Credit accordingly. Upon these terms, my Lord, I shall apply myself to this Service, and by God's blessing hope to answer all expectations. So, referring the premises to your noble consideration, I rest, my Lord—Your very humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 8 Sept. 1626.

XXVI.

To my Brother, Dr. Howell, after Bishop of Bristol.

MY BROTHER,

NEXT to my Father, 'tis fitting you should have cognizance of my Affairs and Fortunes. You heard how I was in Agitation for an Employment in *Italy*, but my Lord *Conway* demurr'd upon the Salary I propounded: I have now wav'd this course, yet I came off fairly with my

Lord; for I have a stable Home Employment proffer'd me by my Lord *Scroop*, Lord President of the North, who sent for me lately to *Worcester-house*, tho' I never saw him before; and there the Bargain was quickly made that I should go down with him to *York* for Secretary, and his Lordship has promis'd me fairly. I will see you at your House in *Horsley* before I go, and leave the particular circumstances of this business till then.

The *French* that came over with Her Majesty, for their petulancy, and some misdemeanors, and imposing some odd penances upon the Queen, are all cashier'd this week, about a matter of sixscore, whereof the Bishop of *Mende* was one, who had stood to be Steward of Her Majesty's Courts, which Office my Lord of *Holland* hath. It was a thing suddenly done; for about one of the clock, as they were at dinner, my Lord *Conway* and Sir *Thomas Edmonds* came with an Order from the King, that they must instantly away to *Somerset-house*, for there were Barges and Coaches staying for them; and there they should have all their wages paid them to a penny, and so they must be content to quit the Kingdom. This sudden undream'd-of Order struck an Astonishment into them all, both Men and Women; and running to complain to the Queen, His Majesty had taken her before into his Bed-chamber, and lock'd the doors upon them until he had told her how matters stood: The Queen fell into a violent passion, broke the Glass-windows, and tore her Hair, but she was calm'd afterwards. Just such a destiny happen'd in *France* some years since to the Queen's *Spanish* Servants there, who were all dismiss'd in like manner for some miscarriages; the like was done in *Spain* to the *French*; therefore 'tis no new thing.

They are all now on their way to *Dover*, but I fear this will breed ill blood 'twixt us and *France*, and may break out into an ill-favour'd Quarrel.

Master *Montague* is preparing to go to *Paris* as a Messenger of Honour, to prepossess the King and Council there with

with the truth of things. So, with my very kind Respects
to my Sister, I rest—Your loving Brother, J. H.

Lond., 15 Mar. 1626.

XXVII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord S.

MY LORD,

I AM bound shortly for *York*, where I am hopeful of a profitable Employment. There's fearful news come from *Germany*, that since Sir *Charles Morgan* went thither with 6000 Men for the Assistance of the King of *Denmark*, the King hath receiv'd an utter Overthrow by *Tilly*; he had receiv'd a fall off a horse from a wall five yards high a little before, yet it did him little hurt.

Tilly pursueth his victory strongly, and is got o'er the *Elve* to *Holsteinland*, insomuch that they write from *Hamburgh*, that *Denmark* is in danger to be utterly lost. The *Danes* and *Germans* seem to lay some fault upon our King, the King upon the Parliament, that would not supply him with Subsidies to assist his Uncle, and the Prince *Palsgrave*; both which was promis'd upon the rupture of the Treaties with *Spain*, which was done by the Advice of both Houses.

This is the ground that His Majesty hath lately sent out Privy Seals for Loan-moneys until a Parliament may be call'd, in regard that the K. of *Denmark* is distress'd, the *Sound* like to be lost, the *Eastland Trade*, and the Staple at *Hamburgh*, in danger to be destroy'd, and the *English Garrison* under Sir *Cha. Morgan* at *Stoad* ready to be starv'd.

These Loan-moneys keep a great noise, and they are imprison'd that deny to conform themselves.

I fear I shall have no more opportunity to send to your Lordship till I go to *York*; therefore I humbly take leave, and kiss your hands, being ever, my Lord—Your obedient and ready Servitor,

J. H.

XXVIII.

To Mr. R. L., Merchant.

I MET lately with *J. Harris* in *London*, and I had not seen him two years before; and then I took him, and knew him to be a Man of thirty, but now one would take him by his hair to be near sixty, for he is all turn'd grey. I wonder'd at such a Metamorphosis in so short a time; he told me, 'twas for the death of his Wife that Nature had thus antedated his years. 'Tis true, that a weighty settled Sorrow is of that force, that besides the contraction of the Spirits, it will work upon the radical moisture, and dry it up, so that the hair can have no moisture at the root. This made me remember a Story that a *Spanish* Advocate told me, which is a thing very remarkable.

When the D. of *Alva* went to *Brussels*, about the beginning of the Tumults in the *Netherlands*, he had sat down before *Hulst* in *Flanders*, and there was a Provost-Marshall in his Army, who was a Favourite of his; and this Provost had put some to death by secret Commission from the Duke. There was one Capt. *Bolea* in the Army, who was an intimate friend of the Provost, and one evening late he went to the said Captain's Tent, and brought with him a Confessor and an Executioner, as it was his custom; he told the Captain that he was come to execute his Excellency's Commission and Martial-Law upon him: The Captain started up suddenly, his hair standing at an end, and being struck with amazement, asked him wherein he had offended the Duke: The Provost answer'd, Sir, I come not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my Commission; therefore, I pray, prepare yourself, for there's your ghostly Father and Executioner: So he fell upon his knees before the Priest, and, having done, the Hangman going to put the Halter about his neck, the Provost threw it away, and breaking into a laughter, told him, There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his Courage, how he could bear the terror of death. The Captain look'd ghastly upon him,
and

and said, Then, Sir, get you out of my Tent, for you have done me a very ill office. The next morning the said Captain *Bolea*, tho' a young man of about thirty, had his hair all turn'd grey, to the Admiration of all the World, and the D. of *Alva* himself, who question'd him about it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the Duke was revok'd, and in his journey to the Court of *Spain* he was to pass by *Saragossa*, and this Capt. *Bolea* and the Provost went along with him as his Domesticks. The Duke being to repose some days in *Saragossa*, the young-old Capt. *Bolea* told him that there was a thing in that Town worthy to be seen by his Excellency, which was a *Casa de locos*, a *Bedlam-house*, for there was not the like in Christendom: Well, said the Duke, go and tell the Warden I will be there To-morrow in the Afternoon, and wish him to be in the way. The Captain having obtain'd this, went to the Warden, and told him, that the Duke would come to visit the House the next day; and the chiefest occasion that mov'd him to it was, that he had an unruly Provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to Fits of Frenzy; and because he wisheth him well, he had try'd divers means to cure him, but all would not do; therefore he would try whether keeping him close in *Bedlam* for some days would do him any good. The next day the Duke came with a ruffling train of Captains after him, among whom was the said Provost very shining brave; being enter'd into the House, about the Duke's Person, Capt. *Bolea* told the Warden (pointing at the Provost) that's the Man; so he took him aside into a dark Lobby, where he had plac'd some of his Men, who muffled him in his Cloak, seiz'd upon his gilt Sword with his Hat and Feather, and so hurry'd him down into a Dungeon. My Provost had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a Gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the House, peep'd in at a small grate where the Provost was: the Provost conjur'd him as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of *Alva* his Provost was there clapp'd up, nor could he imagine why. The Gentleman did the Errand; whereat

whereat the Duke being astonish'd, sent for the Warden with his Prisoner : so he brought my *Provost en querpo*, Madman-like, full of straws and feathers, before the Duke, who at the sight of him breaking out into a laughter, asked the Warden why he had made him his prisoner. Sir, said the Warden, 'twas by virtue of your Excellency's Commission brought me by Capt. *Bolea* : *Bolea* stepp'd forth, and told the Duke, Sir, you have ask'd me oft how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly grey ; I have not revealed it yet to any Soul breathing, but now I'll tell your Excellency, and so fell a relating the Passage in *Flanders* : and, Sir, I have been ever since beating my Brains how to get an equal revenge of him, and I thought no revenge to be more equal or corresponding, now that you see he hath made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could ; and had he staid some days longer close Prisoner in the *Bedlam-house*, it might haply have wrought some impressions upon his *Pericranium*. The Duke was so well pleased with the Story, and the wittiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends ; and the Gentleman who told me this Passage said, that the said Capt. *Bolea* was yet alive, so that he could not be less than ninety years of age.

I thank you a thousand times for the *Cephalonia Muscadel* and *Botargo* you sent me ; I hope to be shortly quit with you for all courtesies : in the interim I am—Your obliged Friend to serve you,

J. H.

York, this 1 of May 1626.

Postscript.

I AM sorry to hear of the trick that Sir *John Ayres* put upon the Company by the Box of Hail-shot, sign'd with the Ambassador's Seal, that he had sent so solemnly from *Constantinople*, which he made the world believe to be full of *Chequins* and *Turky Gold*.



SECTION V.

I.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from York.

MY DEAR D.,

THO' I may be term'd a right *Northern* Man, being a good way this side *Trent*, yet my love is as *Southern* as ever it was, I mean it continueth still in the same degree of heat; nor can this bleaker Air, or *Boreas's* chilling blasts, cool it a whit. I am the same to you this side *Trent*, as I was the last time we cross'd the *Thames* together to see *Smug* the Smith, and so back to the *Still-yard*: But I fear that your Love to me doth not continue in so constant and intense a degree, and I have good grounds for this fear, because I never receiv'd one syllable from you since I left *London*. If you rid me not of this scruple, and send to me speedily, I shall think, tho' you live under a hotter clime in the *South*, that your former love is not only cool'd, but frozen.

For this present condition of life, I thank God I live well contented; I have a fee from the King, diet for myself and two servants, livery for a horse, and a part of the King's house for my lodging, and other privileges which I am told no Secretary before me had; but I must tell you, the perquisites are nothing answerable to my expectation yet. I have built me a new study since I came, wherein I shall among others meditate sometimes on you, and whence this present Letter comes. So, with a thousand thanks for the plentiful hospitality and jovial farewell you gave me at your House in *Essex*, I rest—Yours, yours, yours, J. H.

York, 13 July 1627.

II.

To Mr. Richard Leat.

S*IGNOR mio*, It is now a great while, methinks, since any Act of Friendship, or other interchangeable offices of love have pass'd between us, either by Letters, or other accustom'd ways of correspondence; and as I will not accuse, so I go not about to clear myself in this point: Let this long silence be term'd therefore a Cessation rather than Neglect on both sides. A Bow that lies a while unbent, and a Field that remains fallow for a time, grow never the worse, but afterwards the one sends forth an Arrow more strongly, the other yields a better Crop, being recultivated: Let this be also verifi'd in us, let our Friendship grow more fruitful after this pause, let it be more active for the future: You see I begin and shoot the first shaft. I send you herewith a couple of red Deer Pies, the one Sir *Arthur Ingram* gave me, the other my Lord President's Cook; I could not tell where to bestow them better. In your next let me know which is the best season'd; I pray let the *Sydonian* Merchant, *Jo. Bruckhurst*, be at the eating of them, and then I know they will be well soak'd. If you please to send me a barrel or two of Oysters which we want here, I promise you they shall be well eaten with a Cup of the best Claret, and the best Sherry (to which Wine this Town is altogether addicted) shall not be wanting.

I understand the Lord *Weston* is Lord Treasurer; we may say now, that we have Treasurers of all tenses, for there are four living, to wit, the Lords *Manchester*, *Middlesex*, *Marlborough*, and the newly chosen. I hear also that the good old Man (the last) hath retir'd to his Lodgings in *Lincoln's-Inn*, and so reduc'd himself to his first principles; which makes me think that he cannot bear up long, now that the Staff is taken from him. I pray in your next send me the *Venetian Gazette*. So, with my kind Respects to your Father, I rest—Yours,

J. H.

York, 9 July 1627.

III.

III.

To Sir Ed. Sa., Knight.

SIR,

'T WAS no great matter to be a Prophet, and to have foretold this rupture 'twixt us and *France* upon the sudden *renvoy* of Her Majesty's Servants; for many of them had sold their Estates in *France*, given Money for their Places, and so thought to live and die in *England* in the Queen's Service, and so have pitifully complain'd to that King; thereupon he hath arrested above 100 of our Merchant-men that went to the Vintage at *Bourdeaux*. We also take some stragglers of theirs, for there are Letters of Mart given on both sides.

There are Writs issued out for a Parliament, and the Town of *Richmond* in *Richmondshire* hath made choice of me for their Burgess, tho' Master *Christopher Wandesford*, and other powerful Men, and more deserving than I, stood for it. I pray God send me fair Weather in the House of Commons, for there is much murmuring about the restraint of those that would not conform to *Loan Moneys*. There is a great Fleet preparing, and an Army of Landmen; but the design is uncertain, whether it be against *Spain*, or *France*, for we are now in enmity with both those Crowns. The *French* Cardinal hath been lately t'other side the *Alps*, and settled the Duke of *Nevers* in the Duchy of *Mantua*, notwithstanding the opposition of the King of *Spain* and the Emperor, who alleg'd, That he was to receive his Investiture from him, and that was the chief ground of the War; but the *French* Arms have done the work, and come triumphantly back over the Hills again. No more now, but that I am, as always—Your true Friend, J. H.

2 March 1627.

IV.

*To the Worshipful Mr. Alderman of the Town of Richmond,
and the rest of the worthy Members of that ancient
Corporation.*

SIR,

I RECEIV'D a public Instrument from you lately, subscrib'd by yourself and divers others, wherein I find that you have made choice of me to be one of your Burgesses for this now approaching Parliament; I could have wish'd that you had not put by Master *Wandesford*, and other worthy Gentlemen that stood so earnestly for it, who being your Neighbours, had better means and more abilities to serve you. Yet since you have cast these high respects upon me, I will endeavour to acquit myself of the Trust, and to answer your expectation accordingly: And as I account this Election an honour to me, so I esteem it a greater advantage, that so worthy and well-experienced a Knight as *Sir Talbot Bows* is to be my Colleague and Fellow-Burgess; I shall steer by his compass, and follow his directions in anything that may concern the welfare of your Town, and the Precincts thereof, either for redress of any grievance, or by proposing some new thing that may conduce to the further benefit and advantage thereof; and this I take to be the true duty of a Parliamentary Burgess, without roving at random to generals. I hope to learn of *Sir Talbot* what's fitting to be done, and I shall apply myself accordingly to join with him to serve you with my best Abilities. So I rest—Your most assured and ready Friend to do you Service,

J. H.

Lond., 24 Mar. 1627.

V.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Clifford, at Knaresborough.

MY LORD,

THE news that fills all mouths at present, is the return of the Duke of *Buckingham* from the Isle of *Ree*, or, as some call

call it, the Isle of *Rue*, for the bitter success we had there ; for we had but a tart entertainment in that *Salt Island*. Our first Invasion was magnanimous and brave, whereat near upon 200 *French* Gentlemen perish'd, and divers Barons of Quality. My Lord of *Newport* had ill luck to disorder our Cavalry with an unruly horse he had : His Brother Sir *Charles Rich* was slain, and divers more upon retreat ; among others, great Col. *Gray* fell into a Salt-pit, and being ready to be drown'd, he cry'd out, *Cent mille escus pour ma rançon ; A hundred thousand Crowns for my ransom* : the *Frenchmen* hearing that, preserved him, tho' he was not worth a hundred thousand pence. A merry passage a Captain told me, that when they were rifling the dead Bodies of the *French* Gentlemen after the first Invasion, they found that many of them had their Mistresses' Favours ty'd about their Genitories. The *French* do much glory to have repell'd us thus, and they have reason ; for the truth is, they comported themselves gallantly : yet they confess our landing was a notable piece of Courage, and if our Retreat had been answerable to the Invasion, we had lost no Honour at all. A great number of gallant Gentlemen fell on our side, as Sir *John Heydon*, Sir *Jo. Burrowes*, Sir *John Blundel*, Sir *Alex. Bret*, with divers Veteran Commanders, who came from the *Netherlands* to this Service.

God send us better success the next time, for there is another Fleet preparing to be sent under the command of the Lord *Denbigh*. So I kiss your hand, and am—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 24 Sept. 1627.

VI.

*To the Rt. Honourable the Lord Scroop, Earl of Sunderland,
Lord President of the North.*

MY LORD,

MY Lord *Denbigh* is return'd from attempting to relieve *Rochell*, which is reduced to extreme exigence ; and now the Duke is preparing to go again, with as great Power

Power as was yet rais'd, notwithstanding that the Parliament hath flown higher at him than ever: which makes the People here hardly wish any good success to the Expedition, because he is General. The *Spaniard* stands at a gaze all this while, hoping that we may do the work; otherwise I think he would find some way to relieve the Town; for there is nothing conduceth more to the uniting and strengthening of the *French* Monarchy, than the reduction of *Rochell*. The King hath been there long in Person with his Cardinal; and the stupendous works they have rais'd by Sea and Land are beyond belief, as they say. The Sea-works and Booms were trac'd out by Marquis *Spinola*, as he was passing that way for *Spain* from *Flanders*.

The Parliament is prorogued till *Michaelmas* Term; there were five Subsidies granted, the greatest gift that ever Subjects gave their King at once; and it was in requital that His Majesty pass'd the Petition of Right, whereby the Liberty of the free born Subject is so strongly and clearly vindicated. So that there is a fair correspondence like to be 'twixt His Majesty and the two Houses. The Duke made a notable Speech at the Council-Table in joy hereof; among other passages, one was, *That hereafter His Majesty would please to make the Parliament his Favourite, and he to have the honour to remain still his Servant*. No more now, but that I continue—Your Lordship's most dutiful Servant,

J. H.

Lond., 25 Sept. 1628.

VII.

*To the Right Hon. the Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland;
from Stamford.*

MADAM,

I LAY yesternight at the Post-house at *Stilton*, and this morning betimes the Post-master came to my Bed's-head and told me the D. of *Buckingham* was slain: My Faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my Lord of *Rutland* (your Brother) riding
Post

Post towards *London*; it pleas'd him to alight, and shew me a Letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad Tragedy.

Upon *Saturday* last, which was but next before yesterday, being *Bartholomew* Eve, the Duke did rise up in a well-dispos'd humour out of his bed, and cut a Caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the Barber's hand, (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of Commanders, where *Mons. Soubize* came to him, and whisper'd him in the ear that *Rochel* was reliev'd: The Duke seem'd to slight the news, which made some think that *Soubize* went away discontented. After breakfast, the Duke going out, Col. *Fryer* stept before him, and stopping him upon some business, and Lieut. *Felton* being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over *Fryer's* arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife, and threw it away; and laying his hand on his Sword, and drawn it half out, said, The Villain hath kill'd me (meaning, as some think, Col. *Fryer*), for there had been some difference 'twixt them; so, reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The Dutchess being with Child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-geers from her Bed-chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. *Felton* had lost his hat in the croud, wherein there was a Paper sow'd, wherein he declar'd, that the reason which mov'd him to this Act was no grudge of his own, tho' he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his Captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an Enemy to the *State*, because he was branded in Parliament; therefore what he did was for the publick*good of his Country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was ty'd to a hedge hard by; but he was so amaz'd that he miss'd his way, and so struck
into

into the pastry, where, altho' the cry went that some *Frenchman* had done't, he thinking the word was *Felton*, boldly confess'd, 'twas he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. *Jack Stamford* would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. *Nicholas*; so being carry'd up to a Tower, Capt. *Mince* tore off his Spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an Act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answer'd boldly, that he knew he was dispatch'd, for 'twas not he, but the hand of Heaven that gave the stroke; and tho' his whole body had been cover'd over with Armour of Proof, he could not have avoided it. Capt. *Cha. Price* went post presently to the King four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirr'd, nor was he disturb'd a whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of *Rutland's* Letter, who will'd me to remember him to your Ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the Dutchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your Ladyship, as fast as I could by this Post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the way: So I humbly take my leave, and rest—Your Ladyship's most dutiful Servant,

J. H.

Stamford 5 Aug. 1628.

VIII.

*To the Right Hon. Sir Peter Wichts, His Majesty's
Ambassador at Constantinople.*

MY LORD,

YOURS of the 2d of *July* came to safe hand, and I did all those particular *Recaudo's* you enjoind me to do to some of your Friends here.

The Town of *Rochell* hath been fatal and unfortunate to *England*, for this is the third time that we have attempted to relieve her; but our Fleets and Forces return'd without doing anything. My Lord of *Lindsey* went thither with the

the same Fleet the Duke intended to go on, but is return'd without doing any good; he made some shots at the great Boom and other Barricadoes at Sea, but at such a distance, that they could do no hurt: insomuch that the Town is now given for lost, and to be past cure, and they cry out, we have betray'd them. At the return of this Fleet, two of the *Whelps* were cast away, and three Ships more, and some five Ships which had some of those great Stones that were brought to build *Paul's*, for ballast and for other uses, within them; which could promise no good success; for I never heard of anything that prosper'd, which being once designed for the Honour of God, was alienated from that use. The Queen interposeth for the releasement of my Lord of *Newport* and others, who are Prisoners of War. I hear that all the Colours they took from us are hung up in the great Church of *Nostre-Dame*, as tropheys in *Paris*. Since I began this Letter, there is news brought that *Rochell* hath yielded, and that the King hath dismantled the Town, and razed all the Fortifications landward, but leaves those standing which are toward the Sea. It is a mighty exploit the *French King* hath done, for *Rochell* was the chiefest propugnacle of the Protestants there; and now, questionless, all the rest of their cautionary Towns which they kept for their own defence will yield; so that they must depend hereafter upon the King's mere mercy. I hear of an overture of Peace 'twixt us and *Spain*, and that my Lord *Cottingham* is to go thither, and *Don Carlos Coloma* to come to us. God grant it, for you know the Saying in *Spanish*, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que no fuera mejor, que la mejor guerra*. It was a bold thing in *England*, to fall out with the two greatest Monarchs of *Christendom*, and to have them both Enemies at one time; and as glorious a thing it was to bear up against them. God turn all to the best, and dispose of things to his Glory: so I rest—Your Lordship's ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Sept. 1628.

IX.

*To my Cousin, Mr. St. Geon, at Christ-Church College
in Oxford.*

C OUSIN, Tho' you want no incitements to go on in that fair Road of Virtue where you are now running your course, yet being lately in your noble Father's Company, he did intimate to me, that anything which came from me would take with you very much. I hear so well of your Proceedings, that I should rather commend than encourage you. I know you were remov'd to *Oxford* in full maturity, you were a good Orator, a good Poet, and a good Linguist for your time; I would not have that fate light upon you, which useth to befall some, who from golden Students, become silver Bachelors, and leaden Masters: I am far from entertaining such thought of you, that *Logic* with her *quiddities*, and *Quæ la vel Hipps*, can any way unpolish your humane Studies. As *Logic* is clubfisted and crabbed, so she is terrible at first sight; she is like a *Gorgon's* head to a young Student, but after a twelve-month's constancy and patience, this *Gorgon's* head will prove a mere bugbear; when you have devour'd the *Organon*, you will find *Philosophy* far more delightful and pleasing to your Palate. In feeding the Soul with Knowledge, the Understanding requireth the same consecutive Acts which Nature useth in nourishing the Body. To the nutrition of the Body, there are two essential conditions requir'd, *Assumption* and *Retention*; then there follows two more, *πέψις* and *πρόσταψις*, Concoction and Agglutination, or *Adhæsiō*: So in feeding your Soul with Science, you must first assume and suck in the matter into your Apprehension, then must the memory retain and keep it in; afterwards by disputation, discourse, and meditation, it must be well concocted; then must it be agglutinated, and converted to nutriment. All this may be reduc'd to these two heads, *teneri fideliter*, & *uti fœliciter*, which are two of the happiest properties in a Student. There is another Act requir'd

requir'd to good concoction, call'd the Act of *Expulsion*, which puts off all that is unsound and noxious; so in Study there must be an expulsive virtue to shun all that is erroneous; and there is no Science but is full of such stuff, which by direction of Tutor, and choice of good Books, must be excern'd. Do not confound yourself with multiplicity of Authors; two is enough upon any Science, provided they be plenary and orthodox; *Philosophy* should be your substantial food, *Poetry* your banqueting stuff; *Philosophy* hath more of reality in it than any Knowledge, the *Philosopher* can fathom the deep, measure Mountains, reach the Stars with a staff, and bless Heaven with a girdle.

But among these Studies you must not forget the *unicum necessarium*; on Sundays and Holidays, let *Divinity* be the sole object of your speculation, in comparison whereof all other Knowledge is but Cobweb-learning; *præ quâ quisquiliæ cætera*.

When you can make truce with Study, I should be glad you would employ some superfluous hour or other to write to me, for I much covet your good, because I am—Your affectionate Cousin,

J. H.

Lond., 25 Oct. 1627.

X.

To Sir Sackvil Trevor, Knight.

NOBLE UNCLE,

I SEND you my humble thanks for the curious Sea-chest of Glasses you pleas'd to bestow on me, which I shall be very chary to keep as a Monument of your Love. I congratulate also the great honour you have got lately by taking away the Spirit of *France*, I mean by taking the third great Vessel of her *Sea-Trinity*, her *Holy Spirit*, which had been built in the mouth of the *Texel* for the service of her King. Without complimenting with you, it was one of the best Exploits that was perform'd since these Wars began; and besides the Renown you have purchas'd,

I hope your Reward will be accordingly from His Majesty, whom I remember you so happily preserv'd from drowning, in all probability, at St. *Anderas* road in *Spain*. Tho' Princes' Guerdons come slow, yet they come sure: And it is oftentimes the method of God Almighty himself, to be long both in his Rewards and Punishments.

As you have bereft the *French* of their *Saint Esprit*, their *Holy Spirit*, so there is news that the *Hollander* have taken from *Spain* all her *Saints*; I mean *Todos los santos*, which is one of the chiefest Staples of Sugar in *Brazil*. No more, but that I wish you all health, honour, and heart's desire.—
Your much obliged Nephew and Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 26 of Octob. 1625.

XI.

To Captain Tho. B., from York.

NOBLE *Captain*, Yours of the 1st of *March* was deliver'd me by Sir *Rich. Scott*, and I held it no profanation of this Sunday-evening, considering the quality of my Subject, and having (I thank God for it) perform'd all Church-duties, to employ some hours to meditate on you, and send you this friendly salute, tho' I confess in an unusual monitory way. My dear Captain, I love you perfectly well; I love both your Person and Parts, which are not vulgar; I am in love with your Disposition, which is generous, and I verily think you were never guilty of any pusillanimous Act in your life: Nor is this Love of mine conferr'd upon you *gratis*, but you may challenge it as your due, and by way of correspondence, in regard of those thousand convincing Evidences you have given me of yours to me, which ascertain me, that you take me for a true Friend. Now I am of the number of those that had rather commend the Virtue of an Enemy, than sooth the Vices of a Friend; for your own particular, if your parts of Virtue and your Infirmities were cast into a balance, I know the first would much out-poise the
the

the other: Yet give me leave to tell you, that there is one frailty, or rather ill-favour'd custom, that reigns in you, which weighs much; it is a humour of *Swearing* in all your discourses; and they are not slight, but deep, far-fetch'd Oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you use as flowers of *Rhetoric* to enforce a faith upon the hearers, who believe you never the more: And you use this in cold blood when you are not provok'd, which makes the humour far more dangerous. I know many (and I cannot say I myself am free from it, God forgive me) that being transported with choler, and as it were made drunk with passion by some sudden provoking Accident, or extreme ill Fortune at play, will let fall Oaths and deep protestations: But to Belch out, and send forth, as it were, whole volleys of Oaths and Curses in a calm humour, to verify every trivial Discourse, is a thing of horror. I knew a King, that being cross'd in his Game, would, among his Oaths, fall on the ground, and bite the very earth in the rough of his passion; I heard of another King (*Henry IV. of France*) that in his highest distemper would swear by *Ventre de St. Gris, by the Belly of St. Gris*: I heard of an *Italian*, that having been much accustom'd to blaspheme, was wean'd from it by a pretty wile; for having been one night at play, and lost all his money, after many execrable Oaths, and having offer'd money to another to go out to face Heaven, and defy God, he threw himself upon a Bed hard by, and there fell asleep: The other Gamesters play'd on still, and finding that he was fast asleep, they put out the Candles, and made semblance to play on still; they fell a wrangling, and spoke so loud that he awaken'd: He hearing them play on still, fell a rubbing his eyes, and his Conscience presently prompted him that he was struck blind, and that God's Judgment had deservedly fallen down upon him for his Blasphemies; and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully: A ghostly Father was sent for, who undertook to do some Acts of Penance for him, if he would make a Vow never to play again, or blaspheme; which he did, and so the candles were lighted again, which
he

he thought were burning all the while : So he became a perfect Convert. I could wish this Letter might produce the same effect in you. There is a strong Text, that the curse of Heaven hangs always over the dwelling of the Swearer ; and you have more fearful examples of miraculous Judgments in this particular, than of any other sin.

There is a little Town in *Languedoc* in *France*, that hath a multitude of the Pictures of the Virgin *Mary* up and down ; but she is made to carry *Christ* in her right Arm, contrary to the ordinary custom ; and the reason they told me was this, that two Gamesters being at play, and one having lost all his money, and bolted out many blasphemies, he gave a deep Oath, that that Whore upon the Wall, meaning the Picture of the blessed Virgin, was the cause of his ill luck ; hereupon the Child remov'd imperceptibly from the left Arm to the right, and the Man fell stark dumb ever after : Thus went the Tradition there. This makes me think of the Lady *Southwell's* news from *Utopia*, that he who sweareth when he playeth at dice, may challenge his damnation by way of purchase. This infandous custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in *England* lately more than anywhere else ; tho' a *German* in highest puff of passion swears a *hundred thousand Sacraments*, the *Italian* by the Whore of *God*, the *French* by his *Death*, the *Spaniard* by his *Flesh*, the *Welshman* by his *Sweat*, the *Irishman* by his *Five Wounds*, tho' the *Scot* commonly bids the *Devil hale his Soul* ; yet for Variety of Oaths the *English* Roarers put down all. Consider well what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that dreadful Name which makes the vast Fabrick of the World to tremble, that holy Name wherein the whole Hierarchy of *Heaven* doth triumph, that blissful Name, wherein consists the fulness of all felicity. I know this custom in you yet is but a light *Disposition*, 'tis no *Habit* I hope ; let me therefore conjure you, by that power of Friendship, by that holy league of Love which is between us, that you would suppress it before it come to that ; for I must tell you, that those who could find in their hearts to love you
for

for many other things, do disrespect you for this ; they hate your Company, and give no credit to whatever you say, it being one of the punishments of a Swearer, as well as of a Lyar, not to be believ'd when he speaks truth.

Excuse me that I am so free with you, what I write proceeds from the clear current of a pure Affection ; and I shall heartily thank you, and take it for an Argument of love, if you tell me of my weaknesses, which are (God wot) too too many ; for my body is but a Cargazon of corrupt humours, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavour to do it by degrees : Like *Sertorius's* Soldier, who when he could not cut off the Horse-tail with his Sword at one blow, fell to pull out the hairs one by one. And touching this particular humour from which I dissuade you, it hath rag'd in me too often by contingent fits ; but I thank God for it, I find it much abated and purged. Now the only Physic I used was a precedent Fast, and recourse to the holy Sacrament the next day, of purpose to implore pardon for what had passed, and power for the future to quell those exorbitant motions, those ravings and feverish fits of the Soul, in regard there are no infirmities more dangerous ; for at the same instant they have being, they become impieties. And the greatest symptom of Amendment I find in me is, because whenever I hear the holy Name of *GOD* blasphem'd by any other, it makes my heart to tremble within my breast. Now it is a penitential Rule, *That if Sins present do not please thee, Sins past will not hurt thee.* All other Sins have their object, either pleasure or profit, or some Aim and Satisfaction to Body or Mind ; but this hath none at all : Therefore fye upon't, my dear Captain, try whether you can make a conquest of yourself, in subduing this execrable custom. *Alexander* subdued the World, *Cæsar* his Enemies, *Hercules* Monsters ; but he that o'ercomes himself is the true valiant Captain. I have herewith sent you a *Hymn*, consonant to this subject, because I know you are musical, and a good Poet.

A Gradual Hymn of a double Cadence, tending to the honour of the holy Name of GOD.

1. *LET the vast Universe,
And therein ev'ry thing
The mighty Acts rehearse
Of their immortal King,
His Name extol
what to Nadir
from Zenith stir
'Twixt Pole and Pole.*
2. *Ye Elements that move,
And alter ev'ry hour,
Yet herein constant prove,
And symbolize all four ;
His praise to tell,
mix all in one
for air and tone
To sound this peal.*
3. *Earth, which the centre art,
And only standest still,
Yet move, and bear thy part ;
Resound with Echoes shrill ;
Thy Mines of Gold,
with precious Stones,
and Unions,
His Fame uphold.*
4. *Let all thy fragrant Flowers
Grow sweeter by this air,
Thy tallest Trees and Bowers
Bud forth and blossom fair ;
Beasts wild and tame
whom lodgings yield
house, dens, or field,
Collaud his Name.*
5. *Ye Seas with Earth that make
One Globe flow high, and swell,
Exalt your Maker's Name,
In deep his wonders tell ;
Leviathan,
and what doth swim
near bank or brim,
His Glory scan.*
6. *Ye airy Regions all
Join in a sweet consent,
Blow such a Madrigal
May reach the Firmament ;
Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,
and pearly Drops,
that hang on crops,
His Wonders shew.*
7. *Pure Element of Fire
With holy sparks inflame
This sublunary Choir,
That all one Consort frame ;
Their spirits raise,
To trumpet forth
Their Maker's worth,
And sound his Praise.*
8. *Ye glorious Lamps that roll
In your celestial Spheres,
All under his controul,
Who you on Poles up bears ;
Him magnify
Ye Planets bright,
And fixed Lights
That deck the Sky.*
9. *O Heaven Chrystalline,
Which by thy watry hue
Dost temper and refine
The rest in azur'd blue ;
His Glory sound
thou first Mobile,
which mak'st all wheel
In circle round.*
10. *Ye glorious Souls who reign
In sempiternal joy,
Free from those cares and pain
Which here did you annoy,
And him behold
in whom all Bliss
concentred is,
His Laud unfold.*

11. *Blest Maid which dost surmount
All Saints and Seraphins,
And reign'st as Paramount,
And chief of Cherubins,
Chaunt out his Praise,
who in thy womb
nine months took room,
Tho' crown'd with rays.*

12. *O let my Soul and Heart,
My Mind and Memory
Bear in this Hymn a part,
And join with Earth and Sky;
Let ev'ry Wight
the world o'er
laud and adore
The Lord of Light.*

All your Friends here are well, *Tom Young* excepted, who I fear hath not long to live among us. So I rest—Your true Friend,

J. H.

York, the 1 of Aug. 1628.

XII.

To Will. Austin, Esq.

SIR,

I HAVE many thanks to give you for that excellent Poem you sent me upon the Passion of *Christ*; surely you were possess'd with a very strong Spirit when you penn'd it, you were become a true *Enthusiast*: for, let me despair, if I lie unto you, all the while I was perusing it, it committed holy rapes upon my Soul; methought I felt my heart melting within my breast, and my thoughts transported to a true *Elysium* all the while, there were such flexanimous strong ravishing strains thro'out it. To deal plainly with you, it were an injury to the public good, not to expose to open light such divine raptures, for they have an edifying power in them, and may be term'd the very quintessence of Devotion: you discover in them what rich talent you have, which should not be bury'd within the walls of a private Study, or pass thro' a few particular hands, but appear in public view, and to the sight of the World, to the enriching of others, as they did me in reading them. Therefore I shall long to see them pass from the *Bankside* to *Paul's-Churchyard*, with other precious Pieces of yours, which you have pleased to impart unto me—Your affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Oxford, 20 Aug. 1628.

XIII.

XIII.

To Sir I. S., Knight.

SIR,

YOU writ to me lately for a Footman, and I think this Bearer will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again. Yet tho' he hath a running head as well as running heels (and who will expect a Footman to be a stay'd man?), I would not part with him were I not to go Post to the *North*. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his Master: He is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge Mastiff, and knock him down; when you go a country journey, or have him run with you a hunting, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for Socks, else you must not have him to wait at your Table; when his grease melts in running hard, 'tis subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for a trial; if he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best News I can send you at this time is, that we are like to have Peace both with *France* and *Spain*; so that *Harwich* Men, your Neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the Name of *Spinola*, who struck such an Apprehension into them lately, that I understand they began to fortify.

I pray present my most humble Service to my good Lady, and at my return from the *North*, I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours. So I am—Your much obliged Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 25 of May 1628.

XIV.

To my Father.

SIR,

OUR two younger Brothers, which you sent hither, are dispos'd of; my Brother Doctor hath placed the elder of the two with Mr. *Hawes*, a Mercer in *Cheapside*, and he took much pains in't; and I had placed my Brother *Ned* with Mr. *Barrington*, a Silk-man in the same Street; but afterwards for some inconveniences I remov'd him to one Mr. *Smith* at the *Flower-de-luce*. in *Lombard-street*, a Mercer also. Their Masters both of them are very well to pass, and of good repute; I think it will prove some advantage to them hereafter, to be both of one trade; because when they are out of their time, they may join Stocks together: so that I hope, Sir, they are as well placed as any two Youths in *London*, but you must not use to send them such large tokens in money, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother *Ned* apprentice in *Drapers-Hall*, casting my eyes upon the Chimney-piece of the great Room, I spy'd a picture of an ancient Gentleman, and underneath, *Thomas Howell*: I ask'd the Clerk about him; and he told me, that he had been a *Spanish* Merchant in *Henry VIII.*'s time, and coming home rich, and dying a Bachelor, he gave that Hall to the Company of *Drapers*, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chieftest Benefactors. I told the Clerk, that one of the Sons of *Thomas Howell* came now thither to be bound; he answer'd, that if he be a right *Howell*, he may have, when he is free, three hundred pounds to help to set up, and pay no Interest for five years. It may be hereafter we will make use of this. He told me also, that any Maid that can prove her Father to be a true *Howell*, may come and demand fifty pounds towards her portion of the said Hall. I am to go post towards *York* to-morrow, to my charge, but hope, God willing, to be here again the
next

next term : So, with my love to my Brother *Howell*, and my Sister his wife, I rest—Your dutiful Son,

J. H.

Lond., 30 *Sept.* 1629.

XV.

To my Brother, Dr. Howell, at Jesus College in Oxon.

BROTHER,

I HAVE sent you here inclos'd, Warrants for four brace of Bucks and a Stag; the last Sir *Arthur Manwaring* procur'd of the King for you, towards the keeping of your Act. I have sent you also a Warrant for a brace of Bucks out of *Waddon Chace*; besides, you shall receive by this Carrier a great Wicker Hamper, with two Geoules of Sturgeon, six barrels of pickled Oysters, three barrels of *Bologna* Olives, with some other *Spanish* commodities.

My Lord President of the North hath lately made me Patron of a Living hard by *Henley*, call'd *Hambledon*; it is worth £500 a year *communibus annis*; and the now Incumbent, Dr. *Pilkinton*, is very aged, valetudinary, and corpulent: My Lord by legal instrument hath transmitted the next Advowson to me for satisfaction of some Arrearages. Dr. *Dommlaw* and two or three more have been with me about it, but I always intended to make the first proffer to you; therefore I pray think of it; a sum of money must be had, but you shall be at no trouble for that, if you only will secure it (and desire one more who I know will do it for you), and it shall appear to you that you have it upon far better terms than any other. It is as finely situated as any Rectory can be, for it is about the mid-way 'twixt *Oxford* and *London*; it lies upon the *Thames*, and the Glebe-land House is very large and fair, and not dilapidated; so that, considering all things, it is as good as some Bishopricks. I know His Majesty is gracious to you, and you may well expect some Preferment that way, but such Livings as these are not to be had everywhere. I thank you for inviting me to your Act; I will be with you the next week, God willing, and
hope

hope to find my Father there. So, with my kind love to Dr. *Mansell*, Mr. *Watkins*, Mr. *Madocks*, and Mr. *Napier* at *All-Souls*, I rest—Your loving Brother,

J. H.

Lond., 20 June 1628.

XVI.

To my Father, Mr. Ben. Johnson.

FATHER Ben. *Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ*, there's no great Wit without some mixture of madness; so saith the Philosopher: Nor was he a fool who answer'd, *nec parvum sine mixtura stultitiæ*, nor small wit without some alloy of foolishness. Touching the first, it is verifi'd in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad; you were mad when you writ your *Fox*, and madder when you writ your *Alchymist*; you were mad when you writ *Catilin*, and stark mad when you writ *Sejanus*; but when you writ your *Epigrams*, and the *Magnetick Lady*, you were not so mad: Insomuch that I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean is that divine Fury, that heating and heightning Spirit which *Ovid* speaks of.

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo: That true Enthusiasm which transports, and elevates the souls of Poets above the middle Region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to Heaven to touch the Stars with their laurell'd heads, to walk in the *Zodiac* with *Apollo* himself, and command *Mercury* upon their errand.

I cannot yet light upon Dr. *Davies's Welsh Grammar*, before *Christmas* I am promis'd one: So, desiring you to look better hereafter to your Charcoal-fire and Chimmey, which I am glad to be one that preserv'd it from burning, this being the second time that *Vulcan* hath threaten'd you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his Wife, and been too busy with his Horns; I rest—Your Son, and contiguous Neighbour,

J. H.

Westm., 27 June 1629.

XVII.

XVII.

To Sir Arthur Ingram, at his House in York.

SIR,

I HAVE sent you herewith a hamper of Melons, the best I could find in any of *Tothill-field* gardens, and with them my very humble service and thanks for all favours, and lately for inviting me to your new noble House at *Temple Newsam*, when I return to *Yorkshire*: To this I may answer you, as my Lord *Coke* was answer'd by a *Norfolk* Countryman who had a Suit depending in the *King's-Bench* against some Neighbours touching a River that us'd to annoy him, and Sir *Edw. Coke* asking how he call'd the River, he answer'd, *My Lord, I need not call her, for she is forward enough to come of herself.* So I may say, that you need not call me to any House of yours, for I am forward enough to come without calling.

My Lord President is still indispos'd at Dr. *Nappier's*, yet he writ to me lately, that he hopes to be at the next *Sitting* in *York*. So, with a tender of my most humble Service to my noble good Lady, I rest—Your most obliged Servant,

J. H.

London, 25 July 1629.

XVIII.

To R. S., Esq.

SIR,

I AM one of them who value not a Courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those birdlim'd Kindnesses which *Pliny* speaks of; nor would I receive Money in a dirty Clout, if possibly I could be without it: Therefore I return you the Courtesy by the same hand that brought it; it might have pleasur'd me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudic'd me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than—Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 Aug. 1629.

XIX.

XIX.

To the Countess of Sunderland, at York.

MADAM,

MY Lord continues still in a course of *Physick* at Dr. *Nappier's*; I writ to him lately, that his Lordship would please to come to his own House here in *Martin's Lane*, where there is a greater Accommodation for the recovery of his health, Dr. *Mayern* being on the one side, and the King's Apothecary on the other: But I fear there be some Mountebanks that carry him away, and I hear he intends to remove to *Wickham* to one *Atkinson*, a mere *Quacksalver*, that was once Dr. *Lopez* his Man.

The little Knight that useth to draw up his Breeches with a shooing-horn, I mean Sir *Posthumus Hobby*, flew high at him this Parliament, and would have inserted his Name in the Scrawl of Recusants, that's shortly to be presented to the King; but I produc'd a Certificate from *Lindford* under the Minister's hand, that he receiv'd the Communion at *Easter* last, and so got his Name out: Besides, the Deputy Lieutenants of *Buckinghamshire* would have charg'd *Biggin-Farm* with a Light-horse, but Sir *Will. Alford* and others join'd with me to get off.

Sir *Tho. Wentworth* and Mr. *Wansford* are grown great Courtiers lately, and come from *Westminster-Hall* to *White-Hall*: (Sir *Jo. Savill* their Countryman having shewn them the way with his *white Staff*.) The Lord *Weston* tamper'd with the one, and my Lord *Cottington* took pains with the other, to bring them about from their violence against the *Prerogative*: And I am told the first of them is promis'd my Lord's Place at *York*, in case his sickness continue.

We are like to have Peace with *Spain* and *France*: And for *Germany*, they say the *Swedes* are like to strike into her, to try whether they may have better fortune than the *Danes*.

My Lady *Scroop* (my Lord's Mother) hath lain sick a
good

good while, and is very weak. So I rest—Madam, your
humble and dutiful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 5 Aug. 1629.

XX.

To Dr. H. W.

SIR,

IT is a Rule in Friendship, *When distrust enters in at the Fore-gate, Love goes out at the Postern*: It is as true a Rule, that ἡ ἀπορία τῆς ἐπιστήμης ἀρχή, Dubitation is the beginning of all Knowledge; I confess this is true in the first Election and Co-optation of a Friend, to come to the true knowledge of him by *Queries* and Doubts; but when there's a perfect Contract made, confirm'd by experience, and a long tract of time, distrust then is mere poison to Friendship: Therefore if it be as I am told, I am unfit to be your Friend, but—Your Servant, J. H.

Westm., 20 Oct. 1629.

XXI.

To Dr. H. W.

SIR,

THEY say in *Italy*, that *Deeds are Men, and Words are but Women*: I have had your Word often to give me a Visit; I pray turn your *female* Promises to *masculine* Performances, else I shall think you have lost your *being*; for you know 'tis a Rule in Law, *Idem est non esse & non apparere*.—Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 25 Sept. 1629.

To Mr. B. Chaworth: On my Valentine, Mrs. Francis Metcalf (now Lady Robinson), at York.

A Sonnet.

COULD I charm the Queen of Love,
To lend a quill of her white Dove;

Or

*Or one of Cupid's pointed Wings
Dipt in the fair Castalian springs ;
Then would I write the all-divine
Perfections of my Valentine.*

*As 'mongst all flow'rs the Rose excels,
As Amber 'mongst the fragrant'st smells,
As 'mongst all minerals the Gold,
As Marble 'mongst the finest mould,
As Diamonds 'mongst jewels bright,
As Cynthia 'mongst the lesser lights,
So 'mongst the Northern Beauties shine,
So far excels my Valentine.*

*In Rome and Naples I did view
Faces of Celestial hue ;
Venetian Dames I have seen many,
(I only saw them, touch'd not any)
Of Spanish Beauties, Dutch and French,
I have beheld the Quintessence :
Yet saw I none that could out-shine,
Or parallel my Valentine.*

*Th' Italians they are coy and quaint,
But they grosly daub and paint ;
The Spanish kind, and apt to please,
But sav'ring of the same disease :
Of Dutch and French some few are comely,
The French are light, the Dutch are homely.
Let Tagus, Po, the Loire and Rhine
Then veil unto my Valentine.*

*Here may be seen pure white and red,
Not by feign'd Art, but Nature wed,
No simpring smiles, no mimic face,
Affected gesture, or forc'd grace,
A fair smooth front, free from least wrinkle,
Her eyes (on me) like stars do twinkle :
Thus all Perfections do combine
To beautify my Valentine.*

XXII.

To Mr. Tho. M.

NOBLE Tom, You desir'd me lately to compose some lines upon your Mistress's black Eyes, her becoming Frowns, and upon her Mask. Tho' the least request of yours be a command unto me, the execution of it a contentment, yet I was hardly drawn to such a task at this time, in regard that many businesses puzzle my *Pericranium*. — *Aliena negotia centum per caput & circa saliunt latus*. Yet lest your *Clorinda* might expect such a thing, and that you might incur the hazard of her smiles (for you say her frowns are favours), and that she may take off her Mask to you the next time you go to court her, I send you the inclos'd Verses Sonnet-wise, which haply may please her better, in regard I hear she hath some Skill in Musick.

Upon black Eyes, and becoming Frowns.

A Sonnet.

BLACK Eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lie
 My ill or happy destiny.
 If with clear looks you me behold,
 You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold;
 If you dart forth disdainful rays,
 To your own dye you turn my days.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

That Lamp which all the Stars doth blind,
 Yields to your lustre in some kind,
 Tho' ye do wear to make you bright
 No other dress but that of night,
 He glitters only in the day,
 You in the dark your beams display.

Black Eyes, in your two Orbs by changes dwell,
 My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

The

*The cunning Thief that lurks for prize,
At some dark corner watching lies ;
So that heart-robbing God doth stand
In your black lobbies, shaft in hand,
To rifle me of what I hold
More precious far than Indian Gold.*

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

*O pow'rful Necromantick eyes,
Who in your circles strictly pries,
Will find that Cupid with his dart
In you doth practise the black art,
And by th' enchantment I'm possess'd,
Tries his conclusions in my breast.*

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

*Look on me, tho' in frowning wise,
Some kind of frowns become black eyes.
As pointed Diamonds being set,
Cast greater lustre out of jet :
Those Pieces we esteem'd most rare,
Which in night-shadows postur'd are :
Darkness in Churches congregates the sight,
Devotion strays in glaring light.*

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

Touching her Mask, I will not be long about it.

Upon *Clorinda's* Mask.

*SO have I seen the Sun in his full pride,
O'ercast with sullen clouds, and lose his light ;
So have I seen the brightest Stars deny'd
To shew their lustre in some gloomy night ,
So Angels' pictures have I seen veil'd o'er,
That more devoutly men should them adore ;
So with a Mask saw I *Clorinda* hide
Her face more bright than was the Lemnian *Bride*.*

Whether I have hit upon your fancy, or fitted your Mistress, I know not; I pray let me hear what success they have. So, wishing you your heart's desire, and if you have her, a happy *confarreation*, I rest in Verse and Prose—
Yours, J. H.

Westm., 29 of Mar. 1629.

XXIII.

*To the Rt. Hon. my Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland,
at Langar.*

MADAM,

I AM newly return'd from *Hunsdon*, from giving the rites of burial to my Lord's Mother; she made my Lord sole Executor of all. I have all her plate and household-stuff in my custody, and unless I had gone as I did much had been embezel'd. I have sent herewith the copy of a Letter the King writ to my Lord upon the resignation of his place, which is fitting to be preserv'd for posterity among the Records of *Bolton-Castle*. His Majesty expresseth therein that he was never better serv'd, nor with more exactness of fidelity and justice by any, therefore he intends to set a special mark of his favour upon him, when his health will serve him to come to Court: My Lord *Carleton* deliver'd it me, and told me he never remember'd that the King writ a more gracious Letter. I have lately bought in fee-farm *Wanless Park*, of the King's Commissioners, for my Lord; I got it for £600, doubling the old Rent, and the next day I was offer'd £500 for the Bargain; there were divers that put in for't, and my Lord of *Anglesey* thought himself sure of it, but I found means to frustrate them all. I also compounded with Her Majesty's Commissioners for respite of Homage for *Rabbi-Castle*; there was £120 demanded, but I came off for 40s. My Lord *Wentworth* is made Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, and carries a mighty stroke at Court; there have been some clashings 'twixt him
and

and my Lord of *Pembroke* lately with others at Court, and divers in the *North*: and some, as Sir *David Fowler* with others, have been crush'd.

He pleas'd to give me the disposing of the next Attorney's place in *York*, and *John Lister* being lately dead, I went to make use of the Favour, and was offer'd £300 for it; but some got 'twixt me and home, so that I was forc'd to go away contented with 100 Pieces Mr. *Ratcliff* deliver'd me in his Chamber at *Gray's-Inn*, and so to part with the legal Instrument I had, which I did rather than contest.

The Dutchess your Niece is well; I did what your Ladyship commanded me at *York-house*. So I rest, Madam—
Your Ladyship's ready and faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 1 July 1629.

XXIV.

To D. C., Esq., at his House in Essex.

My D. D.,

I THANK you for your last Society in *London*, but I am sorry to have found *Jack T.* in that pickle, and that he had so far transgressed the *Fannian* Law, which allows a chirping Cup to *satiate*, not to *surfeit*, to *mirth*, not to *madness*; and upon some extraordinary occasion of rencounters, to give Nature a *fillip*, but not a *knock*, as *Jack* did. I am afraid he hath taken such a habit of it, that nothing but death will mend him; and I find that he is posting thither apace by this course. I have read of a King of *Navarre* (*Charles le Mauvais*) who perish'd in *strong waters*; and of a Duke of *Clarence* that was drown'd in a Butt of *Malmsey*: But *Jack T.* I fear will die in a Butt of *Canary*. Howsoever commend me to him, and desire him to have a care of the main chance. So I rest—
Yours, J. H.

York, 5 July 1629.

XXV.

To Sir Thomas Lake, Knight.'

SIR,

I HAVE shew'd Sir *Kenelm Digby* both our Translations of *Martial's Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem*, &c., and to tell you true, he adjudged yours the better; so I shall pay the wager in the place appointed, and try whether I can recover myself at *Gioco d'amore*, which the *Italian* saith is a Play to cozen the *Devil*. If your pulse beat accordingly, I will wait upon you on the River towards the evening, for a *floundring* fit to get some fish for our supper: So I rest—Your true Servitor,

J. H.

3 July 1629.

XXVI.

To Mr. Ben. Johnson.

FATHER Ben, you desir'd me lately to procure you Dr. *Davies's Welsh Grammar*, to add to those many you have; I have lighted upon one at last, and I am glad I have it in so seasonable a time that it may serve for a New-year's-gift, in which quality I send it you: And because 'twas not you, but your Muse, that desir'd it of me, for your Letter runs on feet, I thought it a good correspondence with you to accompany it with what follows.

Upon Dr. Davies's *British Grammar*.

'T WAS a tough task, believe it, thus to tame
A wild and wealthy Language, and to frame
Grammatic toils to curb her, so that she
Now speaks by Rules, and sings by Prosody:
Such is the strength of Art rough things to shape,
And of rude Commons rich Inclosures make.
Doubtless much oil and labour went to couch
Into methodic Rules the rugged Dutch;
The Rabbits pass my reach, but judge I can
Something of *Clenard* and *Quintilian*.

Italian

Italian, *And for those modern Dames, I find they three*

Spanish, *Are only lops cut from the Latian Tree ;*

French, *And easy 'twas to square them into parts,
The Tree itself so blossoming with arts.*

I have been shown for Irish and Bascuence

Imperfect Rules couch'd in an Accidence :

But I find none of these can take the start

Of Davies, or that prove more Men of Art,

Who in exacter method and short way,

The Idioms of a Language do display.

This is the Tongue which Bards sung in of old,

And Druids their dark Knowledge did unfold ;

Merlin in this his Prophecies did vent

Which thro' the world of fame bear such extent :

Arthur. *This spoke that Son of Mars, and Briton bold,*

Who first 'mongst Christian Worthies is enroll'd,

This Brennus, who to his desire and glut,

The Mistress of the World did prostitute.

This Arviragus, and brave Catarac

Sole-free, when all the World was on Rome's rack.

This Lucius, who on Angels' Wings did soar

To Rome, and would wear Diadem no more ;

And thousand Heroes more, which should I tell,

This New-year scarce would serve me : So farewell.

—Your Son and Servitor,

J. H.

Cal. Apr. 1629.

XXVII.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Bristol, at Sherburn-Castle.

MY LORD,

I ATTENDED my Lord Cottington before he went on his journey towards Spain, and put him in mind of the old business against the Viceroy of Sardinia, to see whether any good can be done, and to learn whether the Conde or his Son be solvent: He is to land at Lisbon; one of the King's Ships attends him, and some Merchant-men take the advantage of this Convoy.

The

The News that keeps greatest noise now is, that the Emperor hath made a favourable Peace with the *Dane*; for *Tilly* had cross'd the *Elve*, and enter'd deep into *Holsteinland*, and in all probability might have carry'd all before him: yet that King had honourable Terms given him, and a Peace is concluded, tho' without the privity of *England*. But I believe the King of *Denmark* far'd the better, because he is Grandchild to *Charles* the Emperor's Sister. Now it seems another Spirit is like to fall upon the Emperor; for they write that *Gustavus* King of *Swethland* is struck into *Germany*, and hath taken *Meclenburgh*: the ground of his quarrel, as I hear, is, that the Emperor would not acknowledge, much less give audience to his Ambassador; he also gives out to come for the assistance of his Allies, the Dukes of *Pomerland* and *Meclenburgh*; nor do I hear that he speaks anything yet of the Prince *Palsgrave's* business.

Don Carlos Coloma is expected here from *Flanders*, about the same time that my Lord *Cottington* shall be arriv'd at the Court of *Spain*. God send us an honourable Peace: for, as the *Spaniard* says, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que ne fuesse mejor, que la mejor guerra*.—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servant,

J. H.

London, 20 May 1629.

XXVIII.

To my Cousin, I. P., at Mr. Conradus.

COUSIN,

A LETTER of yours was lately delivered me; I made a shift to read the superscription, but within I wonder'd what Language it might be in which it was written; at first I thought 'twas *Hebrew*, or some other Dialect, and so went from the liver to the heart, from the right hand to the left to read it, but could make nothing of it: then I thought it might be the *Chinese* Language, and went to read the words perpendicular; and the lines were so crooked and distorted, that no coherence could be made. *Greek* I perceived it was not, nor *Latin* or *English*; so I gave it for
mere

mere *Gibberish*, and your Characters to be rather *Hieroglyphicks* than *Letters*. The best is, you keep your lines at a good distance, like those in Chancery-Bills, who, as the Clerk said, were made so wide of purpose, because the Clients should have room enough to walk between them without justling one another; yet this wideness had been excusable, if your lines had been straight, but they were full of odd kind of Undulations and Windings. If you can write no otherwise, one may read your thoughts as soon as your characters. It is some excuse for you that you are but a young beginner: I pray let it appear in your next what a proficient you are, otherwise some blame may light on me that placed you there. Let me receive no more *Gibberish* or *Hieroglyphicks* from you, but legible Letters, that I may acquaint your Friends accordingly of your good proceedings. So I rest—Your very loving Cousin, J. H.

Westm., 20 Sept. 1629.

XXIX.

To the Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord President of York.

MY LORD,

MY last was of the first current, since which I receiv'd one from your Lordship, and your commands therein, which I shall ever entertain with a great deal of cheerfulness. The greatest news from Abroad is, that the *French King* with his Cardinal are come again on this side the Hills, having done his business in *Italy* and *Savoy*, and reserv'd still *Pignerol* in his hands, which will serve him as a key to enter *Italy* at pleasure. Upon the highest Mountain 'mongst the *Alps*, he left this ostentous Inscription upon a great Marble Pillar:

*A la memoire eternelle de Louïs Treiziesme,
Roy de France & de Navarre,
Tres-Auguste, tres-Victorieux, tres-Heureux,
Conquerant, tres-juste :*

Lequel

*Lequel après avoir vaincu toutes les Nations
de l'Europe,
Il a encore triomphé les Elements
Du Ciel & de la Terre,
Ayant passé deux fois ces Monts au mois
de Mars avec son Armée
Victorieuse, pour remettre les Princes
d'Italie en leurs Etats,
Defendre & protéger ses Alliez.*

To the eternal Memory of *Lewis XIII.* King of *France* and *Navarre*, most gracious, most victorious, most happy, most just, a Conqueror; who having o'ercome all Nations of *Europe*, he hath also triumph'd over the Elements of Heaven and Earth, having twice pass'd o'er these Hills in the month of *March* with his victorious Army, to restore the Princes of *Italy* to their Estates, and to defend and protect his Allies. So I take my leave for the present, and rest—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 5 Aug. 1629.

XXX.

To Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight.

SIR,

GIVE me leave to congratulate your happy return from the *Levant*, and the great honour you have acquir'd by your gallant comportment in *Algier*, in re-escating so many *English* Slaves; by bearing up so bravely against the *Venetian* Fleet in the Bay of *Scanderoon*, and making the *Pantaloni* to know themselves and *You* better. I do not remember to have read or heard that those huge Galleasses of *St. Mark* were beaten afore. I give you the joy also, that you have born up against the *Venetian* Ambassador here, and vindicated yourself of those foul scandals he had cast upon you in your Absence. Whereas you desire me to join with my Lord *Cottingham* and others, to make *Affidavit* touching *Bartholomew Spinola*, whether he be *Vexino de Madrid*, viz., *Free Denison of Spain*; I am ready to serve you

you herein, or to do any other office that may right you, and tend to the making of your Prize good. Yet I am very sorry that our *Aleppo* Merchants suffer'd so much.

I shall be shortly in *London*, and I will make the greater speed, because I may serve you. So I humbly kiss my noble Lady's hand, and rest—Your thrice assured Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 25 Nov. 1629.

XXXI.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Peter Wicht, Ambassador at Constantinople.

SIR,

MASTER *Simon Digby* deliver'd me one from your Lordship of the first of *June*; and I was extremely glad to have it, for I had receiv'd nothing from your Lordship a twelvemonth before. Mr. Controuler Sir *Tho. Edmonds* is lately return'd from *France*, having renew'd the Peace which was made up to his hands before by the *Venetian* Ambassadors, who had much labour'd in it, and had concluded all things beyond the *Alps*, when the K. of *France* was at *Susa* to relieve *Casal*. The *Monsieur* that was to fetch him from *St. Dennis* to *Paris* put a kind of jeering Compliment upon him, *viz.*, that his Excellency should not think it strange that he had so few *French* Gentlemen to attend in this Service to accompany him to the Court, *in regard there were so many kill'd at the Isle of Rhee*. The Marquis of *Chateauneuf* is here from *France*: And it was an odd Speech also from him, reflecting upon Mr. Controuler, *that the King of Great Britain used to send for his Ambassadors from abroad to pluck Capons at home*.

Mr. *Burlemach* is to go shortly to *Paris*, to recover the other moiety of Her Majesty's Portion; whereof they say my Lord of *Holland* is to have a good share. The Lord Treasurer *Weston* is he who hath the greatest vogue now at Court, but many great ones have clash'd with him: He
is

is so potent, that I hear his eldest Son is to marry one of the Blood-royal of *Scotland*, the Duke of *Lenox's* Sister, and that with His Majesty's consent.

Bishop *Laud* of *London* is also powerful in his way, for he sits at the Helm of the Church, and doth more than any of the two Arch-Bishops, or all the rest of his two and twenty Brethren besides.

In your next I should be glad your Lordship would do me the favour, as to write how the Grand Signior is like to speed before *Bagdat*, in this his *Persian* expedition. No more now, but that I always rest—Your Lordship's ready and most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 Jan. 1629.

XXXII.

To my Father.

SIR,

SIR *Tho. Wentworth* hath been a good while Lord President of *York*, and since is sworn Privy Counsellor, and made Baron and Viscount; the Duke of *Buckingham* himself flew not so high in so short a revolution of time: He was made Viscount with a great deal of high ceremony upon a Sunday in the Afternoon at *White-hall*. My Lord *Powis* (who affects him not so much) being told that the Heralds had fetch'd his Pedigree from the Blood-royal, *viz.*, from *John of Gaunt*, said, *Dammy if ever he come to be King of England, I will turn Rebel*. When I went first to give him joy, he pleas'd to give me the disposing of the next Attorney's place that falls void in *York*, which is valued at £300. I have no reason to leave my Lord of *Sunderland*, for I hope he will be noble unto me. The perquisites of my place, taking the King's fee away, came far short of what he promis'd me at my first coming to him, in regard of his non-residence at *York*; therefore I hope he will consider it some other way. This languishing sickness still hangs on him, and I fear will make an end of him. There's none can tell what to make of it, but he voided lately a
small

small Worm at *Wickham*: But I fear there's an imposthume growing in him, for he told me a passage, how many years ago my Lord *Willoughby*, and he, with so many of their servants! (*de gayete de cœur*), play'd a match at football against such a number of Countrymen, where my Lord of *Sunderland* being busy about the ball, got a bruise in the breast; which put him in a swoon for the present, but did not trouble him till three Months after, when being at *Bever-Castle* (his brother-in-law's house) a qualm took him on a sudden, which made him retire to his Bed-chamber. My Lord of *Rutland* following him, put a Pipe full of Tobacco in his mouth; he being not accusom'd to Tobacco, taking the smoak downwards, fell a casting and vomiting up divers little imposthumated bladders of congeal'd blood; which sav'd his life then, and brought him to have a better conceit of Tobacco ever after: And I fear there is some of that clodded blood still in his body.

Because Mr. *Hawes* of *Cheapside* is lately dead, I have remov'd my brother *Griffith* to the Hen and Chickens in *Paternoster-Row* to Mr. *Taylor's*, as genteel a shop as any in the City; but I gave a piece of plate of twenty nobles price to his Wife. I wish the *Yorkshire* horse may be fit for your turn; he was accounted the best saddle Gelding about *York*, when I bought him of Capt. *Phillips* the Muster-master: And when he carry'd me first to *London*, there was twenty pounds offer'd for him by my Lady *Carlile*. No more now, but desiring a continuance of your blessing and prayers, I rest—Your dutiful Son, J. H.

Lond., 3 Dec. 1630.

XXXIII.

To the Lord Cottington, Ambassador Extraordinary for His Majesty of Great Britain in the Court of Spain.

MY LORD,

I RECEIV'D your Lordship's lately by *Harry Davies* the *Correo Santo*, and I return my humble thanks, that

that you were pleas'd to be mindful (among so many high negotiations) of the old business touching the Vice-roy of *Sardinia*. I have acquainted my Lord of *Bristol* accordingly; our eyes here look very greedily after your Lordship, and the success of your Embassy; and we are glad to hear the business is brought to so good a pass, and that the Capitulations are so honourable (the high effects of your wisdom).

For news, the *Sweds* do notable feats in *Germany*; and we hope they cutting the Emperor and *Bavarian* so much work to do, and the good offices we are to expect from *Spain* upon this redintegration of peace, will be an Advantage to the Prince Palatine, and facilitate matters for restoring him to his Country.

There is little news at our Court, but that there fell an ill-favour'd quarrel 'twixt Sir *Kenelm Digby*, and Mr. *Goring*, Mr. *Jermin*, and others at *St. James's*, lately, about Mrs. *Baker* the Maid of Honour; and Duels were like to grow of it, but that the business was taken up by the Lord Treasurer, my Lord of *Dorset*, and others appointed by the King. My Lord *Sunderland* is still ill dispos'd; he will'd me to remember his hearty service to your Lordship, and so did Sir *Arthur Ingram*, and my Lady; they all wish you a happy and honourable return, as doth—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Mar. 1630.

XXXIV.

To my Lord Viscount Rocksavage.

MY LORD,

SOME say, *The Italian loves no favour, but what's future*; tho' I have convers'd much with that Nation, yet I am nothing infected with their humour in this point: For I love favours *pass'd* as well; the remembrance of them joys my very heart, and makes it melt within me: When my thoughts reflect upon your Lordship, I have many of these fits of joy within me, by the pleasing speculation of so many
most

most noble favours and respects which I shall daily study to improve and merit. My Lord—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 22 Mar. 1630.

XXXV.

To the Earl of Bristol.

MY LORD,

I DOUBT not but your Lordship hath had intelligence from time to time what firm invasions the King of *Sweds* hath made into *Germany*, and by what degrees he hath mounted to this height, having but 6000 foot, and 500 horse, when he enter'd first to *Meclenburg*, and taking that Town while Commissioners stood treating on both sides in his Tent; how thereby his Army much increas'd, and so rush'd further into the heart of the Country; but passing near *Magdenburg*, being diffident of his own strength, he suffer'd *Tilly* to take that great Town with so much effusion of blood, because they would receive no quarter. Your Lordship hath also heard of the battel of *Leipsick*, where *Tilly*, notwithstanding the Victory he had got o'er the D. of *Saxony* a few days before, receiv'd an utter discomfiture; upon which Victory the King sent Sir *Tho. Roe* a present of £2000, and in his letter calls him his *strenuum consultorem*, he being one of the first who had advis'd him to this *German* War, after he had made Peace 'twixt him and the *Polander*. I presume also, your Lordship heard how he met *Tilly* again near *Auspurg*, and made him go upon a wooden Leg, whereof he died; and after soundly plunder'd the *Bavarian*, and made him flee from his own house at *Munchen*, and rifled his very Closets.

Now your Lordship shall understand, that the said King is at *Mentz*, and keeps a Court there like an Emperor, there being above twelve Ambassadors with him. The K. of *France* sent a great Marquis for his Ambassador, to put him in mind of his Articles, and to tell him that His Christian Majesty

Majesty wonder'd he would cross the *Rhine* without his privy, and wonder'd more that he would invade the Church-Lands, meaning the Archbishop of *Mentx*, who had put himself under the protection of *France*. The *Swede* answer'd, that he had not broke the least tittle of the Articles agreed on; and touching the said Archbishop, he had not stood neutral as was promised, therefore he had justly set on his skirts. The Ambassador reply'd, in case of breach of Articles, his Master had 80,000 men to pierce *Germany* when he pleas'd. The King answer'd, that he had but 20,000; and those should be sooner at the Walls of *Paris*, than his 80,000 should be on the frontiers of *Germany*. If this new Conqueror goes on with this violence, I believe it will cast the Policy of all *Christendom* into another mould, and beget new Maxims of State, for none can foretell where his monstrous progress will terminate. Sir *Henry Vane* is still in *Germany* observing his motions, and they write that they do not agree well; as I heard the King should tell him that he spoke nothing but *Spanish* to him. Sir *Robert Anstruther* is also at *Vienna*, being gone thither from the Diet at *Ratisbon*.

I hear the *Infante* Cardinal is design'd to come Governor of the *Netherlands*, and passeth by way of *Italy*, and so thro' *Germany*: His brother *Don Carlos* is lately dead. So I humbly take my leave, and rest, my Lord—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 23 Apr. 1630.

XXXVI.

To my noble Lady, the Lady Cor.

MADAM,

YOU spoke to me for a Cook who had seen the world Abroad, and I think the Bearer hereof will fit your Ladyship's turn. He can marinate fish, make gellies; he is excellent for a *piquant* sauce, and the *Haugou*; besides, Madam, he is passing good for an *Ollia*: He will tell your
Ladyship

Ladyship, that the reverend Matron the *Olla podrida* hath intellectuals and senses; Mutton, Beef, and Bacon, are to her as the Will, Understanding, and Memory, are to the Soul: Cabbage, Turnips, Artichocks, Potatoes, and Dates, are her five Senses, and Pepper the Common-sense; she must have Marrow to keep Life in her, and some Birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorn'd with chains of Sausages. He is also good at larding of Meat after the *Mode of France*. Madam, you may make proof of him, and if your Ladyship find him too saucy or wasteful, you may return him whence you had him. So I rest, Madam—Your Ladyship's humble Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 2 Jun. 1630.

XXXVII.

To Mr. E. D.

SIR,

YOU write to me, that T. B. intends to give Money for such a place; if he doth, I fear it will be verif'd in him, that *A Fool and his money is soon parted*; for I know he will be never able to execute it. I heard of a late Secretary of State, that could not read the next morning his own hand-writing; and I have read of *Caligula's* Horse, that was made Consul: Therefore I pray tell him from me (for I wish him well), that if he thinks he is fit for that Office, he looks upon himself thro' a false Glass: A trotting Horse is fit for a Coach, but not for a Lady's Saddle; and an Ambler is proper for a Lady's Saddle, but not for a Coach. If *Tom* undertakes this place, he will be as an Ambler in a Coach, or a Trotter under a Lady's Saddle. When I come to Town, I will put him upon a far fitter and more feasible business for him; and so commend me to him, for I am his and—Your true Friend, J. H.

Westm., 5 Jun. 1630.

XXXVIII.

To my Father.

SIR,

THERE are two Ambassadors Extraordinary to go Abroad shortly, the Earl of *Leicester* and the Lord *Weston*; this latter goes to *France*, *Savoy*, *Venice*, and so returns by *Florence*, a pleasant Journey, for he carrieth Presents with him from King and Queen: The Earl of *Leicester* is to go to the King of *Denmark*, and other Princes of *Germany*; the main of the Embassy is to condole the late death of the Lady *Sophia*, Queen Dowager of *Denmark*, our King's Grandmother: She was the Duke of *Meclenburgh's* Daughter, and her Husband *Christian III.* dying young, her Portion, which was £40,000, was restor'd her: and living a Widow forty-four Years after, she grew to be so great a huswife, setting three or four hundred People at work, that she died worth near two millions of Dollars, so that she was reputed the richest Queen of *Christendom*. By the Constitutions of *Denmark* this Estate is divisible among her Children, whereof she had five, the K. of *Denmark*, the Dutchess of *Saxony*, the Dutchess of *Brunswick*, Q. *Anne*, and the Dutchess of *Holstein*; the King being male, is to have two shares; our King and the Lady *Elizabeth* are to have that which should have belong'd to Q. *Anne*. So he is to return by the *Hague*. It pleased my Lord of *Leicester* to send for me to *Baynards-Castle*, and proffer me to go Secretary in this Ambassage, assuring me that the Journey shall tend to my Profit and Credit: So that I have accepted of it, for I hear very nobly of my Lord, so that I hope to make a boon voyage of it. I desire, as hitherto, your Prayers and Blessing may accompany me: So, with my love to my Brothers and Sisters, I rest—Your dutiful Son,
J. H.

Lond., 5 May 1632.

XXXIX.

To Mr. Alderman Moulson, Governor of the Merchant-Adventurers.

SIR,

THE Earl of *Leicester* is to go shortly Ambassador Extraordinary to the King of *Denmark*, and he is to pass by *Hamburgh*: I understand by Mr. *Skinner* that the *Staple* hath some grievances to be redress'd. If this Ambassage may be an Advantage to the Company, I will solicit my Lord that he may do you all the favour that may stand with his honour; so I shall expect your instructions accordingly, and rest—Yours ready to serve you, J. H.

Westm., 1 June 1632.

XL.

To Mr. Alderman Clethero, Governor of the Eastland Company.

SIR,

I AM inform'd of some complaints that your Company hath against the K. of *Denmark's* Officers in the *Sound*. The E. of *Leicester* is nominated by His Majesty to go Ambassador Extraordinary to that King and other Princes of *Germany*: If this Embassy may be advantageous to you, you may send me your directions, and I will attend my Lord accordingly, to do you any favour that may stand with his honour, and conduce to your benefit, and redress of grievances. So I take my leave, and rest—Yours ready to do you Service, J. H.

Westm., 1 of June 1632.

XLI.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Leicester, at Pettworth.

MY LORD,

SIR *John Pennington* is appointed to carry your Lordship and your Company to *Germany*, and he intends to
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take you up at *Margets*. I have been with Mr. *Bourlamach*, and receiv'd a Bill of Exchange from him for 10,000 *Dollars* payable in *Hamburgh*. I have also receiv'd £2000 of Sir *Paul Pindar* for your Lordship's use, and he did me the favour to pay it me all in old Gold. Your Allowance hath begun since the 25th of *July* last at £8 *per diem*, and is to continue so till your Lordship return to His Majesty. I understand by some Merchants to-day upon the *Exchange*, that the King of *Denmark* is at *Luckstadt*, and stays there all this Summer; if it be so, 'twill save half the Voyage of going to *Copenhagen*, for in lieu of the *Sound*, we need go no further than the River of *Elve*. So I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 13 Aug. 1632.

XLII.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mohun.

MY LORD,

THO' any Command from your Lordship be welcome to me at all times, yet that which you lately enjoin'd me in yours of the 12th of *August*, that I should inform your Lordship of what I know touching the *Inquisition*, is now a little unseasonable, because I have much to do to prepare myself for this Employment to *Germany*; therefore I cannot satisfy you in that fulness as I could do otherwise. The very Name of the *Inquisition* is terrible all *Christendom* over, and the King of *Spain* himself, with the chiefest of his *Grandeess*, tremble at it. It was founded first by the Catholic King *Ferdinand* (our *Henry VIII.*'s Father-in-law), for he having got *Granada*, and subdued all the *Moors*, who had firm footing in that Kingdom about seven hundred years, yet he suffer'd them to live peaceably a while in point of Conscience; but afterwards he sent a solemn *Mandamus* to the *Jacobin-Fryars* to endeavour the Conversion of them, by preaching and all other means. They finding that their pains did little good (and that those whom they had converted

verted turn'd *Apostates*) obtain'd power to make a research, which afterwards was call'd *Inquisition*, and it was ratify'd by Pope *Sixtus*, that if they would not conform themselves by fair means, they should be forc'd to it. The *Jacobins* being found too severe herein, and for other Abuses besides, this *Inquisition* was taken from them, and put into the hands of the most sufficient Ecclesiasticks. So a Council was establish'd, and Officers appointed accordingly: Whosoever was found pendulous and brangling in his Religion, was brought by a Sergeant, call'd *Familiar*, before the said Council of *Inquisition*; his *Accuser* or *Delator* stands behind a piece of Tapestry, to see whether he be the Party, and if he be, then they put divers subtile and entrapping Interrogatories to him; and whether he confess anything or no, he is sent to prison. When the said *Familiar* goes to any House, tho' it be in the dead of the night (and that's the time commonly they use to come, or in the dawn of the day), all doors, and trunks, and chests fly open to him; and the first thing he doth, he seizeth the Party's breeches, searcheth his pockets, and taketh his keys, and so rummageth all his closets and trunks: And a Public Notary, whom he carrieth with him, takes an Inventory of everything, which is sequestred and depositated in the hands of some of his next neighbours. The Party being hurry'd away in a close Coach, and clapt in prison, he is there eight days before he makes his Appearance, and then they present to him the Cross, and the *Missal-Book* to swear upon; if he refuseth to swear, he convicteth himself, and tho' he swear, yet he is remanded to prison: This Oath commonly is presented before any Accusation be produc'd; his Gaoler is strictly commanded to pry into his actions, his deportment, words and countenance, and to set spies upon him; and whosoever of his fellow-prisoners, or others, can produce anything against him, he hath a reward for it. At last, after divers appearances, examinations, and scrutinies, the information against him is read, but the witnesses' names are conceal'd; then he is appointed a Proctor and an Advocate,

cate, but he must not confer or advise with them privately, but in the face of the Court: The King's Attorney is a party in't, and the Accusers commonly the sole Witnesses. Being to name his own Lawyers, oftentimes others are discover'd, and fall into troubles; while he is thus in prison, he is so abhorr'd, and abandon'd of all the world, that none will, at least none dare visit him. Tho' one clear himself, yet he cannot be freed till an *Act of Faith* pass; which is done seldom, but very solemnly. There are few who have fallen into the gripes of the *Inquisition*, do scape the Rack, or the *San-benito*, which is a strait yellow Coat without Sleeves, having the pourtrait of the Devil painted up and down in black; and upon their heads they carry a Mitre of Paper, with a man frying in the flames of hell upon't; they gag their mouths, and tie a great cord about their necks. The Judges meet in some uncouth dark dungeon, and the Executioner stands by, clad in a close dark garment, his head and face cover'd with a Chaperon, out of which there are but two holes to look thro', and a huge Link burning in his hand. When the Ecclesiastic Inquisitors have pronounc'd the Anathema against him, they transmit him to the secular Judges to receive the sentence of death, for Churchmen must not have their hands imbru'd in blood: The King can mitigate any punishment under death, nor is a Nobleman subject to the Rack.

I pray be pleas'd to pardon this rambling imperfect relation, and take in good part my Conformity to your Commands: I am—Your Lordship's most ready and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 30 Aug. 1632.



SECTION VI.

I.

To P. W., Esq.; at the Signet Office, from the English House in Hamburg.

WE are safely come to *Germany*. Sir *John Penington* took us aboard in one of His Majesty's Ships at *Margets*; and the Wind stood so fair that we were at the Mouth of the *Elve* upon *Monday* following. It pleased my Lord I should land first with two Footmen, to make haste to *Glukstad*, to learn where the K. of *Denmark* was; and he was at *Rensburgh*, some two days' journey off, at a *Richsadgh*, an Assembly that corresponds to our Parliament. My Lord the next day landed at *Glukstad*, where I had provided an Accommodation for him, tho' he intended to have gone for *Hamburg*; but I was bold to tell him, that in regard there were some umbrages, and not only so, but open and actual differences 'twixt the King and that Town, it might be ill taken if he went thither first, before he had attended the King. So I left my Lord at *Glukstad*, and being come hither to take up 8000 rix dollars upon Mr. *Burlamach's* Bills, and fetch'd Mr. *Avery* our Agent here, I return to-morrow to attend my Lord again. I find that matters are much off the hinges 'twixt the King of *Denmark* and this Town.

The King of *Sweden* is advancing apace to find out *Wal-lestein* and *Wallestein* him; and in all Appearance they will be shortly engag'd.

No more now, for I am interpell'd by many businesses; when you write, deliver your Letters to Mr. *Railton*, who will see them safely convey'd; for a little before my departure I brought him acquainted with my Lord, that he
might

might negotiate some things at Court. So, with my service and love to all at *Westminster*, I rest—Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Hamburgh, 23 Oct. 1632.

II.

To my Lord Viscount S., from Hamburgh.

SINCE I was last in Town, my Lord of *Leicester* hath attended the K. of *Denmark* at *Rensburgh* in *Holsteinland*; he was brought thither from *Glukstad*, in different good equipage, both for Coaches and Waggons, but he stay'd some days at *Rensburgh* for Audience: We made a comely gallant show in that kind, when we went to Court, for we were near upon a hundred all of one piece in mourning. It pleas'd my Lord to make me the Orator, and so I made a long Latin Speech, *alta voce*, to the King in Latin, of the occasion of this Embassy, and tending to the praise of the deceased Queen: And I had better luck than Secretary *Naunton* had some thirty years since, with *Roger Earl of Rutland*: For at the beginning of his Speech, when he had pronounc'd *Serenissime Rex*, he was dash'd out of countenance, and so gravell'd that he could go no further. I made another to *Christian V.*, his eldest Son, King elect of *Denmark*; for tho' that Crown be purely elective, yet for these three last Kings, they wrought so with the people, that they got their eldest Sons chosen, and declar'd before their death, and to assume the Title of Kings elect. At the same Audience, I made another Speech to Pr. *Frederick*, Archbishop of *Breme*, the King's third Son: and he hath but one more (besides his natural issue), which is Prince *Ulric*, now in the Wars with the Duke of *Sax*; and they say there is an Alliance contracted already 'twixt *Christian V.* and the Duke of *Sax* his daughter. This ceremony being perform'd, my Lord desir'd to find his own diet, and then he fell to divers businesses, which is not fitting for me to forestall, or impart to your Lordship now:

So

So we stayed there near upon a month. The King feasted my Lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening; during which time the King began thirty-five healths; the first to the Emperor, the second to his Nephew of *England*; and so went over all the Kings and Queens of *Christendom*, but he never remember'd the Prince *Palsgrave's* health, or his Niece's, all the while. The King was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of *Leicester* bore up stoutly all the while; so that when there came two of the King's Guard to take him by the Arms, as he was going down the stairs, my Lord shook them off, and went alone.

The next morning I went to Court for some dispatches, but the King was gone a hunting at break of day; but going to some other of his Officers, their servants told me without any Appearance of Shame, that their Masters were drunk over night, and so it would be late before they would rise.

A few days after we went to *Gothorp-Castle* in *Sleswick-land*, to the Duke of *Holstein's* Court, where, at my Lord's first Audience, I made another *Latin* Speech to the Duke, touching his Grandmother's death: Our entertainment there was brave, tho' a little fulsome. My Lord was lodg'd in the Duke's Castle, and parted with Presents, which is more than the K. of *Denmark* did. Thence we went to *Husem* in *Ditzmarsh*, to the Dutchess of *Holstein's* Court (our Q. *Anne's* youngest Sister), where we had also very full entertainment. I made a Speech to her also, about her Mother's death, and when I nam'd the Lady *Sophia* the tears came down her cheeks. Thence we came back to *Rensburgh*, and so to this Town of *Hamburgh*, where my Lord intends to repose some days after an abrupt odd journey we had thro' *Holsteinland*; but I believe it will not be long, in regard Sir *John Pennington* stays for him upon the River. We expect Sir *Robert Anstruther* to come from *Vienna* hither, to take the Advantage of the King's Ship.

We understand that the Imperial and *Swedish* Armies have

have made near Approaches one to the other, and that some skirmishes and blows have been already 'twixt them, which are the forerunners of a battle. So, my good Lord, I rest—Your most humble and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Hamburgh, 9 Oct. 1632.

III.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl R., from Hamburgh.

MY LORD,

THO' your Lordship must needs think, that in the employment I am in (which requires a whole man) my spirits must be distracted by multiplicity of businesses; yet because I would not recede from my old method, and first principles of travel, when I came to any great City, to couch in writing what's most observable, I sequester'd myself from other Affairs, to send your Lordship what followeth touching this great *Hans-Town*.

The *Hans*, or *Hansiatick Ligue*, is very ancient; some would derive the word from *Hand*, because they of the Society plight their faith by that Action: Others derive it from *Hansa*, which in the *Gothick* Tongue is Counsel: Others would have it come from *Han der see*, which signifies near or upon the Sea; and this passeth for the best Etymology, because their Towns are all seated so, or upon some navigable River near the Sea, The extent of the old *Hans* was from the *Nerve* in *Livonia* to the *Rhine*, and contain'd sixty-two great mercantile Towns, which were divided into four Precincts: The chiefest of the first Precinct was *Lubeck*, where the Archives of their ancient Records, and their prime Chancery, is still, and this Town is within that Verge: *Cullen* is chief of the second Precinct, *Brunswic* of the third, and *Dantzic* of the fourth. The Kings of *Poland* and *Sweden* have sued to be their Protector, but they refus'd them because they were not Princes of the Empire; they put off also the K. of *Denmark* with a Compliment, nor would they admit the K. of *Spain* when he

was

was most potent in the *Netherlands*, though afterwards, when 'twas too late, they desir'd the help of the *Ragged-Staff*; nor of the Duke of *Anjou*, notwithstanding that the World thought he should have marry'd our Queen, who interceded for him; and so 'twas probable that thereby they might recover their privileges in *England*: So that I do not find they ever had any Protector but the great Master of *Prussia*; and their want of a Protector did do them some prejudice in that famous difference they had with our Queen.

The old *Hans* had extraordinary Immunities given them by our *Henry III.* because they assisted him in his Wars with so many Ships; and, as they pretend, the King was not only to pay them for the service of the said Ships, but for the Vessels themselves, if they miscarry'd: Now it happen'd that at their return to *Germany*, from serving *Henry III.*, there was a great Fleet of them cast away; for which, according to Covenant, they demanded reparation. Our King in lieu of Money, among other Acts of Grace, gave them a Privilege to pay but 1 *per Cent.*, which continued till Queen *Mary's* Reign; and she by the Advice of King *Philip* her Husband, as 'twas conceiv'd, enhanc'd the one to 20 *per Cent.* The *Hans* not only complain'd, but clamour'd loudly for breach of their ancient Privileges, confirm'd to them time out of mind by thirteen successive Kings of *England*, which they pretended to have purchased with their Money. *K. Philip* undertook to accommodate the business; but *Q. Mary* dying a little after, and he retiring, there could be nothing done. Complaint being made to *Q. Elizabeth*, she answer'd, *That as she would not innovate anything, so she would maintain them still in the same condition she found them*: Hereupon their Navigation and Traffic ceased a while. Wherefore the *English* try'd what they could do themselves, and they throve so well that they took the whole Trade into their own hands, and so divided themselves (tho' they be now but one) to *Staplers*, and *Merchant-Adventurers*, the one residing constant in one place, where they kept

kept their Magazine of Wool, the other stirring, and adventuring to divers places abroad with Cloth and other Manufactures; which made the *Hans* endeavour to draw upon them all the malignancy they could from all Nations. Moreover, the *Hans-Towns* being a Body-politic incorporated in the Empire, complain'd hereof to the Emperor, who sent over Persons of great Quality to mediate an Accommodation, but they could effect nothing. Then the Queen caused a Proclamation to be publish'd, That the *Easterlings*, or *Merchants* of the *Hans*, should be treated and used as all other Strangers were within her Dominions, without any mark of difference, in point of Commerce. This nettled them more; thereupon they bent their forces more eagerly, and in a Diet at *Ratisbon* they procur'd, that the *English* Merchants who had associated themselves into *Fraternities* in *Embsden* and other places, should be declar'd *Monopolists*; and so there was a *Comitial-Edict* publish'd against them, that they should be exterminated, and banish'd out of all parts of the *Empire*; And this was done by the Activity of one *Suderman*, a great Civilian. There was there for the Queen *Gilpin* as nimble a Man as *Suderman*, and he had the Chancellor of *Embsden* to second and countenance him; but they could not stop the said *Edict*, wherein the Society of *English Merchant-Adventurers* was pronounc'd to be a *Monopoly*: Yet *Gilpin* play'd his game so well, that he wrought underhand, that the said *Imperial-Ban* should not be publish'd till after the dissolution of the *Diet*, and that in the *interim* the Emperor should send Ambassadors to *England*, to advertise the Queen of such a *Ban* against her Merchants. But this wrought so little impression upon the Queen, that the said *Ban* grew rather ridiculous than formidable; for the Town of *Embsden* harbour'd our Merchants notwithstanding, and afterwards *Stode*; but they not being able to protect them so well from the *Imperial-Ban*, they settled in this Town of *Hamburgh*. After this the Queen commanded another Proclamation to be divulg'd, That the *Easterlings*, or *Hansiatic* Merchants should be allow'd to trade in *England*

land upon the same Conditions and Payment of Duties as her own Subjects, provided that the *English* Merchants might have interchangeable Privilege, to reside and trade peaceably in *Stode* or *Hamburgh*, or any where else, within the precinct of the *Hans*. This incens'd them more: thereupon they resolv'd to cut off *Stode* and *Hamburgh* from being Members of the *Hans*, or of the Empire: But they suspended this Design till they saw what success the great *Spanish* Fleet should have, which was then preparing in the year 88: For they had not long before had recourse to the K. of *Spain*, and made him their own, and he had done them some material good offices: Wherefore to this day the *Spanish* Council is taxed of improvidence and imprudence, that there was no use made of the *Hans*-Towns in that Expedition.

The Queen finding that they of the *Hans* would not be contented with that equality she had offer'd 'twixt them and her own Subjects, put out a Proclamation, that they should carry neither Corn, Victuals, Arms, Timber, Masts, Cables, Minerals, nor any other Materials or Men, to *Spain* or *Portugal*. And after the Queen growing more redoubtable and famous by the overthrow of the Fleet of *Eighty-eight*, the *Easterlings* fell to despair of doing any good. Add hereunto, another disaster that befell them, the taking of sixty Sails of their Ships about the mouth of *Tagus* in *Portugal*, by the Queen's Ships that were laden with *Ropas de contrabando*, viz., Goods prohibited by her former Proclamation into the Dominions of *Spain*: And as these Ships were upon point of being discharg'd, she had intelligence of a great Assembly at *Lubeck*, which had met of purpose to consult of means to be reveng'd of her; thereupon she stay'd and seiz'd upon the said sixty Ships, only two were freed to bring news what became of the rest. Hereupon the *Pole* sent an Ambassador to her, who spake in a high tone, but he was answer'd in a higher.

Ever since our Merchants have beaten a peaceful and free uninterrupted Trade into this Town and elsewhere, within
and

and without the *Sound*, with their Manufactures of Wool, and found the way also to the *White-Sea*, to *Archangel* and *Mosco*: Insomuch that the Premises being well consider'd, it was a happy thing for *England*, that that clashing fell out 'twixt her and the *Hans*; for it may be said to have been the chief ground of that Shipping and Merchandizing which she is now come to, and wherewith she hath flourish'd ever since. But one thing is observable, that as that *Imperial* or *Comitial Ban*, pronounc'd in the *Diet* at *Ratisbon* against our Merchants and Manufactures of Wool, incited them more to Industry; so our Proclamation upon Alderman *Cockein's* Project of transporting no white Cloths but dy'd, and in their full Manufacture, did cause both *Dutch* and *German* to turn necessity to a virtue, and made them far more ingenious to find ways not only to dye, but to make Cloth, which hath much impair'd our Markets ever since; for there hath not been the third part of our Cloth sold since, either here or in *Holland*.

My Lord, I pray be pleased to dispense with the prolixity of this Discourse, for I could not wind it up closer, nor on a lesser bottom: I shall be careful to bring with me those *Furrs* I had instructions for. So I rest—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Hamburgh, 20 Oct. 1632.

IV.

To Capt. J. Smith, at the Hague.

CAPTAIN,

HAVING so wishful an opportunity as this noble Gentleman Mr. *James Crofts*, who comes with a Packet for the Lady *Elizabeth* from my Lord of *Leicester*, I could not but send you this friendly Salute. We are like to make a speedier return than we expected from this Embassy; for we found the K. of *Denmark* in *Holstein*, which shorten'd our Voyage from going to the *Sound*: The King was in an advantageous posture to give Audience, for there was a *Parliament* then at *Rhensburgh*, where all the

Younkers

Younkers met. Among other things, I put myself to mark the carriage of the *Holstein* Gentlemen, as they were going in and out at the Parliament-House; and observing well their Physiognomies, their Complexions and Gate, I thought verily I was in *England*, for they resemble the *English* more than either *Welsh* or *Scot* (tho' cohabiting upon the same Island) or any other People that ever I saw yet: Which makes me verily believe, that the *English* Nation came first from this lower Circuit of *Saxony*; and there's one thing that strengthneth me in this belief, that there is an ancient Town hard by call'd *Lunden*, and an Island call'd *Angles*; whence it may well be that our Country came from *Britannia* to be *Anglia*.

This Town of *Hamburgh* from a Society of *Brewers* is come to a huge wealthy place, and her new Town is almost as big as the old; there is a shrewd jar 'twixt her and her *Protector*, the King of *Denmark*.

My Lord of *Leicester* hath done some good offices to accommodate matters: She *chomps* extremely, that there should be such a *Bit* put lately in her mouth, as the Fort of *Luckstadt*, which commands her River of *Elve*, and makes her pay what toll he pleases.

The King begins to fill his Chests apace, which were so emptied in his late Marches to *Germany*: He hath set a new Toll upon all Ships that pass to this Town; and in the *Sound* also there be some extraordinary duties imposed, whereat all Nations begin to murmur, specially the *Hollanders*, who say, that the old primitive Toll of the *Sound* was but a Rose-noble for every *Ship*, but by a new Sophistry it is now interpreted for every *Sail* that should pass thro'; inso-much that the *Hollander*, tho' he be a *Low-Countryman*, begins to speak *High-Dutch* in this point, a rough Language you know: Which made the *Italian* tell a *German* Gentleman once, that when *God Almighty* thrust Adam out of *Paradise*, he spake Dutch; but the *German* retorted wittily, Then, Sir, if *God* spake Dutch when Adam was ejected, *Eve* spake *Italian* when Adam was seduced.

I could be larger, but for a sudden Avocation to Business; so I most affectionately send my kind respects to you, desiring when I am render'd to *London*, I may hear from you: So I am—Your faithful Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Hamburgh, 22 Oct. 1632.

V.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Br.

MY LORD,

I AM newly return'd from *Germany*, whence there came lately two Ambassadors Extraordinary in one of the Ships Royal, the Earl of *Leicester* and Sir *Robert Anstruther*: The latter came from *Vienna*, and I know little of his negotiations; but for my Lord of *Leicester*, I believe there was never so much business dispatch'd in so short a compass of time, by any Ambassador, as your Lordship, who is best able to judge, will find by this short relation. When my Lord was come to the K. of *Denmark's* Court, which was then at *Rhensbergh*, a good way within *Holstein*, the first thing he did was to condole the late Q. Dowager's death (our King's Grandmother), which was done in such an equipage, that the *Danes* confess'd, there was never Queen of *Denmark* so mourn'd for. This ceremony being pass'd, my Lord fell to business; and the first thing which he propounded was, that for preventing the further effusion of Christian blood in *Germany*, and for the facilitating a way to restore peace to all *Christendom*, His Majesty of *Denmark* would join with his Nephew of *Great Britain*, to send a solemn Embassy to the Emperor, and the K. of *Sweden* (the end of whose proceedings were doubtful), to mediate an Accommodation, and to appear for him who will be found most conformable to reason. To this, that King answered in writing (for that was the way of proceeding) that the *Emperor* and the *Swede* were come to that height and heat of war, and to such a violence, that it is no time yet to speak to them of peace; but when the fury is a little pass'd

pass'd, and the times more proper, he would take it for an Honour to join with his Nephew, and contribute the best means he could to bring about so good a Work.

Then there was computation made, what was due to the King of *Great Britain*, and the Lady *Elizabeth*, out of their Grandmother's estate, which was valued at near upon two millions of *Dollars*; and your Lordship must think it was a hard task to liquidate such an account. This being done, my Lord desir'd that part which was due to His Majesty (our King) and the Lady his Sister, which appear'd to amount to eightscore thousand pounds sterling. That King answer'd, that he confess'd there was so much money due, but his Mother's estate was yet in the hands of Commissioners; and neither he nor any of his Sisters had receiv'd their portions yet; and that his Nephew of *England*, and his Niece of *Holland*, should receive theirs with the first; but he did intimate besides, that there were some considerable Accounts 'twixt him and the Crown of *England*, for ready moneys he had lent his brother K. *James*, and for the £30,000 a month, that was by Covenant promis'd him for the support of his late Army in *Germany*. Then my Lord propounded, that His Majesty of *Great Britain's* Subjects were not well us'd by his Officers in the *Sound*: For tho' there was but a transitory passage into the *Baltic-Sea*, and that they neither bought nor sold anything upon the place, yet they were forc'd to stay there many days to take up money at high interest, to pay divers Tolls for their Merchandise, before they expos'd them to vent: Therefore it was desir'd, that for the future, what *English* Merchant soever should pass thro' the *Sound*, it should be sufficient for him to register an Invoice of his *Cargazon* in the *Custom-house Book*, and give his Bond to pay all duties at his return, when he had made his Market. To this my Lord had a fair Answer, and so procur'd a public *Instrument* under that King's Hand and Seal, and sign'd by his Counsellors, whom he had brought over, wherein the Proposition was granted; which no Ambassador could obtain

obtain before. Then 'twas alledg'd, that the *English Merchant-Adventurers* who trade into *Hamburgh*, have a new Toll lately impos'd upon them at *Luckstad*, which was desir'd to be taken off. To this also, there was the like Instrument given, that the said Toll should be levied no more. Lastly, my Lord (in regard he was to pass by the *Hague*) desir'd that hereditary part, which belong'd to the Lady *Elizabeth* out of her Grandmother's Estate, because His Majesty knew well what Crosses and Afflictions she had pass'd, and what a numerous Issue she had to maintain; and my Lord of *Leicester* would engage his Honour, and all the Estate he hath in the World, that this should no way prejudice the Accounts he is to make with His Majesty of *Great Britain*. The K. of *Denmark* highly extoll'd the Nobleness of this motion; but he protested, that he had been so drain'd in the late Wars, that his Chests are yet very empty. Hereupon my Lord was feasted, and so departed.

He went then to the Duke of *Holstein* to *Sleswick*, where he found him at his Castle of *Gothorp*; and truly I did not think to have found such a magnificent Building in these bleak parts. There also my Lord did condole the death of the late Queen, that Duke's Grandmother, and he receiv'd very princely entertainment.

Then he went to *Husem*, where the like ceremony of Condolement was perform'd at the Dutchess of *Holstein's* Court, His Majesty's (our King's) Aunt.

Then he came to *Hamburgh*; where that Instrument which my Lord had procur'd, for remitting of the new Toll at *Gluckstadt*, was deliver'd the Company of our *Merchants-Adventurers*; and some other good offices done for that Town, as matters stood 'twixt them and the King of *Denmark*.

Then we came to *Stode*, where *Lesly* was Governor, who carry'd his foot in a Scarf for a wound he had receiv'd at *Buckstoho*, and he kept that place for the King of *Sweden*: And some business of consequence was done there also.

So

So we came to *Broomsbottle*, where we stay'd for a Wind some days : And in the midway of our voyage we met with a *Holland Ship*, who told us, the K. of *Sweden* was slain ; and so we return'd to *London* in less than three months. And if this was not business enough for such a compass of time, I leave your Lordship to judge.

So, craving your Lordship's pardon for this lame Account, I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 1 Oct. 1632.

VI.

To my Brother, Dr. Howell, at his House in Horsley.

MY GOOD BROTHER,

I AM safely return'd from *Germany*, thanks be to God ; and the news which we heard at Sea by a *Dutch Skipper*, about the midst of our Voyage from *Hamburgh*, it seems, proves too true, which was of the fall of the K. of *Sweden*. One *Jerbire*, who says that he was in the very Action, brought the first news to this Town, and every corner rings of it ; yet such is the extravagancy of some, that they will lay wagers he is not yet dead, and the *Exchange* is full of such People. He was slain at *Lutzen* field battle, having made the Imperial Army give ground the day before ; and being in pursuance of it, the next morning in a sudden Fog that fell, the Cavalry on both sides being engag'd, he was kill'd in the midst of the Troops, and none knows who kill'd him, whether one of his own men, or the enemy ; but finding himself mortally hurt, he told *Saxen Waymar, Cousin, I pray look to the Troops, for I think I have enough*. His body was not only rescued, but his Forces had the better of the day ; *Papenheim* being kill'd before him, whom he esteem'd the greatest Captain of all his enemies ; for he was us'd to say, that he had three men to deal withal, a *Pultron*, a *Jesuit*, and a *Soldier* : By the two first, he meant *Walstein* and the Duke of *Bavaria* ; by the last, *Papenheim*.

Questionless this *Gustavus* (whose Anagram is *Augustus*) was a great Captain, and a gallant man; and had he surviv'd that last victory, he would have put the Emperor to such a plunge, that some think he would hardly have been able to have made head against him to any purpose again. Yet his own Allies confess, that none knew the bottom of his designs.

He was not much affected to the *English*; witness the ill usage Marquis *Hamilton* had with his 6000 men, whereof there return'd not 600; the rest died of hunger and sickness, having never seen the face of an enemy: Witness also his harshness to our Ambassadors, and the rigid terms he would have tied the Prince *Palsgrave* to. So, with my most affectionate respects to Mr. *Mouschamp*, and kind commends to Mr. *Bridger*, I rest—Your loving Brother, J. H.

Westm., Dec. 1632.

VII.

To the R. R. Dr. Field, Lord Bishop of St. Davids.

MY LORD,

YOUR late Letter affected me with two contrary passions, with gladness and sorrow: The beginning of it dilated my spirits with apprehensions of joy, that you are so well recover'd of your late sickness, which I heartily congratulate; but the conclusion of your Lordship's Letter contracted my spirits, and plung'd them in a deep sense of just sorrow, while you please to write me news of my dear Father's death. *Permulsit initium, percussit finis*. Truly, my Lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me: But when I recollect myself, and consider the fairness and maturity of his Age, and that it was rather a gentle *dissolution* than a *death*; when I contemplate that infinite advantage he hath got by this change and transmigration, it much lightens the weight of my grief: For if ever human soul enter'd Heaven, surely he is there; such was his constant piety to God, his rare indulgence to his Children, his charity

charity to his Neighbours, and his candor in reconciling differences; such was the gentleness of his disposition, his unwearied course in actions of virtue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when she hath shaken off these rags of Flesh, than to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same bliss.

Excuse me, my Lord, that I take my leave at this time so abruptly of you; when this sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear further from me, for I am—Your Lordship's most true and humble Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 of May 1632.

VIII.

To the Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst.

MY LORD,

I HAVE deliver'd Mr. Secretary *Coke* an Account of the whole *Legation*, as your Lordship order'd me, which contain'd near upon twenty sheets; I attended him also with the Note of your Extraordinaries, wherein I find him something difficult and dilatory yet. The Governor of the *Eastland Company*, Mr. Alderman *Clethero*, will attend your Lordship at your return to Court, to acknowledge your favour to them. I have deliver'd him a Copy of the transactions of things that concern'd their Company at *Rhensberg*.

The news we heard at Sea of the K. of *Sweden's* death is confirm'd more and more; and by the computation I have been a little curious to make, I find that he was kill'd the same day your Lordship set out of *Hamburgh*. But there is other news come since of the death of the Prince *Palatine*, who, as they write, being return'd from visiting the Duke *De deux Ponts* to *Mentz*, was struck there with the Contagion; yet by special ways of cure, the malignity was expell'd, and great hopes of recovery, when the news came of the death of the K. of *Sweden*, which made such impressions upon him, that he died few days after, having overcome all difficulties, concluding with the

the *Swedes*, and the Governor of *Frankindall*, and being ready to enter into a re-possession of this Country: A sad destiny!

The *Swedes* bear up still, being fomented and supported by the *French*, who will not suffer them to leave *Germany* yet. A Gentleman that came lately from *Italy* told me that there is no great joy in *Rome* for the death of the K. of *Sweden*. The *Spaniards* up and down will not stick to call this *Pope Lutherano*, and that he had intelligence with the *Swedes*. 'Tis true that he hath not been so forward to assist the Emperor in this quarrel, and that in open Consistory, when there was such a *Contrasto* 'twixt the Cardinals for a supply from *St. Peter*, he declar'd that he was well satisfy'd that this War in *Germany* was no War of Religion: Which made him dismiss the Imperial Ambassadors with this short Answer, that the Emperor had drawn these mischiefs upon himself; for at that time when he saw the *Swedes* upon the Frontiers of *Germany*, if he had employ'd those Men and Moneys which he consum'd to trouble the Peace of *Italy* in making War against the Duke of *Mantua*, against them he had not had now so potent an Enemy. So I take my leave for this time, being—Your Lordship's most humble and obedient Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 June 1632.

IX.

To Mr. E. D.

SIR,

I THANK you a thousand times for the noble Entertainment you gave me at *Bury*, and the pains you took in shewing me the Antiquities of that Place. In requital, I can tell you of a strange thing I saw lately here, and I believe 'tis true: As I pass'd by *St. Dunstan's* in *Fleet-street* the last *Saturday*, I stepp'd into a Lapidary or Stone-cutter's shop, to treat with the Master for a Stone to be put upon my Father's Tomb; and casting my eyes up and down, I

spied

spied a huge Marble with a large Inscription upon't, which was thus, to my best remembrance :

Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young Man, in whose Chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a Bird with a white breast was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanished.

Here lies also Mary Oxenham, the Sister of the said John, who died the next day, and the same apparition was seen in the Room.

Then another Sister is spoke of.

Then, *Here lies hard by James Oxenham, the Son of the said John, who died a Child in his Cradle a little after; and such a Bird was seen fluttering about his head, a little before he expired, which vanished afterwards.*

At the bottom of the Stone there is :

Here lies Elizabeth Oxenham, the Mother of the said John, who died sixteen years since, when such a Bird with a white breast was seen about her bed before her death.

To all these there be divers witnesses, both Squires and Ladies, whose names are engraven upon the Stone: This Stone is to be sent to a Town hard by *Exeter*, where this happen'd.

Were you here, I could raise a choice Discourse with you hereupon. So, hoping to see you the next Term, to requite some of your favours, I rest—Your true Friend to serve you,

J. H.

Westm., 3 July 1632.

X.

To W. B., Esq.

SIR,

THE upbraiding of a Courtesy is as bad in the *Giver*, as Ingratitude in the *Receiver*; tho' I (which you think I am loth to believe) be faulty in the first, I shall never offend in the second, while

J. HOWEL.

Westm., 24 Oct. 1632.

XI.

XI.

To Sir Arthur Ingram at York.

SIR,

OUR greatest news here now is, that we have a new Attorney-General, which is news indeed, considering the humour of the Man, how he hath been always ready to entertain any Cause whereby he might clash with the *Prerogative*; but now, as Judge *Richardson* told him, his head is full of *Proclamations* and *Devices*, how to bring Money into the *Exchequer*. He hath lately found out among the old Records of the *Tower* some Precedents for raising a Tax call'd *Ship-money* in all the Port-Towns when the Kingdom is in danger: Whether we are in danger or no at present, 'twere presumption in me to judge; that belongs to His Majesty and his Privy-Council, who have their choice Instruments abroad for Intelligence; yet one with half an eye may see we cannot be secure while such huge Fleets of Men of War, both *Spanish*, *French*, *Dutch*, and *Dunkirkers*, some of them laden with Ammunition, Men, Arms, and Armies, do daily sail on our Seas, and confront the King's *Chambers*; while we have only three or four Ships abroad to guard our Coasts and Kingdom, and preserve the fairest Flower of the Crown, the Dominion of the Narrow Seas which I hear the *French* Cardinal begins to question, and the *Hollander* lately would not veil to one of His Majesty's Ships that brought over the Duke of *Lenox*, and my Lord *Weston*, from *Bullen*; and indeed we are jeer'd abroad, that we send no more Ships to guard our Seas.

Touching my Lord Ambassador *Weston*, he had a brave journey of it, tho' it cost dear: For 'tis thought 'twill stand His Majesty in £25,000, which makes some Criticks of the times to censure the Lord Treasurer, that now the King wanting money so much, he should send his Son abroad to spend him such a sum, only for delivering of Presents and Compliments: But I believe they are deceiv'd, for there were matters of State also in the Embassy.

The

The Lord *Weston* passing by *Paris*, intercepted and open'd a Packet of my Lord of *Holland's*, wherein there were some Letters of Her Majesty's; this my Lord of *Holland* takes in that scorn, that he defy'd him since his coming, and demanded the Combat of him, for which he is confin'd to his House at *Kensington*: So, with my humble Service to my noble Lady, I rest—Your most obliged Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 30 Jan. 1633.

XII.

To the Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord Deputy of Ireland
and Lord President of York.

MY LORD,

I WAS glad to apprehend the opportunity of this Packet, to convey my humble Service to your Lordship.

There are old doings in *France*, and 'tis no new thing for the *French* to be always a doing, they have such a stirring *Genius*. The Queen-Mother hath made an escape to *Brussels*, and Monsieur to *Lorain*, where, they say, he courts very earnestly the Duke's Sister, a young Lady under twenty; they say a Contract is pass'd already, but the *French* Cardinal opposeth it; for they say that *Lorain Milk seldom breeds good Blood in France*: Not only the King, but the whole *Gallican* Church, hath protested against it in a solemn *Synod*, for the Heir apparent of the Crown of *France* cannot marry without the Royal Consent. This aggravates a grudge the *French* King hath to the Duke, for siding with the *Imperialists*, and for things reflecting upon the Dutchy of *Bar*; for which he is homageable to the Crown of *France*, as he is to the Emperor for *Lorain*: A hard task it is to serve two Masters; and an unhappy situation it is to lie 'twixt two puissant Monarchs, as the Dukes of *Savoy* and *Lorain* do. So I kiss your Lordship's Hands, and rest, my Lord—Your most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 of April 1633.

XIII.

XIII.

To my most noble Lady, the Lady Cornwallis.

MADAM,

IN conformity to your commands, which sway with me as much as an Act of Parliament, I have sent your Ladyship this small Hymn for *Christmas-day*, now near approaching; if your Ladyship please to put an Air to it, I have my reward.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>Hail holy Tyde,</i>
<i>Wherein a Bride</i>
<i>A Virgin (which is more)</i>
<i>Brought forth a Son,</i>
<i>The like was done</i>
<i>Ne'er in the World before.</i> | <i>Nor the vast Mould</i>
<i>Of Heav'n can hold</i>
<i>'Cause he's Ubiquitair.</i> |
| 2. <i>Hail spotless Maid!</i>
<i>Who thee upbraid</i>
<i>To have been born in sin,</i>
<i>Do little weigh,</i>
<i>What in thee lay,</i>
<i>Before thou didst lie in.</i> | 4. <i>O wou'd he deign</i>
<i>To rest and reign</i>
<i>I th' centre of my heart;</i>
<i>And make it still</i>
<i>His domicil,</i>
<i>And residence in part!</i> |
| 3. <i>Nine months thy Womb</i>
<i>Was made the Dome</i>
<i>Of Him, whom Earth nor Air,</i> | 5. <i>But in so foul a Cell</i>
<i>Can he abide to dwell?</i>
<i>Yes, when he please to move</i>
<i>His Harbinger to sweep the Room,</i>
<i>And with rich Odours it perfume,</i>
<i>Of faith, of hope, of love.</i> |

So I humbly kiss your hands, and thank your Ladyship, that you would command in anything that may conduce to your contentment—Your Ladyship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 Feb. 1633.

XIV.

To the Lord Clifford at Knaresborough.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVE'D your Lordship's of the last of *June*, and I return my most humble thanks for the choice Nag you pleas'd to send me, which came in very good plight. Your Lordship

Lordship desires me to lay down what in my Travels Abroad I observ'd of the present condition of the *Jews*, once an Elect People, but now grown contemptible, and strangely squander'd up and down the World: Tho' such a Discourse, exactly fram'd, might make up a Volume, yet I will twist up what I know in this point, upon as narrow a bottom as may be shut up within the compass of this Letter.

The first Christian Country that expell'd the *Jews* was *England*; *France* follow'd our example next, then *Spain*, and afterwards *Portugal*: Nor were they exterminated these Countries for their Religion, but for Villainies and Cheatings, for clipping Coins, poisoning of Waters, and counterfeiting of Seals.

Those Countries they are permitted to live now most in among *Christians* are *Germany*, *Holland*, *Bohemia*, and *Italy*; but not in those parts where the King of *Spain* hath to do. In the *Levant* and *Turkey* they swarm most, for the Grand Vizier, and all other great Bashaws, have commonly some *Jew* for their Counsellor or Spy, who informs them of the state of *Christian* Princes, possess them of a hatred of the Religion, and so incense them to a War against them.

They are accounted the subtlest and most subdolous People upon Earth; the reason why they are thus degenerated from their primitive simplicity and innocence, is their often Captivities, their desperate Fortunes, the necessity and hatred to which they have been habituated; for nothing depraves ingenuous Spirits, and corrupts clear Wits, more than want and indigence. By their Profession they are for the most part Brokers and *Lombardeers*; yet by that base and servile way of frippery Trade they grow rich wheresoever they nest themselves: And this, with their multiplication of Children, they hold to be an Argument that an extraordinary Providence attends them still. Methinks that so clear accomplishments of the Prophecies of our Saviour touching that People should work upon them for their conversion, as the Destruction of the City and Temple; that they should become despicable, and the tail of all Nations;

Nations; that they should be Vagabonds, and have no firm habitation.

Touching the first, they know it came punctually to pass, and so have the other two; for they are the most hateful race of men upon earth; insomuch that in *Turkey*, where they are most valued, if a *Musulman* come to any of their houses, and leave his shoes at the door, the *Jew* dares not come in all the while, till the *Turk* hath done what he would with his wife. For the last, 'tis wonderful to see in what considerable numbers they are dispers'd up and down the World; yet they can never reduce themselves to such a coalition and unity as may make a Republic, Principality, or Kingdom.

They hold that the *Jews* of *Italy*, *Germany*, and the *Levant* are of *Benjamin's* Tribe: Ten of the Tribes at the destruction of *Jeroboam's* Kingdom were led captives beyond *Euphrates*, whence they never return'd, nor do they know what became of them ever after, yet they believe they never became Apostates and Gentiles. But the Tribe of *Judah*, whence they expected their *Messias*, of whom one shall hear them discourse with so much confidence and self-pleasing conceit, they say is settled in *Portugal*; where they give out to have thousands of their race, whom they dispense withal to make a semblance of Christianity even to Church-degrees.

This makes them breed up their Children in the *Lusitanian* Language; which makes the *Spaniard* have an odd saying, that *El Portuguez se crio del pedo de un Judio*; *A Portuguese was engender'd of a Jew's*——: As the *Mahometans* have a passage in their Alchoran, that *a Cat was made of a Lion's breath*.

As they are the most contemptible people, and have a kind of fulsome scent, no better than a stink, that distinguisheth them from others, so they are the most timorous people on earth, and so utterly incapable of Arms, for they are made neither Soldiers nor Slaves: And this their Pusillanimity and Cowardice, as well as their Cunning and Craft,

Craft, may be imputed to their various thraldoms, contempt and poverty, which hath cow'd and dastardiz'd their courage. Besides these properties, they are light and giddy-headed, much symbolizing in spirit with our Apocalyptical Zealots and fiery Interpreters of *Daniel* and other Prophets, whereby they often sooth, or rather fool themselves into some illumination, which really proves but some egregious dotage.

They much glory of their mysterious *Cabal*, wherein they make the reality of things to depend upon Letters and Words: But they say that *Hebrew* only hath this privilege. This *Cabal*, which is nought else but a Tradition, they say, being transmitted from one Age to another, was in some measure a reparation of our knowledge lost in *Adam*; and they say 'twas reveal'd four times: First to *Adam*, who being thrust out of *Paradise*, and sitting one day very sad, and sorrowing for the loss of the knowledge he had of that dependance the Creatures have on their Creator, the Angel *Raguel* was sent to comfort him, and instruct him, and repair his knowledge herein: And this they call the *Cabal*, which was lost a second time by the Flood and *Babel*; then God discovered it to *Moses* in the Bush; the third time to *Solomon* in a Dream, whereby he came to know the beginning, mediety, and consummation of times, and so wrote divers Books, which were lost in the grand Captivity. The last time they hold that God restored the *Cabal* to *Esdras* (a Book they value extraordinarily), who by God's command withdrew to the Wilderness forty Days with five Scribes, who in that space wrote 204 Books: the first 134 were to be read by all, but the other 70 were to pass privately amongst the *Levites*; and these they pretend to be cabalistical, and not yet all lost.

There are at this Day three Sects of *Jews*; the *Africans* first, who besides the holy Scriptures embraced the *Talmud* also for authentick: The second receive only the Scriptures: The third, which are call'd the *Samaritans* (whereof there are but few), admit only of the *Pentateuch*, the five Books of *Moses*.

The

The *Jews* in general drink no Wine without a Dispensation; when they kill any Creature, they turn his Face to the East, saying, *Be it sanctified in the great Name of God*; they cut the Throat with a Knife without a Gap, which they hold very profane.

In their Synagogues they make one of the best sort to read a Chapter of *Moses*, then some mean Boy reads a piece of the Prophets; in the midst there's a round place arch'd over, wherein one of their Rabbies walks up and down, and in *Portuguese* magnifies the Messias to come, comforts their Captivity, and rails at *Christ*.

They have a kind of Cupboard to represent the Tabernacle, wherein they lay the Tables of the Law, which now and then they take out and kiss; they sing many Tunes, and *Adonai* they make the ordinary Name of God: *Jehovah* is pronounced at high Festivals; at Circumcision Boys are put to sing some of *David's Psalms* so loud as drowns the Infant's Cry. The Synagogue is hung about with Glass-Lamps burning; every one at his entrance puts on a Linen-Cope, first kissing it, else they use no manner of reverence all the while; their Elders sometimes fall together by the Ears in the very Synagogue, and with the holy Utensils, as Candlesticks, Incense-pans, and such like, break one another's Pates.

Women are not allow'd to enter the Synagogue, but they sit in a Gallery without; for they hold they have not so divine a Soul as Men, and are of a lower Creation, made only for sensual Pleasure and Propagation.

Among the *Mahometans* there is no *Jew* capable of a *Turkish* habit, unless he acknowledge *Christ* as much as *Turks* do, which is, to have been a great Prophet, whereof they hold there are three only, *Moses*, *Christ*, and *Mahomet*.

Thus, my Lord, to perform your commands, which are very prevalent with me, have I couch'd in this Letter what I could of the Condition of the *Jews*; and if it may give your Lordship any satisfaction, I have my reward abundantly

dantly. So I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and ready
Servant,

J. H.

Westm., 3 of June 1633.

XV.

To Mr. Philip Warrick, at Paris.

SIR,

YOUR last to me was in *French* of the first current, and I am glad you are come so safe from *Swisser-land* to *Paris*; as also that you are grown so great a Proficient in the Language. I thank you for the variety of News you sent me so handsomely couch'd and knit together.

To correspond with you, the greatest News we have here is, that we have a gallant Fleet-Royal ready to set to Sea, for the Security of our Coast and Commerce, and for the Sovereignty of our Seas. *Hans* said, the King of *England* was asleep all this while, but now he is awake; nor do I hear doth your *French* Cardinal tamper any longer with our King's Title and Right to the Dominion of the *Narrow-Seas*. These are brave Fruits of the *Ship-money*.

I hear that the *Infante*-Cardinal having been long upon his way to *Brussels*, hath got a notable Victory of the *Swedes* at *Nordlinghen*, where 8000 were slain, *Gustavus Horn*, and others of the prime Commanders taken Prisoners. They write also, that Monsieur's Marriage with Madame of *Lorain* was solemnly celebrated at *Brussels*; she had followed him from *Nancy* in Page's Apparel, because there were Forces in the way. It must needs be a mighty Charge to the King of *Spain*, to maintain Mother and Son in this manner.

The Court affords little News at present, but that there is a Love call'd Platonick Love, which much sways there of late; it is a Love abstracted from all corporeal gross Impressions and sensual Appetite, but consists in Contemplations and Ideas of the Mind, not in any carnal Fruition. This
Love

Love sets the Wits of the Town on work; and they say there will be a Mask shortly of it, whereof Her Majesty and her Maids of Honour will be part.

All your Friends here in *Westminster* are well, and very mindful of you, but none more often than—Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 June 1634.

XVI.

To my Brother, Mr. H. P.

BROTHER,

MY Brain was o'ercast with a thick Cloud of Melancholy, I was become a Lump of I know not what, I could scarce find any palpitation within me on the left side, when yours of the 1st of *September* was brought me; it had such a Virtue that it begat new Motions in me, like the Loadstone, which by its attractive occult Quality moves the dull Body of Iron, and makes it active; so dull was I then, and such a magnetic Property your Letter had to quicken me.

There is some murmuring against the *Ship-money*, because the Tax is *indefinite*; as also by reason that it is levied upon the Country Towns, as well as Maritime; and for that they say, *Noy* himself cannot shew any Record. There are also divers Patents granted, which are mutter'd at, as being no better than Monopolies: Among others, a *Scotchman* got one lately upon the Statute of levying twelve Pence for every Oath, which the Justices of Peace and Constables had Power to raise, and have still; but this new Patentee is to quicken and put more life in the Law, and see it executed. He hath power to nominate one, or two, or three in some Parishes, which are to have Commission from him for this publick Service, and so they are to be exempt from bearing Office, which must needs deserve a Gratuity: And I believe this was the main drift of the *Scotch* Patentee, so that he intends to keep his Office in the Temple, and certainly he is like to be a mighty Gainer by it; for who would

would not give a good piece of Money to be freed from bearing all cumbersome Offices? No more now, but that, with my dear love to my Sister, I rest—Your most affectionate Brother,

J. H.

Westm., 1 Aug. 1633.

XVII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Savage, at Long-Melford.

MY LORD,

THE old Steward of your Courts, Master Attorney-General *Noy*, is lately dead, nor could *Tunbridge Waters* do him any good: Tho' he had good *matter* in his *brain*, he had, it seems, ill *materials* in his *body*; for his heart was shrivelled like a leather penny-purse when he was dissected, nor were his lungs sound.

Being such a Clerk in the *Law*, all the World wonders he left such an odd Will, which is short, and in *Latin*: The substance of it is, that he having bequeath'd a few Legacies, and left his second Son 100 Marks a year, and 500 Pounds in Money, enough to bring him up in his Father's Profession, he concludes, *Reliqua meorum omnia primogenito meo Edoardo, dissipanda, nec melius unquam speravi ego*: I leave the rest of all my Goods to my first-born *Edward*, to be consum'd or scatter'd, for I never hoped better. A strange, and scarce a *Christian Will*, in my opinion, for it argues uncharitableness. Nor doth the World wonder less, that he should leave no Legacy to some of your Lordship's Children, considering what deep Obligations he had to your Lordship; for I am confident he had never been Attorney-General else.

The Vintners drink Carouses of joy that he is gone, for now they are in hope to dress Meat again, and sell Tobacco, Beer, Sugar, and Faggots; which by a sullen *Capricio* of his, he would have restrain'd them from. He had his humour as other Men, but certainly he was a solid rational Man; and tho' no great Orator, yet a profound Lawyer,

Lawyer, and no Man better vers'd in the Records of the *Tower*. I heard your Lordship often say, with what infinite pains, and indefatigable study, he came to this knowledge: And I never heard a more pertinent Anagram than was made of his name, *William Noy, I moil in Law*. If an *s* be added, it may be applied to my Countryman Judge *Jones*, an excellent Lawyer too, and a far more genteel man, *William Jones, I moile in Laws*. No more now, but that I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and obliged Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 Oct. 1635.

XVIII.

To the Right Hon. the Countess of Sunderland.

MADAM,

HERE inclos'd I send your Ladyship a Letter from the Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, wherein he declares, that the disposing of the Attorneyship in *York*, which he passed over to me, had no relation to my Lord at all; but it was merely done out of a particular respect to me: Your Ladyship may please to think of it accordingly, touching the Accounts.

It is now a good while the two *Nephew-Princes* have been here, I mean the Prince Elector and Prince *Robert*. The King of *Sweden's* death, and the late blow at *Norlinghen*, hath half blasted their hopes to do any good for recovery of the *Palatinate* by Land: Therefore I hear of some new designs by Sea; that the one shall go to *Madagascar*, a great Island 800 miles long in the *East-Indies*, never yet coloniz'd by any *Christian*, and Capt. *Bond* is to be his Lieutenant; the other is to go with a considerable Fleet to the *West-Indies*, to seize upon some place there that may countervail the *Palatinate*, and Sir *Henry Mervin* to go with him: But I hear my Lady *Elizabeth* opposeth it, saying, that *she will have none of her Sons to be Knights-errant*. There is now professed actual enmity 'twixt *France* and *Spain*, for there was a *Herald at Arms* sent lately from *Paris*

Paris to Flanders, who by sound of Trumpet denounc'd and proclaim'd open War against the King of *Spain* and all his Dominions; this Herald left and fix'd up the Defiance in all the Towns as he pass'd: So that whereas before the War was but collateral and auxiliary, there is now *proclaim'd* Hostility between them, notwithstanding that they have one another's Sisters in their beds every night. What the reason of this War is, truly, Madam, I cannot tell, unless it be reason of *State*, to prevent the further growth of the *Spanish Monarchy*: And there be multitude of examples how *preventive Wars* have been practis'd from all times. Howsoever, it is too sure that abundance of *Christian* blood will be spilt. So I humbly take my leave, and rest—Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient and faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 4 June 1635.

XIX.

To the Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst.

MY LORD,

I AM newly return'd out of *France*, from a flying Journey as far as *Orleans*, which I made at the request of Mr. Secretary *Windebank*, and I hope I shall receive some fruits of it hereafter. There is yet a great resentment in many places in *France*, for the beheading of *Montmorency*, whom *Henry IV.* was us'd to say to be a better Gentleman than himself; for in his Colours, he carried this Motto, *Dieu ayde le premier Chevalier de France*: God help the first Knight of *France*. He died upon a Scaffold in *Tholouze*, in the flower of his years, at thirty-four, and hath left no Issue behind; so that noble old Family extinguish'd in a snuff: His Treason was very foul, having receiv'd particular Commissions from the King to make an extraordinary Levy of Men and Money in *Languedoc*, which he turn'd afterwards directly against the King, against whose Person he appear'd arm'd in open field, and in a hostile posture, for fomenting of *Monsieur's* Rebellion.

The *Infante* Cardinal is come to *Brussels* at last thro' many difficulties; and some few days before, *Monsieur* made semblance to go a Hawking, and so fled to *France*, but left his Mother behind, who since the Arch-Dutchess's death is not so well look'd on as formerly in that Country.

Touching your Business in the *Exchequer*, Sir *Robert Pye* went with me this morning of purpose to my Lord Treasurer about it, and told me with much earnestness and assurance, that there shall be a speedy course taken for your Lordship's satisfaction.

I deliver'd my Lord of *Lindsey* the Manuscript he lent your Lordship of his Father's Embassy to *Denmark*: And herewith I present your Lordship with a compleat Diary of your own late *Legation*, which hath cost me some toil and labour. So I rest always—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 19 June 1635.

XX.

To my Honoured Friend and Fa., Mr. Ben. Johnson.

FA. BEN,

BEING lately in *France*, and returning in a Coach from *Paris* to *Rouen*, I lighted upon the Society of a knowing Gentleman, who related to me a choice Story, which peradventure you may make some use of in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since, there was in *France* one Capt. *Coucy*, a gallant Gentleman of an ancient extraction, and Keeper of *Coucy-Castle*, which is yet standing, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young Gentlewoman, and courted her for his Wife: There was reciprocal love between them, but her Parents understanding of it, by way of prevention, they shuffled up a forc'd Match 'twixt her and one Monsieur *Faiel*, who was a great Heir. Capt. *Coucy* hereupon quitted *France* in discontent, and went to the Wars in *Hungary* against the *Turk*, where he receiv'd

a mortal Wound, not far from *Buda*. Being carried to his lodging, he languish'd some days ; but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient Servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great business to intrust him with, which he conjur'd him by all means to do ; which was, that after his death he should get his body to be open'd, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen pot to be baked to powder, then to put the powder into a handsome box, with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle *Faiel's* Hair, and put it among the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her ; and after he had given him the rites of Burial, to make all the speed he could to *France*, and deliver the said box to Mademoiselle *Faiel*. The old Servant did as his Master had commanded him, and so went to *France* ; and coming one day to Mons. *Faiel's* house, he suddenly met him with one of his Servants, and examin'd him, because he knew he was Capt. *Coucy's* Servant ; and finding him timorous, and faltering in his speech, he search'd him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the Note which express'd what was therein : He dismiss'd the Bearer with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Mons. *Faiel* going in, sent for his Cook, and deliver'd him the powder, charging him to make a little well-relish'd dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing ; and commanded him to bring it in himself, after the last course at Supper. The Cook bringing in the dish accordingly, Mons. *Faiel* commanded all to avoid the room, and began a serious discourse with his Wife, how ever since he had married her, he observ'd she was always melancholy, and he fear'd she was inclining to a Consumption ; therefore he had provided for her a very precious Cordial, which he was well assur'd would cure her : Thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish ; and afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last she had eaten *Coucy's* heart, and

so drew the box out of his pocket, and shew'd her the Note and the Bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy, she with a far-fetch'd sigh said, *This is a precious Cordial indeed;* and so lick'd the dish, saying, *It is so precious, that 'tis pity to put ever any meat upon't.* So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone dead.

This Gentleman told me that this sad story is painted in *Coucy-Castle*, and remains fresh to this day.

In my opinion, which veils to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your Loom, and make a curious Web of.

I thank you for the last *regalo* you gave me at your *Musæum*, and for the good company. I heard you censur'd lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir *Inigo*, and that you write with a Porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you; it is because I am, in no common way of Friendship—Yours,
J. H.

Westm., 3 of May 1635.

XXI.

To Captain Thomas Porter.

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

YOU are well return'd from *Brussels*, from attending your Brother in that noble Employment of congratulating the *Infante* Cardinal's coming thither. It was well *Monsieur* went a Hawking away before to *France*, for I think those two young Spirits would not have agreed. A *Frenchman* told me lately, that was at your Audience, that he never saw so many complete Gentlemen in his life, for the number, and in a neater equipage. Before you go to Sea, I intend to wait on you, and give you a frolick. So I am, *De todas mis entranas*—Yours to dispose of,

J. H.

To this I'll add the *Duke of Ossuna's* Compliment:

Quisiere,

*Quisiere, aunque soy chico,
Ser, enserville, Gigante.*

Tho' of the tallest I am none you see,
Yet to serve you, I would a *Giant* be.

Westm., 1 Nov. 1634.

XXII.

To my Cousin, Captain Saintgeon.

NOBLE COUSIN,

THE greatest news about the Town, is of a mighty Prize that was taken lately by *Peter van Heyn* of *Holland*, who had met some straggling Ships of the Plate-Fleet, and brought them to the *Texel*; they speak of a Million of Crowns. I could wish you had been there to have shar'd of the Booty, which was the greatest in Money that ever was taken.

One sent me lately from *Holland* this Distich of *Peter van Heyn*, which savours a little of profaneness:

*Roma sui sileat posthac miracula Petri,
Petrus apud Batavos plura stupenda facit.*

Let *Rome* no more her *Peter's* Wonders tell;
For Wonders, *Holland's Peter* bears the bell.

To this *Distich* was added this Anagram, which is a good one:

*PETRUS HAINUS.
HISPANUS RUET.*

So I rest, *Totus tuus*—Yours whole,

J. HOWELL.

Westm., 10 July.

XXIII.

To my Lord Viscount S.

MY LORD,

HIS Majesty is lately return'd from *Scotland*, having given that Nation satisfaction to their long desires,
to

to have come thither to be crown'd: I hear some mutter at Bishop *Laud's* carriage there, that it was too haughty and Pontifical.

Since the death of the K. of *Sweden*, a great many *Scotch* Commanders are come over, and make a shining shew at Court; what Trade they will take hereafter I know not, having been so inur'd to the Wars: I pray God keep us from commotions at home, 'twixt the two Kingdoms, to find them work. I hear one Col. *Lesley* is gone away discontented, because the King would not *Lord* him.

The old rotten D. of *Bavaria*, for he hath divers Issues about his body, hath married one of the Emperor's Sisters, a young Lady little above twenty, and he near upon fourscore: There's another remaining, who, they say, is intended for the K. of *Poland*, notwithstanding his pretences to the young Lady *Elizabeth*; about which, Prince *Radzevill* and other Ambassadors have been here lately, but that King being elective, must marry as the Estates will have him: His Mother was the Emperor's Sister, therefore sure he will not offer to marry his Cousin-German; but 'tis no news for the House of *Austria* to do so, to strengthen their race. And if the *Bavarian* hath Male-Issue of this young Lady, the Son is to succeed him in the Electorship, which may conduce much to strengthen the continuance of the Empire in the *Austrian* Family. So, with a constant perseverance of my hearty desires to serve your Lordship, I rest, my Lord—Your most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 7 Sept.

XXIV.

To my Cousin, Mr. Will. Saintgeon, at St. Omer.

COUSIN,

I WAS lately in your Father's company, and I found him much discontented at the course you take; which he not only protests against, but he vows never to give you his blessing, if you persevere in't. I would wish you to descend
into

into yourself, and seriously ponder what a weight a Father's blessing or curse carries with it; for there is nothing conduceth more to the happiness or infelicity of the Child. Among the ten Commandments in the *Decalogue*, that which enjoins obedience from Children to Parents hath only a benediction (of Longevity) added to it: There be Clouds of Examples for this, but one I will instance in: When I was in *Valentia* in *Spain*, a Gentleman told me of a miracle which happen'd in that Town, which was, that a proper young man under twenty was executed there for a crime, and before he was taken down from off the Tree, there were many grey and white hairs had budded forth of his Chin, as if he had been a man of sixty. It struck Amazement in all Men, but this interpretation was made of it, that the said young man might have liv'd to-such an age, if he had been dutiful to his Parents, to whom he had been barbarously disobedient all his life-time.

There comes herewith a large Letter to you from your Father; let me advise you to conform your courses to his Counsel, otherwise it is an easy matter to be a Prophet what misfortunes will inevitably befall you, which by a timely obedience you may prevent, and I wish you may have grace to do it accordingly. So I rest—Your loving well-wishing Cousin,

J. H.

Lond., 1 of May 1634.

XXV.

To the Lord Deputy of Ireland.

MY LORD,

THE Earl of *Arundel* is lately return'd from *Germany*, and his gallant comportment in that Embassy deserv'd to have had better success: He found the Emperor conformable, but the old *Bavarian* froward, who will not part with anything till he have moneys reimburs'd which he spent in these wars, and for which he hath the upper *Palatinate in deposito*; insomuch, that in all probability all hopes are cut off of ever recovering that Country, but by the same

same means that it was taken away, which was by the Sword: Therefore they write from *Holland* of a new Army, which the Prince *Palatine* is like to have shortly, to go up to *Germany*, and push on his fortunes with the *Swedes*.

The *French* King hath taken *Nancy*, and almost all *Lorraine*, lately; but he was forc'd to put a Fox-tail to the Lion's skin, which his Cardinal help'd him to, before he could do the work. The quarrel is, that the Duke should marry his Sister to *Monsieur*, contrary to promise; that he sided with the Imperialists against his Confederates in *Germany*, that he neglected to do homage for the Dutchy of *Bar*.

My Lord Viscount *Savage* is lately dead, who is very much lamented by all that knew him; I could have wish'd, had it pleas'd God, that his Father-in-law, who is riper for the other world, had gone before him: So I rest—Your Lordship's most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 6 Apr.

XXVI.

To his honoured Friend, Mistress C., at her House in Essex.

THERE was no sorrow sunk deeper into me a great while, than that which I conceiv'd upon the death of my dear Friend your Husband: The last office I could do him, was to put him in his grave; and I am sorry to have met others there (who had better means to come in a Coach, with six horses than I) in so mean equipage, to perform the last act of respect to so worthy a Friend. I have sent you herewith an Elegy, which my melancholy Muse hath breath'd out upon his Herse. I shall be very careful about the Tomb you intend him, and will think upon an Epitaph. I pray present my respects to Mrs. *Anne Mayne*. So, wishing you all comfort and contentment, I rest—Yours most ready to be commanded,

J. H.

Lond., 5 March.

XXVII.

XXVII.

To Mr. James Howard, upon his Banish'd Virgin, translated out of Italian.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D the Manuscript you sent me, and being a little curious to compare it with the Original, I find the Version to be every exact and faithful: So according to your friendly request I have sent you this *Decastich*.

*Some hold Translations not unlike to be
The wrong-side of a Turkey Tapistry;
Or Wine drawn off the Lees, which fill'd in Flask,
Lose somewhat of their strength they had in Cask.*

*'Tis true, each Language hath an Idiom,
Which in another couch'd comes not so home:
Yet I ne'er saw a Piece from Venice come,
Had fewer thrums set on our Country Loom.
This Wine is still un-ear'd, and brisk, tho' put
Out of Italian Cask in English Butt.*

Upon your Eromena.

*Fair Eromena in her Toscan tyre
I view'd, and lik'd the fashion wondrous well;
But in this English habit I admire,
That still in her the same good grace may dwell:
So I have seen trans-Alpin Cions grow,
And bear rare fruit, remov'd to Thames from Po.*

—Your true Servitor and Compatriot,

J. H.

Lond., 6 Oct. 1632.

XXVIII.

To Edward Noy, Esq.; at Paris.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D one of yours lately, and I am glad to find the delight that Travel begins to instil into you.

My Lord Ambassador *Aston* reckons upon you, that you will be one of his Train at his first Audience in *Madrid*, to my knowledge he hath put by some Gentlemen of quality: Therefore I pray let not that dirty Town of *Paris* detain

detain you too long from your intended journey to *Spain*, for I make account my Lord *Aston* will be there a matter of two months hence. So I rest—Your most affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 5 May 1633.

XXIX.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Peter Wicks, Lord Ambassador at Constantinople.

MY LORD,

IT seems there is some angry Star that hath hung over this business of the *Palatinate* from the beginning of these *German Wars* to this very day, which will too evidently appear, if one should mark and deduce matters from their first rise.

You may remember how poorly *Prague* was lost: The Bishop of *Halverstadt* and Count *Mansfelt* shuffled up and down a good while, and did great matters, but all came to nothing at last. You may remember how one of the *Ships-Royal* was cast away in carrying over the last; and the 12,000 men he had hence perish'd many of them very miserably; and he himself, as they write, died in a poor *Hostrey* with one *Lacquey*, as he was going to *Venice* to a Bank of Money he had stor'd up there for a dead lift. Your Lordship knows what success the K. of *Denmark* had (and our 6000 men under Sir *Cha. Morgan*), for while he thought to make new acquests, he was in hazard to lose all that he had, had not he had favourable Propositions tendred him. There were never poor *Christians* perish'd more lamentably than those 6000 we sent under M. *Hamilton* for the assistance of the K. of *Sweden*, who did much, but you know what became of him at last; how disastrously the Prince *Palatine* himself fell, and in what an ill conjuncture of time, being upon the very point of being restor'd to his Country.

But now we have as bad news as any we had yet; for the young Prince *Palatine*, and his Brother Pr. *Robert*, having got a jolly considerable Army in *Holland*, to try their fortunes
in

in *Germany* with the *Swedes*, they had advanc'd as far as *Munsterland* and *Westphalia*, and having lain before *Lengua*, they were forc'd to raise the siege: And one General *Hatzfield* pursuing them, there was a sore battle fought, wherein Prince *Robert*, my Lord *Craven*, and others, were taken Prisoners. The Prince *Palatine* himself, with Major *King*, thinking to get over the *Weser* in a Coach, the water being deep, and not fordable, he sav'd himself by the help of a willow; and so went a-foot all the way to *Munden*, the Coach and the Coachman being drown'd in the River. There were near upon 2000 slain on the *Palsgrave's* side, and scarce the twentieth part so many on *Hatzfield's*. Major *Gots*, one of the chief Commanders, was kill'd.

I am sorry I must write to you this sad story; yet to countervail it something, *Saxen Weymar* thrives well, and is like to get *Brisac* by help of the *French* forces. All your friends here are well, and remember your Lordship often, but none more oft than—Your most humble and ready Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 5 Jun. 1635.

XXX.

To Sir Sackvil C., Knight.

SIR,

I WAS as glad that you have lighted upon so excellent a Lady, as if an Astronomer by his Opticks had found out a new Star; and if a Wife be the best or worst fortune of a man, certainly you are one of the fortunatest men in this Island.

The greatest news I can write to you is, of a bloody Banquet that was lately at *Liege*, where a great Faction was a fomenting 'twixt the Imperialists and those that were devoted to *France*, amongst whom one, *Ruelle*, a popular Burg-Master, was chief. The Count of *Warfuzée*, a Vassal of the K. of *Spain's*, having fled thither from *Flanders* for some offence, to ingratiate himself against the K. of *Spain's* favour, invited the said *Ruelle* to a Feast, and after brought him

him into a private Chamber, where he had provided a ghostly Father to confess him; and so some of the Soldiers whom he had provided before to guard the House, dispatch'd the Burg-Master. The Town hearing this, broke into the house, cut to pieces the said Count, with some of his Soldiers, and dragg'd his body up and down the streets. You know such a fate befell *Walstein* in *Germany* of late years, who having got all the Emperor's Forces into his hands, was found to have intelligence with the *Swedes*; therefore the Imperial *Ban* was not only pronounc'd against him, but a reward promis'd to any that should dispatch him: Some of the Emperor's Soldiers at a great Wedding in *Egra*, of which Band of Soldiers Col. *Buttler*, an *Irishman*, was chief, broke into his lodging when he was at dinner, kill'd him, with three Commanders more that were at Table with him, and threw his body out at a window into the streets.

I hear *Buttler* is made since Count of the Empire. So, humbly kissing your noble Lady's hand, I rest—Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Lond, 5 Jun. 1634.

XXXI.

To Dr. Duppa, L. B. of Chichester, His Highness's Tutor at St. James.

MY LORD,

IT is a well-becoming and very worthy work you are about, not to suffer Mr. *Ben. Johnson* to go so silently to his grave, or rot so suddenly: Being newly come to Town, and understanding that your *Johnsonus Virbius* was in the Press, upon the solicitation of Sir *Thomas Hawkins*, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing *Decastic*, which if your Lordship please, may have room among the rest.

Upon my honoured Friend and F., Mr. Ben. Iohnson.

AND is thy Glass run out, is that oil spent
Which light to such strong sinewy Labours lent?
Well *Ben*, I now perceive that all the *Nine*,
Tho' they their utmost forces should combine,

Cannot

Cannot prevail 'gainst *Night's three daughters*, but
One still must *spin*, one *wind*, the other *cut*.
Yet in despite of *distaff*, *clue*, and *knife*,
Thou in thy strenuous Lines hast got a Light,
Which like thy *Bays* shall flourish ev'ry age,
While *sock* or *buskin* shall attend the Stage.

—*Sic vaticinatur* Hoellus.

So I rest, with many devoted respects to your Lordship,
as being—Your very humble Servitor, J. H.

Lond., 1 of May 1636.

XXXII.

To Sir Ed. B., Knight.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D yours this *Maundy-Thursday*: And where-
as among other passages, and high endearments of
love, you desire to know what method I observe in the
exercise of my devotions, I thank you for your request,
which I have reason to believe doth proceed from an extra-
ordinary respect to me; and I will deal with you herein, as
one should do with his Confessor.

'Tis true, tho' there be Rules and Rubricks in our *Liturgy*
sufficient to guide every one in the performance of all holy
duties, yet I believe every one hath some mode and model
or formulary of his own, specially for his private cubicular
devotions.

I will begin with the last day of the week, and with the
latter end of that day, I mean Saturday evening, on which
I have fasted ever since I was a youth in *Venice*, for being
deliver'd from a very great danger. This year I use some
extraordinary acts of devotion, to usher in the ensuing
Sunday, in Hymns, and various Prayers of my own penning,
before I go to bed. On Sunday morning I rise earlier than
upon other days, to prepare myself for the sanctifying of
it; nor do I use Barber, Tailor, Shoe-maker, or any other
Mechanick that morning; and whatsoever diversions or
lets may hinder me the week before, I never miss, but in
case

case of sickness, to repair to God's holy House that day, where I come before prayers begin, to make myself fitter for the work by some previous meditations, and to take the whole Service along with me; nor do I love to mingle speech with any in the interim, about news or worldly negotiations in God's holy House. I prostrate myself in the humblest and decentest way of genuflection I can imagine; nor do I believe there can be any excess of exterior humility in that place; therefore I do not like those squatting unseemly bold postures upon one's tail, or muffling the face in the hat, or thrusting it in some hole, or covering it with one's hand; but with bended knee, and in open confident face, I fix my eyes on the east part of the Church, and Heaven. I endeavour to apply every tittle of the Service to my own Conscience and Occasions; and I believe the want of this, with the huddling up and careless reading of some Ministers, with the Commonness of it, is the greatest cause that many do undervalue, and take a surfeit of our publick Service.

For the reading and singing *Psalms*, whereas most of them are either Petitions or eucharistical Ejaculations, I listen to them more attentively, and make them my own. When I stand at the *Creed*, I think upon the custom they have in *Poland*, and elsewhere, for Gentlemen to draw their Swords all the while, intimating thereby, that they will defend it with their lives and blood. And for the *Decalogue*, whereas others use to rise, and sit, I ever kneel at it in the humblest and trembling'st posture of all, to crave remission for the breaches pass'd of any of God's holy Commandments (especially the week before), and future grace to observe them.

I love a holy devout Sermon, that first checks, and then cheers the Conscience; that begins with the Law, and ends with the Gospel: But I never prejudicate or censure any Preacher, taking him as I find him.

And now that we are not only *adulted* but *ancient Christians*, I believe the most acceptable Sacrifice we can
send

send up to Heaven, is *Prayer* and *Praise*; and that *Sermons* are not so essential as either of them to the true practice of devotion. The rest of the holy Sabbath, I sequester my body and mind as much as I can from worldly affairs.

Upon Monday morn, as soon as the *Cinque-Ports* are open, I have a particular prayer of thanks, that I am repriev'd to the beginning of that week; and every day following I knock thrice at Heaven's-gate, in the Morning, in the Evening, and at Night; besides prayers at meals, and some other occasional ejaculations, as upon the putting on of a clean Shirt, washing my hands, and at lighting of Candles; which because they are sudden, I do in the third Person. †

Tuesday morning I rise Winter and Summer as soon as I awake, and send up a more particular Sacrifice for some reasons; and as I am dispos'd, or have business, I go to bed again.

Upon Wednesday night I always fast, and perform also some extraordinary *acts of devotion*, as also upon Friday night; and Saturday morning, as soon as my senses are unlock'd, I get up. And in the Summer-time, I am oftentimes abroad in some private field, to attend the Sun-rising: And as I pray *thrice* every day, so I fast thrice every week; at least I eat but one meal upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, in regard I am jealous with myself, to have more infirmities to answer for than others.

Before I go to bed, I make a scrutiny what peccant humours have reign'd in me that day; and so I reconcile myself to my Creator, and strike a *tally* in the *Exchequer* of *Heaven* for my *quietus est*, ere I close my eyes, and leave no burden upon my Conscience.

Before I presume to take the holy Sacrament, I use some extraordinary acts of humiliation to prepare myself some days before, and by doing some deeds of Charity; and commonly I compose some new Prayers, and divers of them written in my own blood.

I use not to rush rashly into prayer without a trembling precedent

precedent Meditation ; and if any odd thoughts intervene, and grow upon me, I check myself, and recommence : And this is incident to long Prayers, which are more subject to Man's weakness, and the Devil's malice.

I thank God I have this fruit of my foreign Travels, that I can pray to him every day of the week in a several Language, and upon Sunday in seven, which in Oraisons of my own I punctually perform in my private pomeridian devotions.

Et sic æternam contendo attingere vitam.

By these steps I strive to climb up to Heaven, and my Soul prompts me I shall go thither ; for there is no object in the world delights me more than to cast up my eyes that way, specially in a Star-light night : And if my mind be overcast with any odd clouds of melancholy, when I look up and behold that glorious Fabrick, which I hope shall be my Country hereafter, there are new spirits begot in me presently, which make me scorn the World, and the pleasures thereof, considering the *vanity* of the one, and the *inanity* of the other.

Thus my Soul still moves *Eastward*, as all the heavenly Bodies do ; but I must tell you, that as those Bodies are over-master'd, and snatch'd away to the *West*, *raptu primi mobilis*, by the general motion of the tenth Sphere, so by those epidemical infirmities which are incident to man, I am often snatch'd away a clean contrary course, yet my Soul persists still in her own proper motion. I am often at variance, and angry with myself (nor do I hold this anger to be any breach of charity) when I consider, that whereas my Creator intended this Body of mine, tho' a lump of Clay, to be a *Temple* of his Holy Spirit, my affections should turn it often to a *Brothel-house*, my passions to a *Bedlam*, and my excesses to an *Hospital*.

Being of a Lay-profession, I humbly conform to the Constitutions of the Church, and my spiritual Superiors ; and I hold this Obedience to be an acceptable Sacrifice to God.

Difference

Difference in opinion may work a *disaffection* in me, but not a *detestation*; I rather pity than hate *Turk* or *Infidel*, for they are of the same metal, and bear the same stamp as I do, tho' the Inscriptions differ: If I hate any, 'tis those Schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our Church, so that I could be content to see an *Anabaptist* go to Hell on a *Brownist's* back.

Noble Knight, now that I have thus eviscerated myself, and dealt so clearly with you, I desire by way of correspondence that you would tell me, what way you take in your journey to Heaven: For if my breast lie so open to you, 'tis not fitting yours should be shut up to me; therefore I pray let me hear from you when it may stand with your Convenience.

So I wish you your heart's desire here, and Heaven hereafter, because I am — Yours in no vulgar way of friendship,
J. H.

Lond., 25 July 1635.

XXXIII.

*To Simon Digby, Esq. ; at Mosco, the Emperor of
Russia's Court.*

SIR,

I RECEIV'D one of yours by Mr. *Pickhurst*, and I am glad to find that the rough clime of *Russia* agrees so well with you; so well, as you write, as the Catholic Ayre of *Madrid*, or the Imperial Ayre of *Vienna*, where you had such honourable employments.

The greatest news we have here is, that we have a Bishop Lord-Treasurer; and 'tis news indeed in these times, tho' 'twas no news you know in the times of old to have a Bishop Lord-Treasurer of *England*. I believe he was merely *passive* in this business; the *active* instrument that put the white Staff in his hands was the Metropolitan at *Lambeth*.

I have other news also to tell you; we have a brave new Ship, a Royal Galeon, the like they say did never spread Sail upon salt Water, take her true and well-compacted

Symmetry, with all dimensions together: For her burden, she hath as many Tuns as there were years since the Incarnation when she was built, which are 1636; she is in length 127 Foot, her greatest breadth within the Planks is 46 Foot, and 6 Inches; her depth from the breadth is 19 Foot, and 4 Inches: She carrieth 100 Pieces of Ordnance wanting four, whereof she hath three tyre; half a score Men may stand in her Lantern; the charges His Majesty hath been at in the building of her are computed to be £80,000, one whole year's Ship-money: Sir Robert Mansel launch'd her, and by His Majesty's command call'd her *The Sovereign of the Sea*. Many would have had her to be nam'd the *Edgar*, who was one of the most famous Saxon Kings this Island had, and the most potent at Sea. *Ranulphus Cestrensis* writes, that he had 400 Ships, which every year after *Easter* went out in four Fleets to scour the Coasts. Another Author writes, that he had four Kings to row him once upon the *Dee*. But the Title he gave himself was a notable lofty one, which was this, *Alti-tonantis Dei largiflua clementia qui est Rex Regum, Ego Edgarus Anglorum Basileus, omnium Regum, Insularum, Oceanique Britanniam circumjacentis, cunctarumque Nationum quæ infra eam includuntur, Imperator & Dominus, &c.* I do not think your grand Emperor of *Russia* hath a loftier Title; I confess the Sophy of *Persia* hath a higher one, tho' profane and ridiculous, in comparison of this; for he calls himself *The Star high and mighty, whose Head is cover'd with the Sun, whose motion is comparable to the ethereal Firmament, Lord of the Mountains Caucasus and Taurus, of the four Rivers Euphrates, Tygris, Araxis, and Indus; Bud of Honour, the Mirror of Virtue, Rose of Delight, and Nutmeg of Comfort*. It is a huge descent, methinks, to begin with a *Star* and end in a *Nutmeg*.

All your Friends here in Court and City are well, and often mindful of you, with a world of good wishes; and you cannot be said to be out of *England* as long as you live in so many noble memories: Touching mine, you have a
large

large room in it, for you are one of my chief inmates. So, with my humble Service to your Lady, I rest—Your most faithful Servitor, while
J. H.

Lond., 1 July 1635.

XXXIV.

To Dr. Tho: Prichard.

DEAR DR,

I HAVE now had too long a supersedeas from employment, having engag'd myself to a fatal Man at Court (by his own seeking) who I hoped, and had reason to expect (for I wav'd all other ways) that he would have been a *Scale* towards my rising, but he hath rather prov'd an *Instrument* towards my ruin: It may be he will prosper accordingly.

I am shortly bound for *Ireland*, and it may be the Stars will cast a more benign Aspect upon me in the *West*; you know who got the *Persian* Empire by looking that way for the first beams of the Sun-rising, rather than towards the *East*.

My Lord *Deputy* hath made often professions to do me a pleasure, and I intend now to put him upon't.

I purpose to pass by the *Bath* for a Pain I have in my Arm, proceeding from a defluction of Rheum; and then I will take *Brecknock* in my way, to comfort my Sister *Penry*, who I think hath lost one of the best Husbands in all the thirteen Shires of *Wales*.

So, with appreciation of all happiness to you, I rest—Yours, while
J. H.

Lond., 10 Feb. 1637.

XXXV.

To Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight, from Bath.

SIR,

YOUR being then in the Country, when I began my Journey for *Ireland*, was the cause I could not kiss your hands; therefore I shall do now from *Bath* what I should have done at *London*.

Being

Being here for a distillation of Rheum that pains me in one of my Arms, and having had about three thousand strokes of a pump upon me in the Queen's *Bath*; and having been here now divers days, and view'd the several qualities of these Waters, I fell to contemplate a little what should be the reason of such extraordinary actual heat, and medicinal Virtue in them. I have seen and read of divers *Baths* abroad, as those of *Caldanel* and *Avinian* in *agro Senensi*, the *Grotta* in *Vierbio*, those between *Naples* and *Puteolum* in *Campania*; and I have been a little curious to know the reason of those rare lymphatical properties in them above other Waters. I find that some impute it to Wind, or Air, or some Exhalations shut up in the Bowels of the Earth, which either by their own nature, or by their violent motion and agitation, or attrition upon rocks, and narrow passages, do gather heat, and so impart it to the Waters.

Others attribute this *balneal* heat to the Sun, whose all-searching Beams penetrating the pores of the Earth, do heat the Waters.

Others think this heat to proceed from quick-lime, which by common experience we find to heat any Waters cast upon't, and also to kindle any combustible substance put upon it.

Lastly, There are some that ascribe this heat to a subterranean fire kindled in the Bowels of the Earth, upon sulphury and bituminous matter.

'Tis true, all these may be general concurring causes, but not the adequate, proper, and peculiar reason of *balneal heats*; and herein truly our learned Countryman Dr. *Jordan* hath got the start of any that ever writ of this subject, and goes to work like a solid *Philosopher*: For having treated of the generation of Minerals, he finds that they have their Seminaries in the Womb of the Earth replenish'd with active spirits; which meeting with apt matter and adjuvant causes, do proceed to the generation of several species, according to the nature of the efficient, and fitness of the matter.

matter. In this work of generation, as there is *generatio unius*, so there is *corruptio alterius*; and this cannot be done without a superior power, which by moisture dilateth itself, works upon the matter like a leav'ning and ferment, to bring it to its own purpose.

This motion 'twixt the agent spirit and patient matter produceth an actual heat: *For motion is the fountain of heat*, which serves as an instrument to advance the work; for as cold dulls, so heat quickeneth all things. Now for the nature of this heat, it is not a destructive violent heat, as that of fire, but a generative gentle heat join'd with moisture, nor needs it air for eventilation. This natural heat is daily observ'd by digging in the Mines; so then while Minerals are thus engendering, and *in solutis principiis*, in their liquid forms, and not consolidated into hard bodies (for then they have not that virtue), they impart heat to the neighbouring Waters. So then it may be concluded, that this Soil about the *Bath* is a mineral vein of Earth; and the fermenting gentle temper of generative heat that goes to the production of the said Minerals, doth impart and actually communicate this *balneal* virtue and medicinal heat to these Waters.

This subject of Mineral *Waters* would afford an *Ocean* of Matter, were one to compile a solid discourse of it: And I pray excuse me, that I have presum'd in so narrow a compass as a Letter to comprehend so much, which is nothing, I think, in comparison of what you know already of this matter.

So I take my leave, and humbly kiss your hands, being always—Your most faithful add ready servitor, J. H.

Bath, 3 July 1638.

XXXVI.

To Sir Ed. Savage, Knight, at Tower-hill.

SIR,

I AM come safely to *Dublin*, over an angry boisterous Sea; whether 'twas my voyage on salt Water, or change

change of Air, being now under another clime, which was the cause of it, I know not, but I am suddenly freed of the pain in my Arm, when neither *Bath* nor Plaisters, and other Remedies, could do me good.

I deliver'd your Letter to Mr. *James Dillon*, but nothing can be done in that business till your Brother *Pain* comes to Town: I met him with divers of my *Northern* Friends, whom I knew at *York*. Here is a most splendid Court kept at the Castle, and except that of the Vice-roy of *Naples*, I have not seen the like in *Christendom*; and in one point of *Grandeza*, the Lord-Deputy here goes beyond him, for he can confer Honours, and dub Knights, which that Vice-roy cannot, or any other I know of. Traffick increaseth here wonderfully, with all kind of Bravery and Building.

I made an humble motion to my Lord, that in regard businesses of all sorts did multiply here daily, and that there was but one Clerk of the Council (Sir *Paul Davis*) who was able to dispatch business (Sir *Will Usher*, his Colleague, being very aged and bed-rid), his Lordship would please to think of me: My Lord gave me an Answer full of good respect, to succeed Sir *William* after his death.

No more now, but with my most affectionate respects unto you, I rest—Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Dublin, 3 May 1639.

XXXVII.

To Dr. Usher, Lord Primate of Ireland.

MAY it please your Grace to accept of my most humble Acknowledgment for those noble Favours I received at *Drogheda*; and that you pleas'd to communicate to me those rare Manuscripts in so many Languages, and divers choice Authors in your Library.

Your learned Work, *De primordiis Ecclesiarum Britannicarum*, which you pleas'd to send me, I have sent to *England*; and so it shall be convey'd to *Jesus-College* in *Oxford*, as a gift from your Grace.

I hear that Cardinal *Barberino*, one of the Pope's Nephews, is setting forth the Works of *Fastidius*, a *British* Bishop, call'd *De vita Christiana*. It was written 300 years after our Saviour, and *Holstenius* hath the care of the Impression.

I was lately looking for a word in *Suidas*, and I lighted upon a strange passage in the name *Ἰησοῦς*, that in the Reign of *Justinian* the Emperor, one *Theodosius*, a Jew, a Man of great Authority, liv'd in *Jerusalem*, with whom a rich Goldsmith, who was a *Christian*, was much in favour, and very familiar: The Goldsmith, in private discourse, told him one day that *he wonder'd, he being a Man of such a great understanding, did not turn Christian, considering how he found all the Prophecies of the Law so evidently accomplish'd in our Saviour, and our Saviour's Prophecies accomplish'd since*. *Theodosius* answer'd, that *it did not stand with his security and continuance in Authority to turn Christian, but he had a long time a good opinion of that Religion, and he would discover a secret to him which was not yet come to the knowledge of any Christian*. It was, that when the Temple was founded in *Jerusalem*, there were twenty-two Priests, according to the number of the *Hebrew* Letters, to officiate in the Temple; and when any was chosen, his Name, with his Father and Mother's, were us'd to be register'd in a fair Book. In the time of *Christ* a Priest died, and he was chosen in his place; but when his name was to be enter'd, his father *Joseph* being dead, his Mother was sent for, who being ask'd who was his Father? she answer'd, that *she never knew Man, but that she conceived by an Angel*: So his name was register'd in these words, *JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF GOD, AND OF THE VIRGIN MARY*. This Record at the destruction of the Temple was preserv'd, and is to be seen in *Tyberias* to this day. I humbly desire your Grace's opinion hereof in your next.

They write to me from *England* of rare news in *France*, which is, that the Queen is deliver'd of a Dauphin, the wonderful'st thing of this kind that any Story can parallel; for this is the three and twentieth year since she was married,

married, and hath continued childless all this while; So that now *Monsieur's* cake is dough, and I believe he will be more quiet hereafter. So I rest,—Your Grace's most devoted Servitor,

J. H.

Dublin, 1 Mar. 1639.

XXXVIII.

To my Lord Clifford, from Edinburgh.

MY LORD,

I HAVE seen now all the King of *Great Britain's* Dominions; and he is a good traveller that has seen all *his* Dominions. I was born in *Wales*, I have been in all the four corners of *England*, I have travers'd the Diameter of *France* more than once, and now I come thro' *Ireland* into this Kingdom of *Scotland*. This Town of *Edinburgh* is one of the fairest Streets that ever I saw (excepting that of *Palermo* in *Sicily*); it is about a Mile long, coming sloping down from the Castle (call'd of old the *Castle of Virgins*, and, by *Pliny*, *Castrum alatum*) to *Holy-Rood-House*, now the Royal Palace; and these two begin and terminate the Town. I am come hither in a very convenient time, for here's a National Assembly, and a Parliament, my Lord *Traquair* being His Majesty's Commissioner. The Bishops are all gone to wrack, and they have had but a sorry Funeral; the very *Name* is grown so contemptible, that a black Dog, if he hath any white marks about him, is call'd *Bishop*. Our Lord of *Canterbury* is grown here so odious, that they call him commonly in the Pulpit *The Priest of Baal*, and *the Son of Belial*.

I'll tell your Lordship of a passage which happen'd lately in my Lodging, which is a Tavern: I had sent for a Shoemaker to make me a pair of Boots, and my Landlord, who is a pert smart Man, brought up a *choppin* of White Wine (and, for this particular, there are better *French* Wines here than in *England*, and cheaper; for they are but a groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature to mingle or sophisticate any Wine here). Over this *choppin* of White
Wine,

Wine, my Vintner and Shoe-maker fell into a hot dispute about Bishops: The Shoe-maker grew very furious, and call'd them *the Firebrands of Hell, the Panders of the Whore of Babylon, and the Instruments of the Devil*; and that *they were of his Institution, not of God's*. My Vintner took him up smartly, and said, *Hold, Neighbour, there: Do not you know as well as I that Titus and Timothy were Bishops? That our Saviour is entitled The Bishop of our Souls? That the word Bishop is as frequently mentioned in Scripture, as the name Pastor, Elder, or Deacon? Then why do you inveigh so bitterly against them?* The Shoe-maker answer'd, *I know the Name and Office to be good, but they have abused it.* My Vintner replies, *Well then, you are a Shoe-maker by your profession; imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your Trade, shall play the knaves, and sell Calfskin-leather Boots for Neats-leather, or do other cheats; must we therefore go barefoot? Must the gentle Craft of Shoe-makers fall therefore to the ground? It is the fault of the Men, not of the Calling.* The Shoe-maker was so gravell'd at this, that he was put to his *Last*; for he had not a word more to say: So my Vintner got the day.

There is a fair Parliament-House built here lately, and 'twas hoped His Majesty would have ta'en the Maiden-head of it, and come hither to sit in Person; and they did ill who advis'd him otherwise.

I am to go hence shortly back to *Dublin*, and so to *London*, where I hope to find your Lordship, that according to my accustomed boldness, I may attend you. In the interim I rest—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

Edinburgh, 1639.

XXXIX.

To Sir K. Digby, Knight.

SIR,

I THANK you for the good opinion you please to have of my fancy of *Trees*: It is a maiden one, and not blown

blown upon by any one yet: But for the merits you please to ascribe to the Author, I utterly disclaim any, 'specially in that proportion you please to give them me. 'Tis you that have parts enough to complete a whole Jury of Men. Those small perquisites that I have, are thrust up into a little narrow *Lobby*; but those Perfections that beautify your noble Soul, have a spacious Palace to walk in, more sumptuous than either the *Louvre*, *Seralio*, or *Escorial*. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, being always—
Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Westm., 3 Dec. 1639.

XL.

*To Sir Sackvill Crow, His Majesty's Ambassador at the
Post of Constantinople.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR,

THE greatest News we have here now, is a notable naval Fight that was lately 'twixt the *Spaniard* and *Hollander*, in the *Downs*; but to make it more intelligible, I will deduce the Business from the beginning.

The King of *Spain* had provided a great Fleet of Galeons, whereof the Vice-Admirals of *Naples* and *Portugal* were two (whereof he had sent advice to *England* long before). The design was to meet with the *French* Fleet, under the command of the Archbishop of *Bourdeaux*; and in default of that, to land some Treasure at *Dunkirk*, with a recruit of *Spaniards* who were grown very thin in *Flanders*. These Recruits were got by an odd trick; for some of the Fleet being at *St. Anderas*, a report was blown up of purpose, that the *French* were upon the Coasts: Hereupon all the young Men of the Country came to the Sea-side, and so a great number of them were tumbled a Shipboard, and so they set sail towards the Coasts of *France*; but the Archbishop, it seems, had drawn in his Fleet. Then striking into the narrow Seas, they met with a Fleet of about sixteen *Hollanders*, whereof they sunk and took two, and the rest got away

away to *Holland*, to give an alarm to the States, who in less than a month got together a Fleet of about one hundred sail; and the Wind being a long time Easterly, they came into the *Downs*, where *Don Antonio d'Oquendo*, the *Spanish* Admiral, had stay'd for them all the while. Sir *John Penington* was then abroad with seven of His Majesty's Ships: And *Don Antonio* being daily warn'd what Forces were preparing in *Zealand* and *Holland*, and so advis'd to get over to the *Flemish* Coasts in the interim, with a haughty spirit he answer'd, *Tengo de quedarme aqui para castigar estos Rebeldes: I will stay here to chastise these Rebels*. There were ten more of His Majesty's Ships appointed to go join with Sir *John Penington*, to observe the motions of those Fleets; but the Wind continuing still East, they could not get out of the River.

The *Spanish* Fleet had fresh Water, Victuals, and other necessaries, from our Coasts, for their Money, according to the Capitulations of Peace, all this while; at last, being half surprized by a cloud of *Hollanders* consisting of 114 Ships, they launch'd out from our Coasts, and a most furious fight began, our Ships having retir'd hard by all the while.

The Vice-Admiral of *Portugal*, a famous Sea-Captain, *Don Lope de Hozes*, was engag'd in close fight with the Vice-Admiral of *Holland*, and after many tough Rencounters they were both blown up, and burnt together. At last, night came and parted the rest; but six *Spanish* Ships were taken, and about twenty of the *Hollanders* perish'd. *Oquendo* then cross'd over to *Nardic*, and so back to *Spain*, where he died before he came to the Court: And 'tis thought, had he liv'd, he had been question'd for some Miscarriages; for if he had suffer'd the *Dunkirkers*, who are nimbler, and more fit for fight, to have had the *Van*, and dealt with the *Hollander*, 'tis thought Matters might have gone better with him; but his Ambition was, that the great *Spanish* Galeons should get the glory of the day.

The *Spaniards* give out that they had the better, in
regard

regard they did the main work; for *Oquendo* had convey'd all his recruits and treasure to *Flanders*, while he lay hovering on our Coasts.

One thing is herein very observable, what a mighty navigable Power the *Hollander* is come to, that in so short a compass of time he could appear with such a numerous Fleet of 114 Sail of Men of War, in such a perfect equipage.

The times afford no more at present; therefore, with a tender of my most humble Service to my noble Lady, and my thankful acknowledgment for those great Favours, which my Brother *Edward* writes to me he hath receiv'd from your Lordship in so singular a manner at that Port, desiring you would still oblige me with a continuance of them, I rest, among those multitudes you have left behind you in *England*—Your Lordship's most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 3 Aug. 1639.

XLI.

To Sir J. M., Knight.

SIR,

I HEAR that you begin to *blow the Coal*, and offer Sacrifice to *Demogorgon*, the God of Minerals: Be well advis'd before you engage yourself too deep; *Chymistry* I know, by a little experience, is wonderful pleasing for the trial of so many rare conclusions it carries with it, but withal, 'tis costly and an enchanting kind of thing; for it hath melted many a fair Manor in Crucibles, and turn'd them to smoke. One presented *Sixtus Quintus* (*Sice-cinq*, as *Q. Elizabeth* call'd him) with a Book of *Chymistry*, and the Pope gave him an empty Purse for a Reward.

There be few whom *Mercury*, the father of Miracles, doth favour: The Queen of *Sheba* and the King crown'd with Fire are not propitious to many: He that hath Water turn'd to Ashes, hath the Magistery, and the true Philosopher's Stone; there be few of those: There be some that
commit

commit Fornication in *Chymistry*, by heterogeneous and sophistical Citrinations; but they never come to the *Phoenix* Nest.

I know you have your share of Wisdom, therefore I confess it a presumption in me to give you Counsel. So I rest—Your most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 1 Feb. 1638.

XLII.

To Simon Digby, Esq.; at the gran Mosco in Russia.

SIR,

I RETURN you many thanks for your last of the first of *June*, and that you acquaint me with the State of things in that Country.

I doubt not but you have heard long since of the revolt of *Catalonia* from the K. of *Spain*; it seems the sparkles of those Fires are flown to *Portugal*, and put that Country also in combustion. The D. of *Braganza*, whom you may well remember about the Court of *Spain*, is now King of *Portugal*, by the Name of *El Rey Don Juan*; and he is generally obey'd, and quietly settled, as if he had been King these twenty years there; for the whole Country fell suddenly to him, not one Town standing out. When the K. of *Spain* told *Olivares* of it first, he slighted it, saying, that *he was but Rey de Havas, a Bean-cake King*. But it seems strange to me, and so strange that it transforms me to wonder, that the *Spaniard* being accounted so politic a Nation, and so full of precaution, could not foresee this; especially there being divers intelligences given, and evident symptoms of the general discontentment of that Kingdom (because they could not be protected against the *Hollander* in *Brasil*), and of some designs a year before, when this D. of *Braganza* was at *Madrid*. I wonder, I say, they did not secure his Person, by engaging him to some employment out of the way: Truly I thought the *Spaniard* was better sighted, and could see further off than so. You know what

a huge Limb the Crown of *Portugal* was to the *Spanish* Monarchy, by the Islands in the *Atlantic* Sea, the Towns in *Afric*, and all the *East-Indies*, insomuch that the *Spaniard* hath nothing now left beyond the *Line*.

There is no *offensive* War yet made by *Spain* against *K. John*; she only stands upon the *defensive* part, until the *Catalan* be reduced: And I believe that will be a long-winded business; for this *French* Cardinal stirs all the Devils of Hell against *Spain*, insomuch that most Men say, that these formidable Fires which are now raging in both these Countries, were kindled at first by a *Granado* hurl'd from his Brain: Nay, some will not stick to say, that this Breach 'twixt us and *Scotland* is a reach of his.

There was a ruthless Disaster happen'd lately at Sea, which makes our Merchants upon the *Exchange* hang down their heads very sadly. The ship *Swan*, whereof one *Limery* was Master, having been four years abroad about the *Streights*, was sailing home with a *Cargazon* valued at £800,000, whereof £450,000 was in Money, the rest in Jewels and Merchandise: But being in sight of shore, she sprung a Leak, and being ballasted with Salt, it choak'd the Pump, so that the *Swan* could swim no longer. Some sixteen were drown'd, and some of them with ropes of Pearl about their Necks; the rest were sav'd by an *Hamburgher* not far off. The K. of *Spain* loseth little by it (only his Affairs in *Flanders* may suffer), for his Money was insur'd; and few of the Principals, but the Insurers only, who were most of them *Genoese* and *Hollanders*: A most unfortunate Chance! for had she come to safe Port, she had been the richest Ship that ever came into the *Thames*; so that *Neptune* never had such a Morsel at one bit.

All your friends here are well, as you will understand more particularly by those Letters that go herewith. So I wish you all health and comfort in that cold Country, and desire that your love may continue still in the same degree of heat towards—Your faithful Servitor

J. H.

Lond., 5 of Mar. 1639.

XLIII.

To Sir K. D., Knight.

SIR,

IT was my fortune to be in a late Communication, where a Gentleman spoke of a hideous thing that happen'd in *High Holborn*; how one *John Pennant*, a young Man of twenty-one, being dissected after his death, there was a kind of Serpent with divers tails found in the left Ventricle of his heart, which, you know, is the most defended part, being thrice thicker than the right, and is the Cell which holds the purest and most illustrious liquor, the arterial blood and the vital spirits. The Serpent was, it seems, three years ingendring, for so long time he found himself indispos'd in the breast; and it was observ'd that his eye in the interim grew more sharp and fiery, like the eye of a Cock, which is next to a Serpent's eye in redness: So that the Symptom of his inward Disease might have been told by certain exterior rays and signatures.

God preserve us from publick Calamities; for serpentine Monsters have been often ill-favour'd presages. I remember in the *Roman* Story, to have read how, when Snakes or Serpents were found near the Statues of their Gods, as one time about *Jupiter's* Neck, another time about *Minerva's* Thigh, there follow'd bloody civil Wars after it.

I remember also, few years since, to have read the relation and deposition of the Carrier of *Tewxbury*, who with divers of his Servants, passing a little before the dawn of the day with their Packs over *Cots-hill*, saw most sensibly and very perspicuously in the Air, Musketeers, harness'd Men, and Horsemen, moving in Battle-array, and assaulting one another in divers furious Postures. I doubt not but that you have heard of those fiery Meteors and Thunderbolts that have fallen upon sundry of our Churches, and done hurt. Unless God be pleas'd to make up these Ruptures 'twixt us and *Scotland*, we are like to have ill days. The Archbishop
of

of *Canterbury* was lately outrag'd in his House by a pack of common People: And Capt. *Mahun* was pitifully massacred by his own Men lately; so that the common People, it seems, have strange Principles infus'd into them, which may prove dangerous: For I am not of that Lord's mind who said, that *they who fear any popular Insurrection in England are like Boys and Women, that are afraid of a Turnip cut like a Death's-head with a Candle in't.*

I am shortly for *France*, and I will receive your Commands before I go. So I am—Your most humble Servitor,
J. H.

Lond., 2 May 1640.

XLIV.

To my Lord Herbert, of Cherberry, from Paris.

MY LORD,

I SEND herewith *Dodona's Grove* couch'd in *French*, and in the newest *French*; for tho' the main Version be mine, yet I got one of the *Academie des beaux Esprits* here to run it over, to correct and refine the Language, and reduce it to the most modern Dialect. It took so here, that the new Academy of Wits have given a public and far higher *Elogium* of it than it deserves. I was brought to the Cardinal at *Ruelle*, where I was a good while with him in his private Garden; and it were a vanity in me to insert here what Propositions he made me. There be some Sycophants here that idolize him, and I blush to hear what profane Hyperboles are printed up and down of him; I will instance in a few.

*Cidite Richelli mortales, cedite Divi;
Ille homines vincit, vincit & ille Deos.*

Then,

*Et si nous faisons des guirlandes,
C'est pour en couronner un Dieu,
Qui sous le nom de Richelieu,
Reçoit nos vœux & nos offrandes.*

Then

Then,

Richelli, *adventu* Rupellæ *porto patescit*,
Christo Infernales ut patuere fores.

Certainly he is a rare Man, and of a transcendent reach, and they are rather Miracles than Exploits that he hath done, tho' those Miracles be of a sanguine dye (the colour of his habit), steep'd in blood ; which makes the *Spaniard* call him the grand *Caga-fuego* of *Christendom*. Divers of the scientificall'st and most famous Wits here have spoken of your Lordship with Admiration, and of your great work *De veritate* ; and were those excellent Notions, and theorical Precepts, actually apply'd to any particular Science, it would be an infinite advantage to the commonwealth of Learning all the World over. So I humbly kiss your hands, and rest—
 Your Lordship's most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Paris, 1 Apr. 1641.

XLV.

To the Rt. Hon. Mrs. Eliz. Altham, now Lady Digby.

MADAM,

THERE be many sad hearts for the loss of my Lord *Robert Digby*, but the greatest weight of sorrow falls upon your Ladyship ; among other excellent Virtues, which the World admires you for, I know your Ladyship to have that measure of high discretion that will check your passions : I know also, that your patience hath been often exercised, and put to trial in this kind. For besides the Baron your Father and Sir *James*, you lost your Brother, Master *Richard Altham*, in the verdant'st time of his age, a Gentleman of rare hopes ; and I believe this sunk deep into your heart : you lost Sir *Francis Astley* since, a worthy virtuous Gentleman, and now you have lost a noble Lord. We all owe *Nature* a debt, which is payable some time or other, whensoever she demands it : Nor doth Dame *Nature* use to seal Indentures, or pass over either Lease or Patent for a set term of years to any. For my part, I have seen so much of the world, that

if she offer'd me a *Lease*, I would give her but a small *Fine* for't; 'specially now that the Times are grown so naught, that people are become more than half mad. But, Madam, as long as there are men, there must be malignant humours, there must be vices, and vicissitudes of things; as long as the World wheels round, there must be tossings and tumblings, distractions and troubles, and bad times must be recompens'd with better. So I humbly kiss your Ladyship's hands, and rest, Madam—Your constant Servant,

J. H.

York, 1 of Aug. 1642.

XLVI.

To the Hon. Sir P. M., in Dublin.

SIR,

I AM newly return'd from *France*, and now that Sir *Edw. Nicholas* is made Secretary of State, I am put in for hopes, or rather assurances, to succeed him in the Clerkship of the Council.

The Duke *de la Valette* is lately fled hither for sanctuary, having had ill luck in *Fontarabia*; they say his Process was made, and that he was executed in *Effigie* in *Paris*. 'Tis true, he could never square well with his *Eminency* the Cardinal (for this is a peculiar Title he got long since from *Rome*, to distinguish him from all other) nor his Father neither, the little old Duke of *Espernon*, the ancient'st Soldier in the world, for he wants but one year of a hundred.

When I was last in *Paris*, I heard of a facetious passage 'twixt him and the Archbishop of *Bourdeaux*, who in effect is Lord High Admiral of *France*, and 'twas thus: The Archbishop was to go General of a great Fleet, and the Duke came to his House in *Bourdeaux* one morning to visit him: The Archbishop sent some of his Gentlemen to desire him to have a little patience, for he was dispatching away some *Sea-Commanders*, and that he would wait on him presently: The little Duke took a pet at it, and went away to his house at *Cadillac*, some fifteen miles off. The next morning

morning the Archbishop came to pay him the Visit, and to apologize for himself: Being come in, and the Duke told of it, he sent his Chaplain to tell him, that *he was newly fallen upon a Chapter of St. Austin's de Civitate Dei*, and when he had read that Chapter, he would come to him.

Some years before, I was told he was at *Paris*, and *Richelieu* came to visit him: He having notice of it, *Richelieu* found him in a Cardinal's Cap, kneeling at a Table Altarwise, with his Book and Beads in his hand, and Candles burning before him.

I hear the E. of *Leicester* is to come shortly over, and so over to *Ireland* to be your *Deputy*. No more now, but that I am—Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

London, 7 Sept. 1641.

XLVII.

To the Earl of B., from the Fleet.

MY LORD,

I WAS lately come to *London* upon some occasions of mine own, and I had been divers times in *Westminster-hall*, where I convers'd with many Parliament-men of my Acquaintance; but one morning betimes there rush'd into my chamber five armed Men with Swords, Pistols, and Bills, and told me they had a Warrant from the Parliament for me: I desir'd to see their Warrant, they deny'd it: I desir'd to see the date of it, they deny'd it: I desir'd to see my name in the Warrant, they deny'd all. At last one of them pull'd a greasy Paper out of his Pocket, and shew'd me only three or four Names subscrib'd, and no more: So they rush'd presently into my Closet, and seiz'd on all my Papers and Letters, and anything that was Manuscript; and many printed Books they took also, and hurl'd all into a great hair Trunk, which they carry'd away with them. I had taken a little Physick that morning, and with very much ado they suffer'd me to stay in my Chamber with two Guards upon me, till the evening; at which time they brought

brought me before the Committee for *Examination*, where I confess I found good respect: And being brought up to the close Committee, I was order'd to be forth-coming, till some Papers of mine were perus'd, and Mr. *Corbet* was appointed to do it. Some days after, I came to Mr. *Corbet*, and he told me he had perus'd them, and could find nothing that might give offence. Hereupon, I desir'd him to make a report to the House, according to which (as I was told) he did very fairly; yet such was my hard hap, that I was committed to the *Fleet*, where I am now under close restraint: And, as far as I see, I must lie at dead *anchor* in this *Fleet* a long time, unless some gentle *gale* blow thence to make me *launch* out. God's will be done, and amend the times, and make up these ruptures which threaten so much calamity. So I am—Your Lordship's most faithful (tho' now afflicted) Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 Nov. 1643.

XLVIII.

To Sir Brevis Thelwall, Knight (*Petri ad vincula*), at Peter-House in London.

SIR,

THO' we are not in the same *Prison*, yet we are in the same *predicament* of sufferance; therefore I presume you subject to the like fits of melancholy as I. *The fruition of liberty is not so pleasing, as a conceit of the want of it is irksome*, specially to one of such free-born thoughts as you. Melancholy is a black noxious humour, and much annoys the whole inward man; if you would know what Cordial I use against it in this my sad condition, I'll tell you. I pore sometimes on a Book, and so I make the *dead my companions*, and this is one of my chiefest solaces: If the humour work upon me stronger, I rouze my spirits, and raise them up towards Heaven, my future Country; and one may be on his journey thither, tho' shut up in Prison, and happily go a straighter way than if he were abroad: I consider, that my soul, while she is coop'd within these walls

walls of flesh, is but in a kind of perpetual *prison*. And now my *Body* corresponds with her in the same condition; my *Body* is the *prison* of the one, and these *brick-walls* the *prison* of the other. And let the *English* People flatter themselves as long as they will, that they are free, yet are they in effect but *prisoners*, as all other Islanders are; for being surrounded and clos'd about with *Salt-water* (as I am with these *Walls*) they cannot go where they list, unless they ask the *Winds* leave first, and *Neptune* must give them a pass.

God Almighty amend the times, and compose these woeful divisions, which menace nothing but public ruin; the thoughts whereof drown in me the sense of mine own *private* affliction.

So, wishing you courage (whereof you have enough, if you put it in practice) and patience in this sad condition, I rest—Your true Servant and Compatriot, J. H.

From the Fleet, 2 Aug. 1643.

XLIX.

To Mr. E. P.

SIR,

I SAW such prodigious things daily done these few years past, that I had resolv'd with myself to give over wondering at anything: yet a passage happen'd this week, that forc'd me to wonder once more, because it is without parallel. It was, that some odd fellows went skulking up and down *London* streets, and with Figs and Raisins allur'd little Children, and so purloin'd them away from their Parents, and carried them a Ship-board far beyond Sea, where, by cutting their hair, and other devices, they so disguis'd them, that their Parents could not know them. This made me think upon that miraculous passage in *Hamelen*, a Town in *Germany*, which I hop'd to have pass'd thro' when I was in *Hamburg*, had we return'd by *Holland*; which was thus (nor would I relate it to you were there not some ground
of

of truth for it). The said Town of *Hamelen* was annoy'd with Rats and Mice; and it chanc'd, that a pied-coated Piper came thither, who covenanted with the chief Burgers for such a Reward, if he could free them quite from the said Vermin, nor would he demand it till a twelvemonth and a day after. The agreement being made, he began to play on his Pipes, and all the Rats and the Mice follow'd him to a great Lough hard by, where they all perish'd; so the Town was infected no more. At the end of the year the pied Piper return'd for his reward; the Burgers put him off with slightings and neglect, offering him some small matter; which he refusing, and staying some days in the Town, one *Sunday* morning at high Mass, when most people were at Church, he fell to play on his Pipes, and all the Children up and down follow'd him out of the Town, to a great Hill not far off, which rent in two, and open'd, and let him and the children in, and so clos'd up again. This happen'd a matter of 250 years since; and in that Town they date their bills and bonds, and other instruments in Law, to this day, from the year of the going out of their Children: Besides, there is a great Pillar of stone at the foot of the said Hill, whereon this story is engraven.

No more now, for this is enough in conscience for one time: So I am—Your most affectionate Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 1 Oct. 1643.

L.

To my Lord G. D.

MY LORD,

THERE be two weighty sayings in *Seneca*, *Nihil est infelicius eo cui nil unquam contigit adversi*: There is nothing more unhappy than he who never felt any adversity. The other is, *Nullum est majus malum, quam non posse ferre malum*: There is no greater cross, than not to be able to bear a cross. Touching the first, I am not capable of that kind of unhappiness, for I have had my share of adversity: I have been hammer'd and *dilated upon the Anvil*; as our Countryman

Countryman *Breakspear* (*Adrian IV.*) said of himself, *I have been strain'd thro' the limbic of affliction*. Touching the second, I am also free of that cross; for, I thank God for it, I have that portion of Grace, and so much Philosophy, as to be able to endure, and confront any misery: 'Tis not so tedious to me as to others, to be thus *immur'd*, because I have been *inur'd* and habituated to troubles. That which sinks deepest into me, is the sense I have of the common Calamities of this Nation; there is a strange Spirit hath got in among us, which makes the idea of Holiness, the formality of Good, and the very faculty of Reason to be quite differing from what it was. I remember to have read a Tale of an Ape in *Paris*, who having got a Child out of the Cradle, and carried him up to the top of the Tiles, and there sat with him upon the ridge; the Parents beholding this ruthless spectacle, gave the Ape fair and smooth language; so he gently brought the Child down again, and replac'd him in the Cradle. Our Country is in the same case this Child was in, and I hope there will be sweet and gentle means us'd to preserve it from Precipitation.

The City of *London* sticks constantly to the Parliament, and the Common-Council sways much, insomuch that I believe, if the Lord Chancellor *Egerton* were now living, he would not be so pleasant with them as he was once to a new Recorder of *London*, whom he had invited to dinner to give him joy of his Office; and having a great Woodcock-Pye serv'd in about the end of the repast which had been sent him from *Cheshire*, he said, *Now, Master Recorder, you are welcome to a Common-Council*.

There be many discreet brave Patriots in the City, and I hope they will think upon some means to preserve us and themselves from ruin: Such are the Prayers, early and late, of—Your Lordship's most humble Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 2 Jan. 1643.

LI.

To Sir Alex. R., Knight.

SIR,

SURELY God Almighty is angry with *England*, and 'tis more sure, that God is never angry without cause ; now to know this cause, the best way is for every one to lay his hand on his breast, and examine himself thoroughly, to summon his thoughts, and winnow them, and so call to remembrance how far he hath offended Heaven ; and then it will be found that God is not angry with *England*, but with *Englishmen*. When that doleful change was pronounced against *Israel*, *Perditio ex te Israel*, it was meant of the *concrete* (not the *abstract*), *Oh Israelites, your ruin comes from yourselves*. When I make this scrutiny within myself, and enter into the closest Cabinet of my Soul, I find (God help me) that I have contributed as much to the drawing down of these Judgments on *England* as any other. When I ransack the three Cells of my Brain, I find that my *Imagination* hath been vain and extravagant : my *Memory* hath kept the bad, and let go the good, like a *wide* Sieve that retains the *Bran* and parts with the *Flour* : my *Understanding* hath been full of Error and Obliquities ; my *Will* hath been a rebel to Reason ; my *Reason* a rebel to Faith (which I thank God I have the grace to quell presently with this caution,

Succumbat ratio fidei, & captiva quiescat.)

When I descend to my Heart, the centre of all my affections, I find it hath swell'd often with tympanies of Vanity, and tumors of Wrath : when I take my whole self in a lump, I find that I am nought else but a Cargazon of malignant humours, a rabble of unruly Passions, among which my poor Soul is daily crucified, as 'twixt so many Thieves. Therefore as I pray in general, that God would please not to punish this Island for the sins of the People, so more particularly I pray, that she suffer not for me in particular ;

particular; who, if one would go by way of *induction*, would make one of the chiefest *instances* of the argument. And as I am thus conscious to myself of my own demerits, so I hold it to be the duty of every one, to complete himself this way, and to remember the saying of a noble *English* Captain, who, when the Town of *Calais* was lost (which was the last footing we had in *France*), being jeer'd by a *Frenchman*, and ask'd, Now *Englishman*, when will you come back to *France*? answer'd, O Sir, mock not, when the sins of *France* are greater than the sins of *England*, the *Englishmen* will come again to *France*.

Before the Sac of *Troy*, 'twas said and sung up and down the Streets :

Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.

The Verse is as true for Sense and Feet :

Intra Londini muros peccatur & extra ;

Without and eke within

The Walls of *London* there is sin.

The way to better the Times, is for every one to mend one. I will conclude with this serious Invocation: I pray God avert those further Judgments (of Famine and Pestilence) which are hovering over this populous and once flourishing City, and dispose of the Brains and Hearts of this People to seek and serve him aright.

I thank you for your last visit, and for the Poem you sent me since. So I am—Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 3 June.

LII.

To Mr. Iohn Batty, Merchant.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D the printed discourse you pleas'd to send me, call'd *The Merchant's Remonstrance*, for which I return you due and deserved thanks.

Truly, Sir, it is one of the most material and solid pieces I have read of this kind: And I discover therein two things ;

things ; first, The affection you bear to your Country, with the resentment you have of these woful distractions : Then the Judgment and choice Experience you have purchased by your Negotiations in *Spain* and *Germany*. In you may be verified the tenet they hold in *Italy*, that the Merchant bred abroad is the best Commonwealths-man, being properly applied : For my part, I do not know any profession of life (especially in an Island) more to be cherish'd and countenanc'd with honourable employments than the Merchant-Adventurer (I do not mean only the Staplers of *Hamburgh* and *Rotterdam*) ; for if valiant and dangerous Actions do ennoble a Man, and make him merit, surely the Merchant-Adventurer deserves more honour than any ; for he is to encounter not only with Men of all Tempers and Humours, (as a *French* Counsellor hath it) but he contests and tugs oft-times with all the Elements : Nor do I see how some of our Country Squires, who sell Calves and Runts, and their Wives perhaps Cheese and Apples, should be held more genteel than the noble Merchant-Adventurer, who sells Silks and Sattins, Tissues and Cloths of Gold, Diamonds and Pearl, with Silver and Gold.

In your discourse you foretell the sudden calamities which are like to befall this poor Island, if Trade decay ; and that this decay is inevitable, if these commotions last : Herein you are prov'd half a Prophet already, and I fear your Prophecy will be fully accomplish'd if matters hold thus. Good Lord ! was there ever People so active to draw on their own ruin ? Which is so visible, that a purblind Man may take a prospect of it. We all see this apparently, and hear it told us every minute ; but we are fallen to the condition of that foolish People the Prophet speaks of, *Who had eyes, but would not see ; and ears, but would not hear*. All Men know there is nothing imports this Island more than Trade ; it is that Wheel of Industry which sets all others a-going ; it is that which preserves the chiefest Castles and Walls of this Kingdom, I mean the Ships : And how these are impair'd within these four years, I believe other Nations (which owe us an
Invasion)

Invasion) observe and know better than we : For, truly, I believe a million (I mean of Crowns), and I speak within compass, will not put the Navy-Royal in that strength as it was four years since, besides the decay of Merchants Ships. A little before *Athens* was overcome, the Oracle told one of the Areopagitæ, *that Athens had seen her best days, for her wooden Walls* (meaning her Ships) *were decayed*. As I told you before, there is a Nation or two that owe us an Invasion.

No more now, but that, with my most kind and friendly respects unto you, I rest always—Yours to dispose of,

J. H.

Fleet, 4 May 1644.

LIII.

To my honoured Friend, Mr. E. P.

SIR,

THE Times are so ticklish, that I dare not adventure to send you any *London* intelligence, she being now a Garrison Town ; and you know, as well as I, what danger I may incur : But for foreign, indifferent news, you shall understand that Pope *Urban VIII.* is dead, having sat in the Chair above twenty years ; a rare thing ; for it is observ'd, that no Pope yet arriv'd to the years of *St. Peter*, who, they say, was Bishop of *Rome* twenty and five. Cardinal *Pamfilio*, a *Roman* born, a knowing Man, and a great Lawyer, is created Pope by assumption of the Name of *Innocent X.* There was tough canvassing for voices, and a great *contrasto* in the *Conclave* 'twixt the *Spanish* and *French* Faction, who with *Barberino* stood for *Sachetti* ; but he was excluded, as also another *Dominican* : by these exclusions, the *Spanish Party*, whereof the Cardinal of *Florence* was chief, brought about *Barberino* to join with them for *Pamphilio*, as being also a creature of the deceased Pope. He had been Nuncio in *Spain* eight years, so that it is conceiv'd he is much devoted to that Crown, as his Predecessor was to the *French*, who had been Legate there near upon twenty years, and was Godfather to the
last

last King; which made him to be *Fleurdelize*, to be Flower-de-luc'd all over. This New Pope hath already pass'd that number of years which the Prophet assigns to Man; for he goes upon seventy-one, and is of a strong promising constitution to live some years longer. He hath but one Nephew, who is but eighteen, and so not capable of business; he hath therefore made choice of some Cardinals more to be his Coadjutors; *Pancirello* is his prime confident, and lodg'd in *St. Peter's*. 'Tis thought he will presently set all wheels a-going to mediate an universal Peace. They write of one good augury among the rest, that part of his Arms is a *Dove*, which hath been always held for an emblem of Peace: but I believe it will prove one of the knottiest and difficult'st tasks that ever was attempted as the case stands 'twixt the House of *Austria* and *France*; and the toughest and hardest knot I hold to be that of *Portugal*; for it cannot yet enter into any Man's imagination, how that can be accommodated; tho' many Politicians have beaten their brains about it. God Almighty grant, that the appeasing of our civil Wars prove not so intricate a work, and that we may at last take warning by the devastations of other Countries, before our own be past cure.

They write from *Paris*, that Sir *Kenelm Digby* is to be employ'd to *Rome* from Her Majesty, in quality of a high *Messenger of Honour*, to congratulate the New Pope, not of an *Ambassador*, as the vulgar give out: for none can give that character to any, but a Sovereign independent Prince; and all the World knows, that Her Majesty is under *Covert-Baron*, notwithstanding that some cry her up for *Queen-Regent of England*, as her Sister is of *France*.

The Lord *Aubigny* hath an Abbacy of 1500 Pistoles a year given him yearly there, and is fair for a Cardinal's Hat.

I continue still under this heavy pressure of close restraint, nor do I see any hopes (God help me) of getting forth till the wind shift out of this unlucky hole. Howsoever, I am resolv'd, that if Innocence cannot free my body, yet Patience shall

shall preserve my mind still in its *freeborn* thoughts: Nor shall this storm slacken a whit that firm league of love wherein I am eternally tied unto you. I will conclude with a Distich which I found among those excellent Poems of the late Pope:

*Quem valide strinxit præstanti pollice virtus,
Nescius est solvi nodus amicitie.*

—Your constant Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Jan. 1644.

LIV.

*To the Lord Bishop of London, late Lord Treasurer of
England.*

MY LORD,

YOU are one of the Miracles of these times, the greatest mirror of Moderation our Age affords; and as heretofore when you carried the white *Staff*, with such clean incorrupted hands, yet the *Crosier* was still your chief care: nor was it perceiv'd, that that high all-obliging Office did alter you a jot, or alienate you from yourself, but the same candor and countenance of meekness appear'd still in you. As whosoever had occasion to make their address to your Gates, went away contented whether they sped in their business or not (a gift your Predecessor was said to want), so since the turbulency of these times, the same moderation shines in you, notwithstanding that the Mitre is so trampled upon, and that there be such violent Factions afoot: insomuch that you live not only secure from outrages, but honoured by all Parties. 'Tis true, one thing fell out to your advantage, that you did not subscribe to that Petition which proved so fatal to Prelacy; but the chief ground of the constant esteem the distracted world hath still of you, is your wisdom and moderation, past and present. This put me in mind of one of your Predecessors (in your late Office), Marq. *Pawlet*, who it seems sail'd by the same compass; for there being divers bandyings and factions

factions at Court in his time, yet he was beloved by all parties, and being ask'd how he stood so right in the opinion of all, he answer'd, *By being a Willow, and not an Oak.*

I have many thanks to give your Lordship for the late visits I had; and when this cloud is scatter'd, that I may respire free air, one of my first Journeys shall be to kiss your Lordship's hands: in the interim, I rest—Your most devoted and ready Servitor,

J. H.

The Fleet, 3 Sept. 1644.

LV.

To Sir E. S., Knight.

SIR,

THO' I never had the least umbrage of your love, or doubted of the reality thereof, yet since I fell into this plunge, it hath been much confirm'd to me. It is a true observation, that among other effects of affliction, one is, to try a Friend; for those proofs that were made in the fawnings, and dazzling Sunshine of prosperity, are not so clear as those which break out and transpire thro' the dark clouds of adversity. You know the difference the Philosophers make 'twixt the two *extreme* colours, *black* and *white*, that the one is *congregativum*, the other *disgregativum visus*: Black doth congregate, unite and fortify the Sight; the other disgregate, scatter and enfeeble it, when it fixeth upon any object: So through the sable clouds of adverse fortune, one may make a truer inspection into the breast of a Friend. Besides this, affliction produceth another far more excellent effect, it brings us to a better and more clear knowledge of our Creator: for as the rising and setting Sun appears bigger to us than when he is in the *Meridian* (tho' the distance be still the same), the cause whereof is ascrib'd to the interposition of mists, which lie 'twixt our eyes and him; so through the thick fogs of adversity (which in this point are as pellucid and diaphanous as any Crystal) we come to see God, and the immensity of his Love in a fuller proportion.

proportion. There cannot be clearer evidences of his care, than his corrections: when he makes the world to frown, then he smiles most upon us, tho' it be but thro' a *mask*: besides, it is always his method, to *stroke* them whom he *strikes*. We have an ordinary salute in *English*, *God bless you*; and tho' the word be radically derived from the *Dutch* word, yet it would bear good sense, and be very pertinent to this purpose, if we would fetch it from the *French* word *blessor*, which is *to hurt*. This speculation raiseth my spirits to a great height of comfort and patience, that notwithstanding they have been a long time weigh'd down and quash'd, yet I shall at last o'ercome all these pressures, survive my debts, and surmount my enemies.

God pardon them, and preserve you; and take it not ill, that in this my conclusion I place you so near my enemies. Whatsoever Fortune light on me, come fair or foul weather, I shall be still—Your constant Servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 5 of Aug. 1644.

LVI.

To Tho. Ham, Esq.

SIR,

THERE is no such treasure as a true Friend; it is a treasure far above that of *St. Mark's* in *Venice*; a treasure that is not liable to those casualties which others are liable to, as to plundering and burglary, to bankrupts and ill debtors, to firing and shipwrecks: For when one hath lost his Fortunes by any of these disasters, he may recover them all in a true Friend, who is always a sure and stable commodity. This is verify'd in you, who have stuck so close to me in these my pressures; like a Glow-worm (the old emblem of true Friendship) you have shin'd to me in the dark: Nor could you do good offices to any that wisheth you better; for I always lov'd you for the freedom of your genius, for those choice parts and fancies I found in you, which, I confess, hath made me more covetous of your Friendship, than I use to be of others. And, to deal clearly with

with you, one of my prime Errands to this Town (when this disaster fell upon me) was to see you.

God put a speedy period to these sad distempers ; but this wish, as I was writing it, did vanish in the impossibility of the thing, for I fear they are of a long continuance: so I pray God keep you, and comfort me, who am—Your true Friend to serve you,

J. H.

The Fleet, 5 May 1643.

LVII.

To Phil. Warwick, Esq.

SIR,

THE Earth does not always produce Roses and Lillies, but she brings forth also Nettles and Thistles ; so the World affords us not always contentments and pleasures, but sometimes afflictions and trouble: *Ut illa tribulos, sic iste tribulationes producit.* The Sea is not more subject to contrary blasts, nor the Surges thereof to tossings and tumblings, than the Actions of Men are to encumbrances and crosses; the Air is not fuller of Meteors, than Man's life is of Miseries: But as we find that it is not a clear Sky, but the Clouds that drop Fatness, as the holy Text tells us, so adversity is far more fertile than prosperity ; it useth to water and mollify the heart, which is the *centre* of all our affections, and makes it produce excellent fruit ; whereas the glaring Sunshine of a continual prosperity would enharden and dry it up, and so make it barren.

There is not a greater evidence of God's care and love to his creature than Affliction ; for a *French* Author doth illustrate it by a familiar Example: If two Boys should be seen to fight in the Streets, and a ring of people about them, one of the standers-by parting them, lets the one go untouch'd, but he falls a correcting the other, whereby the beholders will infer that he is his child, or at least one whom he wisheth well to : So the Strokes of adversity which fall upon us from Heaven shew that God is our Father, as well as our Creator. This makes this bitter *cup of affliction* become *Nectar*, and the

the bread of carefulness I now eat, to be true *Ambrosia* to me. This makes me esteem these Walls, wherein I have been immur'd these thirty months, to be no other than a College of instruction to me; and whereas *Varro* said, That the great World was but a House of a little man, I hold a *Fleet* to be one of the best lodgings in that House.

There is a people in *Spain* call'd *Los Pattuecos*, who some threescore and odd years since were discover'd by the flight of a Hawk of the old Duke of *Alva's*; this People, then all salvage (tho' they dwelt in the centre of *Spain*, not far from *Toledo*, and are yet held to be a part of those *Aborigines* that *Tubal-Cain* brought in), being hemm'd in, and imprison'd, as it were, by a multitude of huge craggy Mountains, thought that behind those Mountains there was no more Earth. I have been so habituated to this prison, and accustomed to the walls thereof so long, that I might well be brought to think, that there is no other world behind them. And in my extravagant imaginations, I often compare this *Fleet* to *Noah's Ark* surrounded with a vast Sea, and huge deluge of calamities, which have overwhelm'd this poor Island. Nor, altho' I have been so long aboard here, was I yet under *Hatches*; for I have a Cabin upon the upper Deck, whence I breathe the best Air the place affords: add hereunto, that the Society of Master *Hopkins* is an advantage to me, who is one of the knowingest and most civil Gentlemen that I have convers'd withal. Moreover, there are here some choice Gentlemen who are my *Co-Martyrs*; for a *Prisoner* and a *Martyr* are the same thing, save, that the one is buried before his death, the other after.

God Almighty amend these times, that make *Imprisonment* to be preferr'd before *Liberty*, it being more safe, and desirable by some, tho' not by—Your affectionate Servitor,

J. H.

From the Fleet, 3 Nov. 1645.

LVIII.

To Sir Ed. Sa., Knight.

SIR,

WERE there a Physician that could cure the Maladies of the mind, as well as those of the body, he needed not to wish the *Lord-Mayor* or the *Pope* for his Uncle; for he should have Patients without number. It is true, that there be some distempers of the mind that proceed from those of the body, and so are curable by Drugs and Diets; but there are others that are quite abstracted from all corporeal impressions, and are merely mental; these kind of Agonies are the more violent of the two; for as the one uses to drive us into *Fevers*, the other precipitates us oftentimes into *Frensies*: And this is the ground, I believe, which made the Philosopher think that the rational Soul was infus'd into man; partly for his punishment, and the Understanding for his executioner, unless Wisdom sit at the Helm, and steer the motions of his *Will*.

I thank God I have felt both (for I am not made of stone or steel), having had since I was shut in here a shrewd fit of the new disease; and for the other, you must needs think that thirty-one months' close restraint, and the barbarousness of the times, must discompose and torture the imagination, sometimes with gripings of discontent and anguish, not so much for my own sad condition as for my poor Country and Friends, who have a great share in my Nativity, and particularly for yourself, whose gallant worth I highly honour, and who have not been the least sufferer.

The *Moralist* tells us, that a quadrat solid wise man should involve and tackle himself within his own Virtue, and slight all accidents that are incident to man, and be still the same, *Etiam si fractus illabatur Orbis*; there may be so much virtue and valour in you, but I profess to have neither of them in that proportion. The Philosophers prescribe us Rules that they themselves, nor any flesh and blood can observe: I am no statue, but I must resent the calamities of
the

the time, and the desperate case of this Nation, who seem to have fallen quite from the very faculty of reason, and to be possess'd with a pure Lycanthropy, with a wolvisk kind of disposition to tear one another in this manner; insomuch, that if ever the old saying was verify'd, *Homo homini lupus*, it is certainly now. I will conclude with this Distich:

*They err, who write, no Wolves in England range,
Here Men are all turn'd Wolves; O monstrous change!*

No more, but that I wish you *Patience*, which is a Flower that grows not in ev'ry Garden.—Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

From the Fleet, 1 Dec. 1644.

LIX.

To my noble Friend, Mr. E. P.

SIR,

I HAVE no other news to write to you hence, but that, *Llevantanse los muladeres, y abaxanse los adarues: The World is turn'd topsey-turvey.*—Yours,

J. H.

From the Fleet, 2 Jan. 1644.

LX.

To Tho. Young, Esq.

SIR,

I RECEIV'D yours of the fifth of *March*, and 'twas as welcome to me as flowers in *May*, which are now coming on apace. You seem to marvel I do not marry all this while, considering that I am past the *Meridian* of my Age, and that to your knowledge there have been overtures made me of Parties above my degree. Truly, in this point, I will deal with you as one should do with his Confessor: Had I been dispos'd to have married for wealth without affection, or for affection without wealth, I had been in bonds before now; but I did never cast my eyes upon any yet, that I thought I was born for, where both these concurr'd. 'Tis the custom of some (and 'tis a common custom) to chuse Wives by
the

the weight, that is, by their wealth. Others fall in love with light Wives; I do not mean *Venerean* lightness, but in reference to portion. The late Earl of *Salisbury* gives a caveat for this, *That Beauty without a Dowry* (without that *unguentum Indicum*) *is as a gilded shell without a kernel*; therefore he warns his Son to be sure to have something with his Wife, and his reason is, *Because nothing can be bought in the Market without money*. Indeed 'tis very fitting that *he* or *she* should have wherewith to support both, according to their quality, at least to keep the wolf from the door, otherwise 'twere a mere madness to marry; but he who hath enough of his own to maintain a Wife, and marrieth only for money, discovereth a poor sordid disposition. There is nothing that my nature disdains more, than to be a slave to Silver or Gold; for tho' they both carry the King's face, yet they shall never reign over me: And I would I were free from all other infirmities, as I am from this. I am none of those Mammonists who adore white and red Earth, and make their Princes picture their idol that way: Such may be said to be under a perpetual eclipse, for the Earth stands always 'twixt them and the fair face of Heaven. Yet my genius prompts me, that I was born under a Planet, not to die in a Lazaretto. At my nativity my ascendant was that hot constellation of *Cancer* about the Dogdays, as my *Ephemerides* tells me; *Mars* was then predominant: Of all the Elements *Fire* sways most in me; I have many aspiring and airy odd thoughts swell often in me, according to the quality of the ground whereon I was born, which was the belly of a huge Hill situated South-East; so that the House I came from (besides my Father and Mother's Coat) must needs be *Illustrious*, being more obvious to the Sun-beams than ordinary. I have, upon occasion of a sudden distemper, sometimes a mad man, sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholy odd fellow to deal withal; I mean myself, for I have the humours within me that belong to all three; therefore who would cast herself away upon such a one? Besides, I came tumbling out into the World a pure
Cadet,

Cadet, a true *Cosmopolite*; not born to Land, Lease, House, or Office: 'Tis true, I have purchas'd since a small spot of Ground upon *Parnassus*, which I hold in fee of the Muses, and I have endeavour'd to manure it as well as I could, tho' I confess it hath yielded me little fruit hitherto. And what Woman would be so mad as to take that only for her Joynture?

But to come to the point of *Wiving*, I would have you know, that I have, tho' never marry'd, divers children already, some *French*, some *Latin*, one *Italian*, and many *English*; and tho' they be but poor brats of the brain, yet are they legitimate, and *Apollo* himself vouchsafed to co-operate in their production. I have expos'd them to the wide World, to try their Fortunes; and some (out of compliment) would make me believe they are long-liv'd.

But to come at last to *your* kind of *Wiving*: I acknowledge that Marriage is an *honourable* Condition, nor dare I think otherwise without profaneness, for it is the Epithet the holy Text gives it: Therefore it was a wild Speech of the Philosopher to say, That *if our conversation could be without Women, Angels would come down and dwell among us*; and a wilder speech it was of the *Cynic*, when passing by a Tree where a Maid had made herself away, wish'd, *That all Trees might bear such Fruit*. But to pass from these moth-eaten Philosophers to a *modern* Physician of our own, it was a most unmanly thing in him, while he displays his *own Religion*, to wish that there were a way to propagate the World otherwise than by conjunction with Women (and *Paracelsus* undertakes to shew him the way), whereby he seems to repine (tho' I understand he was wiv'd a little after) at the honourable degree of *Marriage*, which I hold to be the prime Link of human Society, the chiefest happiness of Mortals, and wherein Heaven hath a special hand.

But I wonder why you write to me of *Wiving*, when you know I have much ado to man or maintain myself, as I told you before; yet notwithstanding that the better part
of

of my days are already threaded upon the string of *Time*, I will not despair, but I may have a Wife at last, that may perhaps enable me to build Hospitals: for altho' nine long lustres of years have now pass'd o'er my head, and some *Winters* more (for all my life, considering the few Sunshines I have had, may be call'd nothing but *Winters*), yet, I thank God for't, I find no symptom of decay, either in body, sense, or intellectuals. But, writing thus extravagantly, methinks I hear you say, That this *Letter* shews I begin to dote, and grow idle; therefore I will display myself no further to you at this time.

To tell you the naked truth, my dear *Tom*, the highest pitch of my aim is, that by some condition or other, I may be enabled at last (tho' I be put to *sow*, the time that others use to *reap*) to quit scores with the World, but never to cancel that precious obligation wherein I am indissolubly bound to live and die—Your true constant Friend, J. H.

From the Fleet, 28 of Apr. 1645.

AD LIBRUM:

——— *Sine me, Liber, ibis in Aulam,*
Hei mihi, quod Domino non licet ire tuo! OVID.

To his Book :

Thou may'st to Court, and progress to and fro ;
Oh, that thy captiv'd Master could do so !

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